

REMAINS

REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN,

COMPILED BY

FRANCIS GRIFFIN:

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

The Deceased,

THE REV. JOHN M^CVICKAR, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ETC. IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

NEW-YORK:

G. & C. & H. CARVILL; T. & J. SWORDS; E. BLISS; AND G. HALSTED.

1831.

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1831, by
FRANCIS GRIFFIN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the
Southern District of New-York.

P R E F A C E .

THOSE who may turn over the ensuing pages, will, perhaps, be of opinion that it would have been better to leave the memory of their author to sleep, with his material remains, quietly in the grave. Something, however, it is hoped, will be pardoned to fraternal affection, if, yielding to a natural partiality, it has erred in seeking to raise to one, cut off so prematurely in his career, a monument of his own works.

The materials for this purpose were, in quantity, ample. Though the author died at the early age of twenty-five, he left behind him manuscripts which, if printed, would suffice to fill at least, six octavo volumes. What he wrote, was, however, from necessary circumstances, mostly written in great haste. With the exception of the Latin poems, and the little poem in English on the 'Fall of Greece,' all of them produced in boyhood, it is confidently believed that not a single page of the matter contained in these volumes, was intended by him for the press. The Journal of his Tour in Europe, which has furnished a large portion of the materials of this publication, was composed in the haste of rapid travelling, at intervals snatched from the diligent study of those objects which engage the traveller's attention, and in the form of letters to his relatives at home, chiefly to his father. Of course, it never received the revision of the author. The Lectures on Roman, Italian, and English Literature, extracts from which are here given, were composed with a rapidity perhaps rarely equalled in the case of so youthful a writer employed on so comprehensive a subject. These lectures, which, if published at large, would fill a moderate octavo volume, were written and delivered to a class in Columbia College, without any previous preparation, in the

space of two months immediately succeeding his return from Europe. Of this portion of time, at least half was occupied by his other duties in the college ; so that not more than one entire month could have been devoted to the arrangement and composition of the lectures.

The editor is well aware that the haste in which these writings were produced, is no excuse for their publication, if they lack intrinsic merit. Justice to the memory of the author seemed, however, to require that the fact should be stated. Though it cannot palliate dullness, it may be allowed as an apology for inaccuracies or omissions which his own revision might have corrected or supplied. Those likewise, who may happen to become interested in the productions of the author's mind, may not be wholly indifferent to a circumstance which shows the power of that mind over its own resources.

Of the fugitive poems contained in these volumes, except in the cases where the time at which they were written is specially noted, the editor can only say that they were found among the other manuscripts of the author, on loose pieces of paper, in his handwriting, and bearing marks of alteration or correction. It is believed that, where they do not profess to be translations or imitations, they are all original ; yet, if any one of them should prove to be otherwise, the error must be placed solely to the account of the editor.

Among the manuscripts from which a selection was to be made for this publication, were about sixty sermons in a finished state ; written with as much ability, and perhaps greater care than any thing contained in this compilation. None of them, however, have been inserted—an omission which requires to be explained. It struck the editor at first, that the publication of the remains of a deceased clergyman, without introducing any specimens of that kind of composition to which it was to be presumed he had most devoted his powers, would be regarded, at least, as a singularity. But it was found on examination, that the sermons were so nearly equal in merit as to render selection difficult, while the insertion of all was impossible, inasmuch as it would have swelled the work far beyond the intended dimen-

sions. It was therefore thought advisable, in conformity with the opinion of some judicious friends, of the clerical profession, to print the miscellaneous works of the author by themselves, and to reserve his pulpit discourses for a future publication. Should the editor have reason to believe that they may be deemed useful or interesting by the public, they will not be withheld, but will make their appearance in a separate volume. As a specimen of the author's feelings and mode of writing on the deeply interesting subjects connected with his profession, the editor has selected a few dissertations, composed by him while in the New-York Theological Seminary. They will be found at the end of these volumes.

The editor is sensible that the work of compilation might have been committed to abler and more judicious hands than his own. He claims no other qualifications for the task than an intimate knowledge of the character of the author's mind, a familiar acquaintance with his manuscript writings, and a profound regard for his memory. •

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
LIFE	11
FUGITIVE POEMS (Latin)	85
FUGITIVE POEMS (English)	103

TOUR THROUGH ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

LETTER I.

Passage over Mount Cenis—Napoleon's road—Grandeur of the Alpine scenery—Arrival at Turin	135
--	-----

LETTER II.

Turin—Public buildings—The museum—French manners of the Turinese; their persons—The Po—Scenery around the city—Departure from Turin—Villa Nova—Asti—Marengo—Passage of the Apennines—Valley of Polcevera—Arrival at Genoa	143
---	-----

LETTER III.

Genoa—General view of the city—Public promenade—Palaces—Palace of the doge—Palace Doria—Palace Durazzo—Titian—Spagnoletto—Palace of the king—Paul Veronese—Luca Giordano—Carlo Dolce—Palace Brignoli—Caravaggio—Palace Serra—The university—Albergo di Poveri—Churches of Genoa—Stoning of St. Stephen, by Raphael and Giulio Romano, in the church of San Stefano—Columbus . . .	155
---	-----

LETTER IV.

- Departure from Genoa—Beauty of the season and scenery—Harbor of Spezia—Duchy of Massa—Pisa—Cathedral: its belfry, or Leaning Tower of Pisa—Departure from Pisa, and arrival at Florence . . . 171

LETTER V.

- The gallery of Florence—Busts of the Roman emperors—Venus de Medici—Apollino—The Remouleur—Dancing Faun—Paintings in the Tribune—Tuscan school—Dutch, Flemish, and French schools—Hall of Baroccio . . . 180

LETTER VI.

- Continuation of the gallery of Florence—Hall of Inscriptions—The two halls of portraits—Cabinet of modern bronzes—Cabinet of antiques—Halls of the Venetian school—Hall of Niobe—Engravings, Coins, Medals, Intaglios, Vases . . . 193

LETTER VII.

- Florence continued—The Palace Pitti—Pictures in its six chambers—State apartments—Venus of Canova—Garden of Boboli—Museum of natural history—Anatomical preparations in wax . . . 201

LETTER VIII.

- Florence continued—Palazzo Corsini—Poesia of Carlo Dolce—Palace Mozzi: its gardens—Riccardi Palace—Frescoes of Luca Giordano—Academy of Arts—Casts—Paintings illustrative of the history of the Florentine school—Shop of Raphael Morghen—Fiesole—Convent of Franciscans—View from the platform of the convent . . . 211

LETTER IX.

- Florence continued—Church of San Lorenzo—Works of Michael Angelo—Chapel of the Medici—Laurentian library—Church of Santa Croce—Mausoleum of Michael Angelo, and other monuments—Paintings—Church of the Annunziata—Church of San Marco—The Cathedral: its campanile: its baptistery . . . 217

LETTER X.

- Florence continued—Architecture of Florence—Public squares and their statues—Ponte Vecchio—Florentine nobility—Morals—Carnival—Humanity of the Florentines—Maskers—The Grand Duke—The Cassina—The Poggio Imperiale—Family of the Grand Duke . . . 227

LETTER XI.

Departure from Florence—Aspect of the country—Last day of the carnival—Peasantry—Theatres—Valley of Chiana—Arezzo—Castiglione—Cortona—View from the oratory of St. Margaret—Lake Trasymenus—Perugia—The Tiber—Spello—Trebis—The Clitumnus—Spoleto—Passage of Mount Somma—Falls of the Velino—The Nera—Civita Castellana—Flaminian, Æmilian, and Cassian Way—The Campagna: cause of its insalubrity—Arrival at Rome . . . 235

LETTER XII.

Rome: its antiquities—The Capitol—View from the tower of the Palace of the Senator—Temple of Jupiter Tonans—of Fortune—of Concord—Mamertine and Tullian prison—The Forum—Arch of Severus—Column of Phocas—Temple of Antoninus and Faustina—of Romulus and Remus—Basilica of Constantine—Temple of Venus and Rome—Arch of Titus . . . 248

LETTER XIII.

Rome—The Colosseum: view of it by moonlight—The Palatine Mount—Palace of the Cæsars—Baths of Livia—Ruins in the Vigna Palatina—Baths of Caracalla—Sepulchra Scipionum . . . 258

LETTER XIV

Rome—Arch of Janus Quadrifrons—Cloaca Maxima—Temple of Vesta—of Fortuna Virilis—House of Ricinzi—Palatine, Fabrician, and Sublician bridges—Theatre of Marcellus—Mausoleum of Augustus: of Adrian—Wall of Rome—The Pantheon—Forum of Trajan—Trajan's column—Forum of Antoninus Pius—Temple of Antoninus—Aqueducts of Rome . . . 268

LETTER XV.

Rome—Expedition to Frascati—Excavations—View from the site of the ancient citadel—Expedition to Tivoli—Lake of the Floating Islands—The Anio—Adrian's villa—Cascade of Tivoli—Temple of Vesta—of the Tiburtine sybil . . . 281

LETTER XVI.

Rome—The Appian Way—Arch of Drusus—The Portia Appia—Catacombs—Villa of Maxentius—Circus—Sepulchre of Cecilia Metella—Field of the Horatii—Temple of Bacchus—Fountain of Egeria—Baths of Titus—The Sette Salte—Tomb of Caius Cestus . . . 292

LETTER XVII.

Rome—The Vatican—St. Peter's church: its general architectural effect: the nave and cupola—The Dead Christ of Michael Angelo—Canova's monument of James III. of England, and of Clement XII.—Bronze statue of St. Peter—Atmosphere of the church—View from the dome—Palace of the Vatican 5

LETTER XVIII.

Rome—Continuation of the Vatican—Sistine chapel—Frescoes of Michael Angelo: his Universal Judgment 3

LETTER XIX

Rome—Continuation of the Vatican—Frescoes of Raphael—Lodges of Raphael 3

LETTER XX.

Rome—Continuation of the Vatican—Gallery of oil paintings—Madonna of Foligno—Transfiguration of Raphael—Dominichino's Communion of St. Jerome—Caravaggio's Interment of the Saviour—Guido's Crucifixion of St. Peter—St. Romauld, by Andrea Sacchi—Poussin's Martyrdom of Erasmus 5

LETTER XXI

Rome—Continuation of the Vatican—Borgia apartments—Ancient bas-relief—Ancient painting—Hall of Inscriptions—Museo Chiaramonti—Bust of Augustus—Statue of Tiberius—of Minerva—of the Nile—of Juno—of Diana—Museo Pio Clementino—Torso of the Belvedere—Chamber of Meleager—Court of the Belvedere—Canova's Perseus—his Creugas and Damoxenus—The Boxer—Antinous of the Belvedere—Laocoon—Apollo of the Belvedere 3

LETTER XXII.

Rome—Continuation of the Vatican—Hall of animals—Gallery of statues—Ariadne sleeping—Collection of busts—The Cabinet—Hall of the Muses—The Rotunda—Colossal statues—Sala a Croce Greca—Chamber of the Viga—Library of the Vatican 3

LETTER XXIII.

Rome—Capitoline museum: its gallery—Bust of Jupiter—Room of the Roman emperors: their busts—Bas-reliefs—Chamber of the philosophers: their busts—Room of the Red Faun—Room of the Dying Gladiator—Faun of Praxiteles—Antinous of the Capitol—Venus of the Capitol—Apartments of the Conservators—Gallery of pictures—Gallery of the busts of the great men of modern Italy 3

LETTER XXIV.

Rome—Church of St. Andrea della Valle—of Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva—of Sta. Maria degli Angeli—of Sta. Maria della Vittoria—of Sta. Maria Maggiore—of Sta. Prassede—of St. John Lateran—Obelisk—Church of San Stefano in Rotundo—of San Gregorio—Frescoes of Guido and Dominichino—Church of San Pietro in Vincoli—of the Holy Apostles—of Sta. Maria in Trastevere—of St. Onofrio—Grave of Tasso—Church La Trinita Dei Pellegrini—of San Carlo a Catinari—of St. Augustin—of Sta. Maria della Pace—Frescoes of Raphael—Church of the Capuchins—Archangel of Guido—Church of St. Pietro in Montorio—Flagellation of our Lord, designed by Michael Angelo. 363

LETTER XXV.

Rome—Passion week—Music in the Sistine Chapel—Ceremonies of Easter Sunday—Illuminations and fire-works 382

LETTER XXVI.

Rome—The Farnesina—Corrini Palace—Ecce Homo of Guercino—Guido's Herodias—Christ and the Woman of Samaria—Madonna of Murillo—Prometheus of Salvator Rosa—Palazzo Spada—Dominichino's Prodigal Son—Guido's Helen—Colossal statue of Pompey—Palazzo Borghese—Dominichino's Chase of Diana—Titian's Three Graces—Raphael's Deposition of the Cross, and portraits of Caesar Borgia 390

LETTER XXVII.

Rome—Guido's Aurora in the garden of Rospigliosi Palace—The Barberini collection—Palazzo Doria—Palazzo Colonna, and ruins in its garden—Palazzo Farnese: its gallery painted in fresco 403

LETTER XXVIII.

Rome—The Sciarra Palace—Vanity and Modesty, by Leonardo da Vinci—Cardinal Fesche's collection in the Falconieri palace—French school of painting—Palazzo Mattei—Villa Albani—Villa Borghese—Fountains and squares of modern Rome—Obelisks 415

LETTER XXIX.

Rome—Manners and customs of modern Rome—The nobility—The commoners—The lower classes 426

LETTER XXX.

Departure for Naples—Lake and town of Albano—La Riccia—Peasantry—Velletri—Cisterna—Torre Tre Ponte—Pontine marshes; their inhabitants—Terracina—Appian Way—View from the hotel at Mola di Gaeta—The Liris—St. Agatha—Falernian wine—Capua—Arrival at Naples	433
---	-----

LETTER XXXI.

Naples—General view of the city—The inhabitants—Facchini—Lazzaroni—Country people—Beggars—The museum—Antique statues—Ancient bronzes—Picture gallery—Statue gallery—Gallery of the Flora—of the Muses—of the Atlas—of the Antinous—The library—Papyri—Room of precious objects—Collection of bronze vessels and instruments—Antique glass vessels	442
---	-----

THE life of a domestic studious young man, terminating before its twenty-sixth anniversary, it is obvious cannot possess many materials for interesting the public. At the best, it can be but an amiable and flattering picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed ; and the highest aim it can propose, is the delineation of a virtuous and well-spent youth. The writer of the following narrative deems it due, in justice both to himself and readers, to say, beforehand, that such is all this memoir professes to be ; and it must serve as his apology for dwelling at large upon many little incidents of boyhood and youth, which, in any other light, would appear trifling and irrelevant. They serve to fill up a moral picture which he knows to be just, thinks to be interesting, and would fain hope will be found to be useful.

COL. COLL. 25th May, 1831.

LIFE, &c.

EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, second son of George Griffin, Esq. of New-York, was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th September, 1804. He was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Col. Zebulon Butler, a distinguished revolutionary officer, who was long regarded as the patriarch of that secluded village, having commanded on the side of its defenders in the memorable but ill-fated engagement (3d July, 1778) which terminated in the devastation, by the British and their Indian allies, of this beautiful and now classic valley. When Edmund was about two years old his parents removed to the city of New-York, where the family fixed their residence. During his early years, nothing is recollected which deserves particular notice. He possessed the usual vivacity and buoyancy of childhood, but with great delicacy of constitution. With a view to strengthen his health, much of his time was passed in the country, where he continued at various schools until the age of twelve years. The records of his early progress are now forgotten, save that he was always at the head of his class ; and the uniform prediction of his teachers, that if his life and health were spared, he would one day be an ornament to his family and country. He lived long enough, it may be said, to justify this prediction, if not to fulfil it ; and it is now recalled, by those to whom his memory is dear, as a pleasing proof of the early and native excellencies of his mind

and heart. These, however, are still more touchingly remembered as they were exhibited during his occasional visits home. He there evinced all that deep attachment to domestic circle which characterized him through life. vacations were anticipated and hailed, not as relaxations from study, but as the means of restoring him to his beloved home. His mother and his little sister were then his chosen companions; to them he loved to devote himself, giving up rather more than they wished the ordinary sports and engagements of childhood.

The warmth of his home attachment was rewarded as it deserved, by a change in the mode of his education. At the age of twelve years, when after a vacation of several weeks his parents were about returning him to a distinguished academy in the country, it was observed that Edmund became unusually pensive and silent. When an explanation was asked, he entreated his father, with tears in his eyes, that he might be permitted to remain in the city, assuring him that he would be a dutiful child and a devoted scholar. It was not in the heart of parents to resist such an appeal; and well did he afterwards "redeem (to use the words of his father) the assurance he then gave them." At the school of Mr. David Graham, to which he was then sent, he was placed under a teacher well fitted both to appreciate and call forth his early powers; and nine little volumes of essays, which still remain, in his schoolboy hand, evince not only the diligence and talent of the child, but likewise the skill and fidelity of the teacher. The neat and orderly arrangement of these early manuscripts is also remarkable, and displays a trait peculiarly characteristic of their author. Whatever he did, was done with care, arranged with taste, and disposed in order. This distinguished alike his books, his papers, his academic exercises, and his personal appearance; in which latter particular there was always evident a punctilious regard to neatness—a virtue, if it may be so called, which seems to have some

inward connection with the tendencies of a pure and well ordered mind. With Mr. Graham he continued for two years, taking the lead among his companions, and receiving from his preceptor every mark of esteem and affection.

As the first workings of a tender and thoughtful mind, these juvenile compositions are not devoid of interest to any, but they have a nearer claim upon those who remember their author in his more matured ripeness. Their merit as school-boy exercises seems to have been warmly acknowledged. They all bear the endorsement in the master's hand of "*Optime*," "*Præclare*," "*Honos*," &c. But they bear, it may be said, a higher impress—they exhibit the model of a virtuous youth; of a mind regulated even at that early age to the performance of duty upon moral and religious principles. This, as it is a lesson above all that mere intellect can ever teach—so is it also one beautiful and interesting, and conveying to the heart admonition or encouragement, with a power exactly proportioned to the tender weakness of him who gives it. "A boy ought to reflect," says this youthful monitor, "that the honor of his future career depends upon how he passes the day-spring of life." Such appears to have been his abiding reflection, and he reaped the reward; for though his career was short, it was full of honor. To him "Wisdom was the gray hair, and an unspotted life was old age." Ambition of excellence he felt strongly in common with many of his age; but with him it seemed to spring less from a love of superiority, than from a certain honorable pride of feeling, as if indolence were a degradation of his nature. Thus in one of these Essays, after urging upon a supposed negligent youth all the ordinary motives to exertion, he adds, "finally teach him that he is a man, the noblest work of God." In another on Pity, he thus warmly expresses himself—"Pity is a noble, a generous passion: it ought to be the first word murmured on the lips of an infant, the first thought implanted in his youth-

ful mind." "In this man can resemble his Creator." Independence of sentiment and largeness of reading, remarkable in a boy of his age, are evident in all these productions. One, on the subject of death, written when little more than twelve years old, after a quotation from Lord Bacon on the subject, he undertakes, with amusing simplicity, to overthrow that wise man's conclusions. "I must confess," he observes, "I do not agree, in my sentiments concerning death, with this 'wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.' I do not consider death so slight a thing as to be overcome in most men's minds, either by love, fear, revenge; or grief, although honor may aspire to it. Bacon judged from his own mind, I judge from mine, and therefore hope," &c. But the great subject of his youthful admiration was the Bible. "It is the standard," says he, "of truth, the pattern of virtue, the word of God himself." "The Bible," he adds, in an essay on Bible societies, "is not only the best, but the greatest and most sublime work of man." "Here we see examples of meekness, forbearance, and fortitude, unrivalled and unexampled in profane history. Here we read all the labors of the cross, and the triumphs of Christianity. Here we may learn that the maxims of Confucius are empty and vague; that the promises of Mahomet are false, and his Koran is but a lie."

In his thirteenth year Edmund was promised a visit to Wyoming, the place of his birth. It was the reward of his labors at school, and gave new zest to the approaching vacation. He went accordingly, accompanied by his parents, and kept a journal of his tour. The original has been preserved, and were the writer of this memoir to consult only his own taste, he would give it entire, so great interest did he take in its perusal. The following extracts are however perhaps as much as less partial readers will bear. As he approached the wild romantic scenes of his infancy, a burst of enthusiasm comes over him:—"Oh nature! sweetest nurse, both of the human mind and body, how beautiful dost thou appear! thy

wide-spreading fields, thy shelving declivities and hills, thy awful mountains and precipices, either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe. Even the usurper Richard felt thy balmy influence ; else whence these words :

‘ I’ll forth, and walk a while :
The air’s refreshing, and the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.’ ”

To the traveller, as he approaches from the east, the Valley of Wyoming opens suddenly and with great beauty, from the brow of an eminence familiarly known as “ Prospect Rock.” Our young tourist thus describes it :—“ When we had ascended the second mountain, we went a short distance from the road upon a ledge of rocks—and what was it first struck my sight ? Was it a darkly frowning wilderness beneath me ? Did a rushing, foaming cataract pour its streams along ? No ; a scene more lovely than imagination ever painted, presented itself to my sight—so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful, that even the magic verse of Campbell did not do it justice. The valley extends far and wide, beautified with cultivated fields, and interspersed with beautiful groves. The Susquehannah meanders through it, now disappearing and losing itself among the trees, now again appearing to sight, till it is at last entirely hidden among the mountains. I saw the Susquehannah roll its waves along, and scarcely knew that nearer to me flowed a slow and silent stream. How true are those words of Akenside, which say—

‘ Who that from a mountain height surveys
The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
Through mountains, rocks and deserts, black with shade,
And continents of sand, would turn his gaze,
And mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet ? ’ ”

The warm reception he met with from his relatives in the Valley, and the varied amusements of his short but happy

visit, are too minute to be extracted ; but they are told with so much truth and feeling as to give to his journal an attractiveness which does not always belong to the narratives of older travellers. Among other scenes of interest, he sought out the fatal battle-field, and was very indignant at the errors into which the historians of his country had fallen with regard to it. "Mr. Marshall," says he, "in his life of Washington, states the affair almost entirely wrong. He, to be sure, has the authority of history on his side, but the reports of eye-witnesses ought to be more regarded than the reports of fame. Marshall says, that the Indians being about to ravage the Valley of Wyoming, and a flag of truce being displayed by *them*, Col. Zebulon Butler, commander of the forces in Wyoming, was by this pretence decoyed into an ambuscade, accompanied by a small detachment of soldiers, and that they were put to rout by a soldier, who called out that the Colonel had ordered a retreat, when he had done no such thing. But this is the truth :—The Indians were about to destroy Wyoming ; the male inhabitants were determined to protect their wives, their children, and their property, and were anxious to go out and meet the enemy at the very time they heard of their coming. Col. Butler endeavored to restrain them but for a single day, in which he might find out the number of the enemy and their local advantages, but in vain. Although he saw that they were bent upon their own destruction, his honor would not suffer him to desert them. He accordingly went with them, led them against the enemy, was surprised in ambush, fought bravely at their head, and when they were about to be routed, rode among the ranks, exposed himself to the whole fire of the enemy in order to set them a good example—but all would not do. A sort of freezing horror had seized upon the men on seeing the savage with his uplifted tomahawk, break forth from the bushes, when they heard his horrid war-whoop, and beheld their friends falling fast around them from the fire of a concealed foe. Dreadful was the rout—yet more

dreadful was the carnage. Out of about three hundred men but four escaped, and one of these four was Col. Butler, who exposed himself to so many dangers, and who, nevertheless, had not even been wounded. Marshall says that John Butler, the commander of the Indians, was the brother* of Col. Zebulon Butler. But this is false. My blood boils in my veins, when I know that a stranger, a man not at all acquainted with Wyoming or its inhabitants, should presume to call so cruel a traitor as John Butler the brother of my grandfather, for there was not even the most distant relationship between them." The grave of this vilified hero of the Valley naturally attracted the steps of his indignant grandson. "On the Sunday preceding our departure we visited the grave of grandpapa." He found it embellished with the uncouth but pious rhymes of some poet of the wilderness :

"Distinguish'd by his usefulness
At home and when abroad ;
In court, in camp, and in recess,
Protected still by God."

On the Sunday above alluded to, an incident occurred long remembered with interest by those present. It happen-

* Quoting from memory, Edmund's indignation magnifies the offence. Marshall says they were cousins, not brothers, (*Life of Washington*, vol. iii. p. 506.) It is but justice, however, to the young critic, to add, that his censure of Mr. Marshall is just : there was in truth no relationship between them, nor was there the slightest reason to suspect, as Marshall implies, either the courage or fidelity of the American leader. He was, on the contrary, a highly meritorious officer, one who had already faithfully served his country in the old French war ; and in that of the revolution was distinguished, both before and after this event, by marks of confidence from Washington himself. In the battle of Wyoming, into which he was forced by the undisciplined impetuosity of his troops, he appears to have done all that skill or valor could effect in a contest where the number of the enemy quadrupled his own. Of these facts Marshall has since been made aware, and in a communication to the inhabitants of the Valley, has promised that in a future edition full justice shall be done to the memory of one whom they all loved as their friend, and respected as their brave though unfortunate defender.

ed that the solitary pastor of the valley was on that day absent on some neighbouring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, *extempore* prayers (it being a presbyterian congregation) were offered up by some of the elders. After this a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to Edmund's father, either out of compliment to his standing, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father not being very well, transferred the book to his son; Edmund's modesty for a moment shrunk from it—but the slightest wish of his father was ever a paramount law with him: so he arose and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected proved to be an impressive one. The reader was less than thirteen years of age; in the language of affection, of "angelic beauty;" and many of those present saw him now for the first time since, but a few years before, they had caressed him an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was "indescribable and overpowering." They remembered the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel; this was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death. An Episcopal church, had in the mean time been erected in the valley, where the ordinances of religion were regularly administered, and where Edmund was listened to with affectionate admiration. The praises bestowed

upon him owed, no doubt, somewhat of their fervor, to the touching recollections of his earlier visit.

After two weeks of such enjoyment, as boyhood only knows, it is pleasing to see when the hour of parting came, how conscientiously in his youthful mind the sense of duty contended against the loss of present pleasure. Nor let the man smile at the contests of the child. Life tries us with few contrasts more depressing at the moment, than the exchange, to an active healthful boy, of the unchecked amusements of a wild and varied country, for the labour and dull routine of a city school. The reader who like the writer has felt such change, and remembers the prison-like sinking of heart which attended the removal to the dull smoky town, will know how to pity and applaud the boy who writes thus in his private journal.

“In taking leave of such a place as Wyoming, and at the same time of such numerous and dear relations, necessarily occasioned me a great deal of sorrow. This sorrow might in a great measure have been overcome by reflection, for was I not returning from the scenes of amusement to those of education? Did not business urgently demand my father’s presence in New-York, and ought not the claims of business be superior to those of enjoyment? But at the period of taking leave I either could not or would not reflect, and was therefore sorrowful for a while; but when I began to reflect, that sorrow was changed into a pleasant feeling, proceeding from the recollection of scenes past which will never return. Farewell Wyoming, perhaps farewell for ever, thou that art beautiful enough to be called the elysium of the ancients, or the promised paradise of Mahomet. Thy groves might be the recesses of departed sages; thy forests, those of the forgotten druids of antiquity; thy cultivated fields, the product of the amusement of those who during life loved rural scenes and employments; thy open areas, the places where the shades of youths exercised themselves in warlike sports;

thy Susquehannah, the bathing place of Nymphs and Naiads ; and thy houses, the dwellings of those who had formerly been *discreet housewives*."

Edmund once again visited his native valley ; but the first impression left upon his mind seems never to have been effaced. After his return to school, the images were still so fresh in his thoughts, that we find them forming the subject of one of his first academic themes, "On Vacations in School." He commences thus : "A vacation is to the mind *what sleep is to the body*. To one living in a city a vacation is peculiarly gratifying. The truth of this sentiment I experienced myself during the last month. Our place of destination was Wyoming, where, as Campbell says, once dwelt Gertrude." After dwelling upon all the pleasures he had enjoyed during this sunny holiday, he concludes as if to strengthen his resolution, with a strong assertion of his philosophy. "Thus," says he, "I spent my vacation, and returned without any disinclination to study, or loathing of the confinement of a school." This theme bears the master's impress—*Præclarissime*. Of this turn of mind, bringing sense of duty to bear up against disappointment, another little instance appears in the journal. The first day after his arrival at Wyoming, he says, "We drank our tea, went to bed, slept well, awoke in the morning, and saw that the weather was rainy ; this frustrated all our plans for play, and compelled us to *read*, from which we derived more solid advantage."

The vacation of the following year was made happy by a similar though shorter tour, to the falls of the Passaic. Of this also the original journal is preserved. It is marked by equal tenderness and justness of feeling as the former, though we miss somewhat of that unstudied simplicity of expression, which constitutes the chief interest in boyish composition. But it is distinguished by the higher merit of an unfeigned love of nature, and a constant association of its

beauties with the power and goodness of God. Thus after describing a scene of great beauty. "How divine," says he, "are our sensations ! We look up with gratitude to the Creator of all things, and not only *know* but *feel* that he is a Father." "When we see the works of art, we feel no such emotion, we admire the ingenuity of the painter or statuary, and think of them no more." "Oh Nature," says he, in another place, "how much more art thou to be admired than Art thy sister !"

In wandering about the falls he encountered a melancholy stranger, playing on his native bag-pipes ; an instrument which Edmund had read of, but probably never before either seen or heard. "I thought," says he, "of the Highlands of Scotland. I saw in imagination's eye, a Wallace, or a Bruce, leading Scotia's chiefs upon some daring enterprise. I saw the chieftains of other times, the turf-raised monument, the four gray stones that rested on the body of heroes ; methought I heard the deserted, blind, and mournful Ossian lamenting for his child. 'Why openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell. He fell as the moon in a storm, as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm enwraps Ardannider ; I like an ancient oak in Morven, I mould'ring alone in my place ; the blast hath lopped away my branches, and I tremble at the wings of the north ; Oscar my son ! shall I never see thee more ?' "No never," answers this young enthusiast, "Ossian, bard of other times—

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
He is gone—and for ever."

Returning with the setting sun, he thus draws the picture.
"We saw the sun setting in his beauty ; the fields of grain

look more lovely under his influence, and the river reflects his yellow beams in its clear lucid channel; the village spire shines like gold, the tinkling of the cow-bell is heard, as the village boy is driving her from the lot; the milk-maid with her pail, the old people sitting at the door enjoying the cool air, the children sporting on the green, the farmer returning with his plough, happier than the king in his palace, are seen. Afterwards came gray sober twilight, &c."

On his return home, he found that through his absence from the city he missed witnessing the splendid military pageant of the removal of the remains of Gen. Montgomery, but he consoles himself with this entry in his journal:—"Peace be with the ashes of the brave!—I felt a pleasure more exquisite in viewing the beauties of nature."

When Edmund was fourteen years old, Mr. Graham's school was discontinued. This gentleman's recollections of his pupil correspond with the picture already given. "Of this amiable and excellent boy," says he, "I had occasion early to mark the rapid improvement. Honor and the love of distinction formed the sole governing principle of those under my care. These were addressed with great effect to the generous mind of young Griffin, and at once called every power of his highly gifted mind into play. His ambition was co-extensive with the whole course of study—it embraced every thing, and in every thing urged him on to excel. Beyond any pupil I ever knew, he best answered the fastidious description of the Roman critic:—'*Puer mihi ille detur quem laus excitat, quem gloria juvat, qui victus fleat.*' In him the love of learning was a passion admitting of no relaxation." Of his school themes he observes:—"At first I had doubts whether they were written by himself. But these doubts soon vanished. Every succeeding composition embodying the rich classical allusions of the daily recitation, and expressed with the fervor which when animated he gave to the translations of his author, stamped the productions as his own."

Mr. Griffin deeming his son at this time too young to enter college, however well fitted by attainments, placed him for a year at a school then just rising into great celebrity. This was kept by Mr. Nelson, distinguished at that time as the Blind Teacher, in the city of New-York, and afterwards more widely known as the learned classical professor in Rutgers College, New-Jersey. The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man ; and as death has now turned his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penniless and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit himself as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles ; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even to the minutest points of critical reading. In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical

Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. "True," said Mr. N. coloring with strong emotion; "But permit me to observe," added he, turning his sightless eyeballs towards the book he held in his hand, "that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma." At this period a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily, scholars flocked to him in crowds, competition sunk before him, and in the course of a very few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honorable independence. Nor was this all, he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done; and he felt proud to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that college which a few years before he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness.

It was at this school and about this period, that young Griffin first became known to his biographer: he knew him then a lovely boy, full of sensibility and generous ardor,



bearing with blushing modesty the honors heaped upon him, in a race of competition, where he rarely or never failed to come off victor ; and such he may say he continued to know him, through the remainder of his short life. As in childhood Edmund anticipated the virtuous resolution of manhood, so in youth and manhood he seemed never to lose the innocent and bashful virtues of the boy. So far as the author's inquiries have gone, and they have been neither few nor general, no teacher of his remembers a fault committed by him, no instructor an exercise neglected, no companion an unkind act, an angry sentiment, or an immodest word. In the school to which he was now removed, in the first class to which he was attached, there were several boys of genius and ambition not less than his own, his equals or superiors in age, and inferior perhaps in nothing but that unwavering, untired performance of duty, which left nothing within the compass of his time and abilities unattempted, imperfect or undone. Such were not willing to yield the laurel to a new comer, without a struggle. In the course of a few months, however, it was unanimously assigned to him, and what was still more to his credit, worn by him without envy. About this time, some short Latin poems written as academic exercises, acquired for him the reputation of a superior scholar. To school boys of the old world such classical exercises are familiar, and comparatively so with our own at the present day ; but at the time these were written they were rare, and in justice to their youthful author, should be judged of by the standard of scholarship that then prevailed. His English poetic versions are more numerous, and equally creditable to him. A few extracts, while they are due to their intrinsic merit, in a poet of fourteen, will serve likewise, to display by the anecdotes connected with them, the toils and the triumphs of a true school boy's life. During a short holiday, Edmund had translated or rather para-

phrased a part of the ninth book of the *Æneid*, beginning with the indignant speech of Mnestheus.

"Quo traditis, inquit," &c.

Cowards! do you not blush as well as mourn, &c.

This had been presented and approved, but there being a tie between him and his most prominent school rival for the honor of the day; the teacher directed that it should be decided by a metrical translation of twenty-four lines, from Dido's address to *Æneas*; to be presented at the opening of the school next morning. Edmund came home in trouble. He knew it was a standing rule that he should quit his studies and retire to bed at nine o'clock. To get his ordinary lessons for the next day, and be prepared for this new struggle before that hour, he felt to be impossible. He earnestly besought his father, therefore, that for once he might be permitted to transgress the prescribed limit. The request was granted, and at half-past ten he entered the library, holding his translation in his hand; he gave it to his father, and with breathless anxiety watched his countenance as he read it: and never, added the narrator of this incident, will those present forget the tear of exultation that gladdened the eye of the boy, when he saw the approving smile on his father's countenance. A less partial judge the next morning confirmed that decision, his translation gained him the victory. An extract from each is here given. The celebrated simile in the first, beginning, line 792,

"*Ceu sævum turba leonem,*" &c.

he thus renders,

As when a band of hunters, bold of heart,
A furious lion with the galling dart
Beset—startled, enraged, the monster scorns to go,
'Turns not his back, looks grimly on his foe—

Seeks but a chance to take away the life
 Of some bold leader in the mortal strife—
 But still by force and arms compell'd to yield
 His hope of vengeance, slowly quits the field ;
 Thus Turnus goes, &c.

The hasty prize translation is from the fourth book of the *Æneid*, line 362, and thus begins :

Æneas spoke, she proudly eyes the while
 His godlike person with disdainful smile ;
 Then thus, inflamed by passion's angry sway :
 'Thou art not goddess-born, as mortals say,
 They never nourished such a wretch as thou ;
 The horrid Caucasus with flinty brow
 Hath brought thee forth—a Parthian tigress prest
 Thee, yet an infant, to her savage breast,' &c.

On one occasion the writer recalls to mind his being present at a public examination of the school in which Edmund, having carried off the prize from all competitors, was summoned by his teacher to read aloud one of his poetic translations. The subject chosen was the war of the gods, from the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The youthful poet, thus summoned, came forward, and with pallid look and tremulous accent began ; but the embarrassment soon passed, his own feelings became excited, his boyish features glowed with animation, and his voice became free and impressive. In the moral beauty of the scene, the defects of the poetry were forgotten, and the poem was received with the most enthusiastic applause, not only by those who as auditors were present but to approve youthful merit, but also by his companions and competitors, with whom, as observed afterwards by one of his teachers, "his honorable conduct and modest demeanor, it was always found, quenched any feelings of

jealousy or envy." The gratified father was among the auditors, and his cheek was wet with such tears as parents love to shed. The two who sat beside him seemed to share in a father's pride on the occasion. One was the late Dr. Bard, then President of the Medical College of New-York, who threw his heart as it were (as those who knew him may well remember was his wont, when his feelings were touched) into the congratulations he offered Mr. G. in the blessing of such a son. The other individual was the late Dr. Harris, then President of the college to which young Griffin was soon about to be removed, a man equalled by few in his nice tact of youthful character, and surpassed by none in his warm-hearted estimate of all that he found pure and excellent in it. His address to Edmund on the occasion broke out with, "*Macte virtute puer.*" The merit of the translation may be judged of by the following extract, with which the reader may compare, in the note,* the corresponding version of Dryden—beginning,

"Jamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras.
Sed timuit," &c.—*Metamor.* lib. i. line 253.

Then had the sire of gods his thunders hurl'd,
And made a waste of this rebellious world,
Had he not feared the fires, on ether borne,
Would wrap in sheets of fire his radiant throne
Jove also knew 'twas in the book of fate,
That all of mortal and immortal state

* "Already had he tossed the flaming brand;
And rolled the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on sea and land:
But stop't for fear thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle tree of heaven.
Remembering in the fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,

Should one day feel the flame's avenging ire,
 And heaven, earth, sea, be wrapt in raging fire,
 He lays aside his bolts, the dread of men,
 Forged by the Cyclops in the Etnean den—

And all the blazing worlds above should burn ;
 And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
 His dire artillery thus dismiss, he bent
 His thoughts to some securer punishment :
 Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down ;
 And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
 The northern breath that freezes floods, he binds,
 With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds :
 The south he loosed, who night and horror brings ,
 And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
 From his divided beard two streams he pours,
 His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
 With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
 And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow ;
 Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
 He squeez'd the clouds, th' imprisoned clouds resist :
 The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound,
 And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
 Then, clad in colors of a various dye,
 Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
 To feed the clouds : impetuous rain descends ;
 The bearded corn beneath the burden bends :
 Defrauded clowns deplore their perished grain ;
 And the long labors of the year are vain.
 Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone,
 Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down ;
 Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
 To help him with auxiliary waves.
 The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
 Who roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes) :
 And with perpetual urns his palace fill ;
 To whom in brief, he thus imparts his will :
 ' Small exhortation needs ; your powers employ,
 And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.
 Let loose the reins to all your watery store :
 Bear down the dams, and open every door.'

And chooses rather to destroy mankind
 By the dire influence of rain and wind.
 Drought-bearing Boreas in the Eolian cave
 Forthwith he shuts, and leaves him there to rave ;

- The floods, by nature enemies to land,
 And proudly swelling with their new command,
 Remove the living stones, that stopt their way,
 And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
 Then, with his mace their monarch struck the ground ;
 With inward trembling, earth received the wound ;
 And rising streams a ready passage found.
 Th' expanded waters gather on the plain :
 They float the fields, and overtop the grain ;
 Then rushing onward with a sweepy sway,
 Bear flocks and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
 Nor safe their dwellings were, for sapp'd by floods,
 Their houses fell upon their household gods.
 The solid piles too strongly built to fall,
 High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
 Now seas and earth were in confusion lost ;
 A world of waters, and without a coast.
 One climbs a cliff ; one in his boat is borne,
 And ploughs above where late he sow'd his corn.
 Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
 And drop their anchors on the meads below ;
 Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender vine,
 Or tossed aloft, are knocked against a pine.
 And where of late the kids had cropt the grass,
 The monsters of the deep now take their place.
 Insulting nereids on the cities ride,
 And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
 On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they browse,
 And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
 The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep :
 The yellow Lion wanders in the deep :
 His rapid force no longer helps the war ;
 The stag swims faster than he ran before.
 The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
 Despair of land, and drop into the main.
 Now hills and vales no more distinction know ;
 And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.

The watery chambers of the southern skies
 Are open thrown, and forth the south wind flies—
 Clothed in terrific majesty of form,
 His breath the tempest, and his brow the storm ;
 His wings and beard are wet with heavy showers,
 And from his flowing hair the water pours ;
 All veil'd in pitchy darkness is his head ;
 Loud and earth-shaking is his rapid tread ;
 With his broad hand the hanging clouds he struck,
 They crash, they burst, at the tremendous shock.
 The rain descends in torrents. Iris, too,
 Clothed in the rainbow, from the ocean drew
 New stores of rain : the crops are prostrate laid,
 And yellow Ceres mourns the havoc made.
 Jove stopp'd not here, but, to maintain the war,
 Call'd in the ruler of the sea-borne car.
 Neptune, the king of all the river gods,
 Convoked them quickly to his green abodes.
 ' Time presses'—thus the stormy monarch spake—
 ' Pour forth your waters, and your strength awake ;
 Your fountains open, and your springs display :'
 He thus commanded, and they swift obey.
 Then with his dreadful trident smote the earth ;
 She trembles ; from within the streams burst forth :

The most of mortals perish in the flood :
 The small remainder dies for want of food.
 A mountain of stupendous height there stands
 Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands ;
 The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were.
 But then a field of waters did appear.
 Parnassus is its name ; whose forky rise
 Mounts through the clouds, and meets the lofty skies
 High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
 Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
 He with his wife, were only left behind
 Of perished man, they two were human kind."

The rivers, flowing from their banks, o'erturn
Men, houses, forests, and the standing corn.
If any stubborn building stood a proof
Against the fury of the waves, its roof,
All cover'd o'er by the surrounding flood,
Beneath the angry waters seem'd to nod.
No land appear'd, 'twas one continued sea,
As vast, as boundless as immensity.
Some wretches on the top of mountains roam,
Some seek in vessels to outride the storm.
Where late the fawns and satyrs held their sway,
Now sea-calves fatten, and the dolphins play.
The azure daughters, born of Nereus' line,
Admire the groves and towns beneath the brine.
The wolf, the tiger, and the thundering boar,
Are borne along—the lion roars no more.
The wandering bird, who long had sought repose,
Then fell exhausted, nor again arose.
And now the waters the tall mountains lash;
Now the rough surges o'er their summits dash;
Most of mankind slept in a watery grave;
The rest hard famine to destruction gave.
In Phocis, once a fruitful land, but then
A wide extended sea and liquid plain,
Parnassus lifted up its head on high,
Above the waves, and seem'd to reach the sky :
Alone it stood—the flood dared not destroy
The pride of genius and the Muse's joy.
Deucalion here arrived; and with him came
Phyrra, the partner of his bed and name,
In a frail bark, &c.

In the autumn of this same year, (1819,) when he was just fifteen years old, Edmund appeared among the candidates for admission into Columbia College. The examina-

tion for entrance into this college, was at that time long and rigid, continued for several successive days, and terminating in an arrangement of their names in the order of merit. Such a contest, between scholars brought together for the first time, and proud of the reputation of their respective schools, was to all a scene of interest; and to sensitive young minds, seemed to realize the fables of the games of ancient Greece. Some such minds there were in the class of this year, which was, besides, unusually numerous and well prepared, and the excitement proportionably great. Other causes contributed. The older schools were not willing to yield their pre-eminence to a blind competitor. Their choice scholars were therefore studiously drilled for the occasion; and most of the teachers, and many anxious fathers, were in constant attendance to encourage their sons or pupils by their presence, or perhaps to become judges of the impartiality of the decision. Among these, Mr. Nelson might always be distinguished; the first to come, the last to go; the most anxious, and yet the most confident; his blind steps, as he entered the hall, being followed, rather than directed, by the youth who attended him, so singularly resolute was he in all his motions. The result of this new contest was to Edmund what his former ones had been; his name was found first in the list, a station which he never lost during his connection with the college. Edmund's feelings of emulation were on this occasion highly excited. His own reputation, and that of his teacher, were both at stake; and his anxiety made his fears overbalance his hopes. In a subsequent letter to a friend, he says, "I trembled daily and hourly during the long examination, and repeatedly gave up every thing for lost. When the names were finally read out in the order in which we were placed, I was most unfeignedly astonished to find myself first." The justice of the decision was however unquestioned, though the chagrin of one of the rival candidates vented itself, at the moment, in a manner more credit-

able to his scholarship than his philosophy. He wrote with his pencil the following distich, and passed it along to the victor :

“Vicisti Griffin ; parva at tua gloria nam quod
Anni quinque tibi, *menses* mihi quinque dederunt ;”

to which the former immediately replied, with the usual courtesy of Latin disputants,—

Æmule ! cur senior, fallaces ad fugis artes ?
Menses tu simulas, annos tamen insere victus.

The boast was not, however, altogether false : the author of the lines was a highly-talented Italian youth, of riper age than Edmund, and who, by the aid of a learned father, had prepared himself for the examination in an incredibly short period of time. He was the son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, at present Professor of Italian in Columbia College, and partook strongly of that poetic fervor, which even now gives youth to the father in his eighty-third year, and which half a century ago recommended him to the Austrian monarch as a fit successor to the laurel of Metastasio.* What success might have attended the future efforts of this formidable rival, when *months* of diligence had been changed to *years*, it is impossible to say. Death withdrew him from the course before the race was well begun. Two other high-minded competitors,† after a two year's struggle, voluntarily withdrew their pretensions ; and through the remainder of his college life, Edmund's claims to general pre-eminence remained undisputed. While we call this victory honorable, we cannot deny that it

* Lorenzo Da Ponte, then in his twenty-third year, was made “Poeta Cesareo” by Joseph II. in the year 1780, a few months after the death of Metastasio.

† One of them, the Rev. J. Young, is now President of Danville College, Kentucky.

was painful, and dearly purchased by the mortified feelings and injured prospects of others ; so much so, that it may well awaken the doubt, whether such highly-excited emulation in the education of youth, be not productive of more evil than good. How often do we see the bold heart wearing out the feeble body in the contest ? and when that contest is over, though some generous spirits may rise above the disappointment, yet how often do we see it with many turning into gall and bitterness, and weighing down the heart with the double load of sorrow and envy ? In the name of nature, then, and of humanity, let us not add this curse to the necessary discipline of youth ; let us not dash with factitious sorrow the joyous days of boyhood, nor teach an innocent heart to pine with envy at another's talent or success. Nor is the moral influence of emulation more unfavorable than its intellectual. When made the great engine of education, which in our country it is, it often weakens the mind by premature exertion, naturally leads to the cultivation of the memory at the expense of the judgment, and invariably tends to enfeeble the character by building it up, upon the stimulus of external and temporary excitement. Hence the anomalous fact we are so often called upon to wonder at and explain, viz. that the praised and honored youth turns out the feeble and nerveless man. The explanation is but too easy : he has lived so long upon the sweets of praise and honor, that he can find no sufficient stimulus in the quiet motives of duty and conscience ; he has been trained to action by stimulants which have no place in the sober duties of life ; and when left to himself, the factitious nursling of education pines into feebleness and inaction. Like the boy taught to swim on bladders, in a quiet bath, he goes smoothly on, so long as he is buoyed up by praise ; but when called upon to act unnoticed and alone, or to walk unmoved through good report and evil report, he feels as the same artificial swimmer would do, without his aids, in the rough and stormy ocean.

Edmund's habits of study at this period might be recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed, and partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three P. M. the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bed-time. While a school boy, this was at the primitive hour of nine o'clock; and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which, in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night: it was a change however which he both lamented and condemned, and had his life been spared would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning hours, which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine: with the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time; lest haply when old, they pay the penalty of having divorced a life of study from one of healthy enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labor almost incredible at his early years: having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least

six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise ; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the student are attended with comparatively little danger, to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession, by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this end ; he enjoyed the health which flows from equanimity. His mind was singularly well balanced ; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity ; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic ; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers ; but preserved on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession, and an even sweetness of temper, which to a stranger savored of coldness ; but to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. " He did every thing," says Mr. G. " apparently without effort ;" and so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author speaks from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the midst of the highest exertion ; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners, the warm-hearted exclamation, " He has the face of an angel."

From all the professors during his connexion with the college, Edmund received marks of high approbation and confidence ; but in the venerable president he excited a feeling more akin to the affection of a parent. This was strikingly exhibited on occasion of a severe attack of an epidemic bilious fever, which seized Edmund in the country during his last college vacation. • His illness was of several weeks'

continuance, and attended with very alarming symptoms. As soon as his slow convalescence would permit, he was removed to his father's house in New-York. Dr. Harris's solicitude had been greatly excited by the reports of his illness, and his inquiries personally repeated almost daily, so that among Edmund's first visitors after reaching the city was his venerable and venerated friend. The meeting as described by his father, was a touching one. Edmund had risen trembling from his seat to receive him; but the good old man hastened towards him, extended his arms, and folded his emaciated form to his bosom; neither spoke for nearly a minute, but both wept, as those who had longed but despaired to meet again. The anecdote, however trifling, is honorable to the memory of both. For it is not the lot of all so to temper firmness with kindness, as to excite such feelings in the breast of a pupil; and worthy must have been that pupil who could excite such feelings in the breast of such a man as Dr. Harris. And here it may be pardoned to one who knew him well and loved him much, to pay this passing tribute to the memory of this kind-hearted man. By a bustling world his worth was never rightly estimated, and his name perhaps may soon be forgotten; but it will long live in the recollection of those who shared in the peaceful tenor of his life, and whose estimate of his quiet benevolence, unoffending piety, and cheerful resignation, rises higher as acquaintance with mankind teaches them more and more the rareness and the value of such a character.

The academic reputation sustained by young Griffin was not only exemplary, but faultless: no duty neglected, and no rule transgressed; the habits of a student, the acquirements of a scholar, and the deportment of a gentleman, left room for nothing but praise, and to this the college records of his time bear ample testimony. From the hour of his entrance into college he seems to have gone upon that noble and judicious rule, which, if students knew their own

interest, they would adopt not only as the best, but also the easiest, and find in the end to be the rule of least labor ; that is, he performed the whole of his prescribed duty to the best of his power ; he omitted nothing, slighted nothing, delayed nothing ; the result of which was, that all his duties soon became easy to him. As every study had its hour, and every hour its employment, the day was always free for its own labors ; no neglect of yesterday burthened it, or threw hurry and anxiety into his preparation or performance of a prescribed task. But a still greater blessing waited upon it. As industry was the the surest road to ease, so it seems to have been also that to innocence and virtue, and to have secured his moral character not only without blemish, but above suspicion. This indeed was to be expected from that generous industry, which belonged as much to the heart as to the head, and which, springing from high and pure motives, led naturally to the pursuit and practice of "whatever was pure, lovely, or of good report."

In the department of composition his exercises attracted more than ordinary attention. Several of his Latin and English poems were printed and circulated at the request of the president, and at the expense of the college. His English prose compositions evince corresponding merit. As the object of this narrative is not so much the exhibition of his attainments as the moral influence of his example, his biographer contents himself with remarking, that they are distinguished by a vein of pure and tender thought, together with a high sense of intellectual responsibility. This is strongly displayed in an "Essay on Genius," and still more feelingly in another on "The duties and dangers of Men of Letters," to rank himself among whom seems to have been at this time the great object of his ambition.

In August 1823, at the age of nineteen, he took the usual degree of A.B. The highest honors on parting were adjudged to him, and few had better deserved them. The

merits of his public exercise at "Commencement" being in Latin, were not of course appreciated by the majority of his hearers; but all could understand and appreciate the heartfelt warmth with which he addressed his farewell to the venerable president, and to the instructors and companions of his youth; the feelings then displayed and reciprocated were noticed by many who were ignorant of the import of his words, and added new interest to the sympathy already excited in his favor.

Emerging from the retirement of college life, thus crowned with honors, and at an age most accessible to flattery, a little youthful vanity might have been pardoned to him, especially as to all other exculpating circumstances was joined the reputation of great personal beauty; yet did he continue to be noticed for a modesty of manner approaching to shyness, and a diffidence which was sometimes mistaken for coldness, and still oftener set down to the charge of affectation. Those, however, who knew him best, saw that the only influence of praise was to excite him the better to deserve it; and that, beyond a scrupulous regard to neatness, his person never occupied his thoughts. Like one who knew the value of time, he allowed but little of it to pass in inaction. The choice of a profession was to be made, and in this he wavered for a time, from a conscientious distrust of himself. While his other friends were divided in their advice, his parents withheld all direct counsel on the subject; they left him to the independent deliberations of his own mind. As to himself, his wishes were decided, but not his judgment. In this state of doubtfulness, Edmund took that step from which he thought he could most easily recede: he entered his father's office as a student of law, and there remained for about two months, diligently devoted to the study of it; but the choice was not a satisfactory one; there was a voice within that called him to more sacred duties. His friends observed that he became thoughtful; he himself acknowledged

that he was perplexed in mind ; and at length, after some delay, and much doubt of his own faithfulness, he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry, and that in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which at that time no member of his family belonged. But he still lacked confidence in the preparation of his heart, and therefore determined to enter but as a probationer, professedly reserving to himself the privilege of withdrawing, without the imputation of inconsistency, in case his own distrust should not be removed of his qualifications for the sacred office. A year was the period of probation he proposed, by which time he hoped to be able to determine more advisedly, and with a safer conscience ; and in the same spirit of jealousy over himself, he declined, contrary to custom, uniting himself in communion with the church, until the expiration of his self-appointed term of trial. This arrangement though somewhat irregular, was acceded to by Bishop Hobart, from a conviction of the purity of motives which dictated it. It received his sanction a few days previous to his departure for Europe, in October, 1823, and at the opening of the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Edmund's name was accordingly enrolled on the list of students. The state of his feelings and views, at this interesting period, will best appear from his own words. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by him to an absent and much-valued relative, who felt deeply interested in his welfare, and who, entertaining a high sense of the responsibility of the sacred calling, was anxious to learn the reasons that had induced his young friend to depart from the faith of his fathers.

SEMINARY, October 29th, 1823.

* * * * *

" You hold the doctrine of regeneration to be one of the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion : such is also my belief ; a belief which I have drawn from reason, from revela-

tion, and from the knowledge that I have of the corruption and depravity of my own heart ; a belief that I hope to live in, and that I shall most assuredly die in. I do most confidently trust that such is the doctrine of the church (I speak not of individuals) of which I propose to become a member ; for it is a fact, that the ninth article of that church maintains the doctrine of original sin, and implies, not merely by consequence, but in words too, the necessity of regeneration. It is also a fact that the first act of worship in the public services of the church runs thus :—‘ Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep : we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own heart : we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done, *and there is no health in us.*’ And this is repeated by the whole congregation on their knees. Such is the theory, such is the *practice* of the church. With respect to the clergy of this denomination, I have seen nothing that savored of want of piety ; but all that I have seen of them, and that is not a little, tends to prove the contrary. If any of them are led into errors of doctrine, I have charity enough to suppose that they are sincere and conscientious in the belief and the maintenance of such doctrine. With respect to my motives for entering the profession :—I have chosen it not, believe me, for a maintenance or a name. No ; I could not sell my soul to everlasting death, for the means of keeping the breath of life in this mortal frame ; I could not grasp at the fleeting shadows of earthly fame, forsaking the substantial and inestimable good of everlasting glory. I acknowledge, most fully, the truth of your description of the unsanctified man who takes upon himself the character of a minister of God. I know that he must be hypocritical, purjured, impious. I know that he must be, in this life, as wretched as restraint, self-denial, and conscience, can make an unregenerate man ; and that he must have his portion in the world to come beside

that betraying disciple whose character and conduct his most nearly resemble. Mere worldly honor, mere worldly prudence, would deter me from making all my life a lie—my whole existence a scene, a reality of wretchedness. But I hope I have that within me which will render it unnecessary to call these principles into exercise. My heart is changed from what it once was. I acknowledge the existence of sin within me, and I abhor it as the cause of every evil, as the bar to every good. I love, admire, revere, the character of God. I believe in the character of Jesus Christ as the only means of salvation. I love his character, his attributes. I love him as the voluntary sacrifice for my sins, the atoning victim for my iniquities. I love his cause—the greatest, the most philanthropic, the most all-important, that ever engaged the attention of mankind. To this cause, it is my hope and prayer, to be made the instrument of good. Though my heart is changed, I cannot firmly say it is regenerate; and believe me, when I say, that I will never approach the communion table until my hope is stronger and more constant. My preference of the Episcopal Church arises from my conviction of the superior purity of its origin, the greater certainty of its doctrines, and the beauty, holiness, and devotion of its forms. Excuse my want of delicacy, in speaking thus plainly against the feelings you entertain in favor of your own denomination; but what I have said, was necessary for my own justification. I am glad that you have relieved yourself from the responsibility imposed on you as a friend, and as a minister of God, by the appeal that you have made to my conscience. It has excited in my mind a renewal of deep, and serious, and anxious thought; and has given me an opportunity, I trust, of exculpating myself in the eyes of a friend whom I warmly love and highly reverence. I fully appreciate your concern for my eternal welfare. I am thankful for your prayers, and trust that they will still continue to ascend in my behalf up to the throne of grace."

With such sentiments, the sincerity of which was daily evinced by an innocent and conscientious life, Edmund's keeping back from the communion, though it arose from his high sense of christian duty, still must be condemned as an unwise and unfounded scruple. We cannot indeed be too watchful in our preparation, but we may be so superstitious in our reverence, as to destroy the very end for which the sacrament itself was appointed ; and those teachers certainly take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, who turn that into a seal of perfection, which Christ appointed as a means of grace ; and who restrict unto few, what he commanded unto all. Edmund's religious character was at the same time zealous and gentle, high-toned and liberal. His serious impressions may be said to have been from the cradle ; his piety rested on the only solid foundation which man can lay, viz. domestic instruction and example. His early youth was therefore pious, his very school-boy compositions breathe serious thought ; and that which in childhood was but obedience or the sympathy of example, the force of habit had long since turned into a second nature. With years came reflection, and by degrees independent examination, which at length resulted in the choice of the ministry as a profession, and a separation from the church in which he had been educated. This change excited at the time much interest and discussion, and as it was unquestionably a marked instance of religious inquiry, conducted by a sound discriminating mind, and resulting in a conviction so strong as to overcome the power of early prejudice, the silent influence of parental example, and the open authority of near friends, it may be worth while to trace so far as can be done, the progressive steps by which he arrived at it. In this matter, the writer speaks partly from personal knowledge, partly from the communications of intimate friends.

Edmund's preference of the episcopal church, though suddenly avowed, had been slowly and deliberately formed.

His first doubts arose in pursuing his academic course of civil history. The period of the reformation arrested his attention, the circumstances of haste and distrust which then attended the establishment of the presbyterian form of church government, bearing so evidently the marks of expediency and not choice, together with the open declaration of many of its leaders to that effect, putting themselves on the ground of necessity, in casting off the jurisdiction of bishops; these things very naturally startled him in his prepossessions, and led him to further inquiry. In attending the prayers of the church, which he then occasionally did, he became deeply impressed with the beauty and devotion of its noble liturgy. In its solemn and impressive services, its grave and decorous regularity, there was something peculiarly attractive to one of his refined and almost fastidious taste. His feelings revolted from any thing like an approach to familiarity of language addressed to the Deity. He argued, that public worship demanded the consecration of the lips, as well as the heart; that the name of God should be like his nature, "clothed in majesty," and that the fervor of christian boldness should never go so far as to make man forget the humility that belongs to a "worm of the dust:" these securities he missed in extempore prayer, but found in the ritual of the church. In this matter too, his judgment went with his feelings; in the use of prescribed forms he recognized, as he often said, the strongest bulwark against both error of doctrine and fanaticism of life; and whether he looked into the past history or present state of the christian church, he found abundant proof of the necessity of such safeguards. His own country was full of warning examples; and when he saw the pathless ocean of error into which so many churches had wandered for the want of such a landmark, of such an abiding test by which to try the doctrines of the living preacher, he may be said to have *clung* to the liturgy of the church as to the pillar, or rather, the anchor of christendom.

The doctrines of Calvinism had also their repelling influence. He could not believe that God was partial in his dealings, or insincere in his invitations; such opinions were repugnant to the very principles of truth and justice, upon the strength of which he was a believer either in God or in his Gospel; and the reception of such dogmas, seemed to him the overthrow of the very foundations upon which all faith rested. While some of the doctrines of Calvin he utterly rejected, there were many of which he doubted, and he was not willing to attach himself to a church which laid them down as articles of faith. He denied the right to tie up the conscience on points where Christ had left it free; he questioned the expediency of mixing up metaphysical subtleties with the simple doctrines of the gospel, and he venerated the church which limited its demands to those fundamental truths which Christians "all, always and every where,"* have received. Beyond these limits lies the debateable ground of private judgment, where man, as he cannot be certain, ought not to dogmatize; and where opinions, as they affect neither the head nor the foundation of faith, cannot be among the necessary articles of salvation. The point which first excited his doubts, was the last upon which he critically entered. The examination of the peculiar claims of episcopal ordination, he took up after his entrance into the seminary, during the year reserved to himself as one of free and conscientious inquiry. The result which he here arrived at, was one not merely of preference, but of obligation; he came to the conclusion, that its ministry is the only valid one, and even carried its claims so high as to doubt, if not to deny the validity of Christian baptism administered by other hands. But in this last particular, he certainly ran counter to the general current of ecclesiastical

* "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

authority, which is unquestionably in favor of lay baptism. In ancient times, the church went so far as to prescribe it, and its clergy to teach in what manner, in cases of necessity, it should be done; and at all times it hath taught how that which is irregular in the act, may yet be valid when performed—"fieri non debet sed factum valet."

Within a few weeks after Edmund had entered the seminary, his practical faith was put to a severe trial. His sister, to whom he was warmly attached, being nearly of his own age, and the only surviving one except a child of three years, a sister who was the object at once of his pride and affection, the companion alike of his studies and pleasures, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. His father's house was now for four weeks the scene of alternate hope and despair, and at the end of that painful period, was converted into a house of mourning. Both before and after this fatal event, Edmund's feelings, though agonized both as a brother and a son, were yet exalted by the hopes and confidence of a Christian. To use his father's touching language, "He was the comforter of the comfortless, and the staff of his father's house." He communicated the fatal intelligence to an absent relative in the following terms :

NEW-YORK, December 9, 1823.

DEAR —,

I write to you under circumstances of affliction, which it has not been the lot of our family ever before to experience. Our dear Ellen is no more. She died last Sunday evening, after an illness of about four weeks. We feel resigned to this providence of God, not only because it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should suffer affliction, but because our beloved relative gave the most consolatory evidences of having made her peace with God, and of her being about to enter upon the joys of heaven. She was informed of her

danger about two weeks before her death. She was heard in prayer. She called her dear father to pray with her ; and when informed she was dying about thirty-six hours before her end, though she was perfectly possessed of her reason, the king of terrors had no terror for her. Ought we not to be thankful, my dear —, instead of repining that she is taken from us to be with her God ? For my own part, I shall think of her hereafter not with the bitterness of grief, but with the sad, yet sweet and soothing recollection we derive from joys that are gone. I shall regard her not as she lay upon the bed of death, though even there the smile of a seraph dwelt upon her lips—not as she now lies in her narrow house, as calm, as pure, as innocent as the statue of a saint, but as a blessed spirit calling to my spirit, bidding me prepare to appear before my God, to stand with her in the presence of her Redeemer, and enjoy with her the beatitude of heaven. Pray with me, my dear —, that I may be enabled to attain that preparation. My composure does not, I trust, arise from insensibility, from God I have sought for consolation, and I trust it is from God I have found it. Pray for my dear parents ; they will see this letter, and join in the request that they may have that consolation which cometh down from above. Pray for all of us, my dear —, that our hearts may be purified in the furnace of affliction ; and that we may have reason to thank God, not only for her, but for ourselves ; that our sister, daughter, and friend, has been taken from us. Let not this deprivation damp the joy of my dear cousin —'s bridal ; we trust that it has been our sister's bridal also, and that the bridegroom whom she has wedded, is one who throughout all the endless ages of eternity, will be able to drive every pain and every sorrow far, very far from her heart."

Edmund's mind had been very seriously impressed by his own illness the year previous ; his sister's death, now, deepened those impressions. and returned him to the sacred

studies upon which he had just entered, with increased ardor and devotion. He still, however, adhered to his original resolution, and allowed his year of probation to pass, before he made a visible profession of his faith by coming to the holy communion. There is every reason to believe, especially from a communication made by him to his younger brother a few days before his last illness, that this was a year of deep religious exercises. As its termination approached, he one day sought a private interview with his father, and after reminding him of the conditions under which he had connected himself with the Seminary, observed that the year which he had allowed himself as a period of probation, was drawing to a close, and that he now felt himself called upon to decide, either to abandon the study of theology, or to devote himself irrevocably to the ministry, and to seal that covenant by becoming a partaker of the body and blood of Christ. He thereupon seemed to wait for his father's reply ; but the only advice that that conscientious, perhaps scrupulous parent could give, was to seek counsel of God ; and as a means of clearing his mind of doubt, recommended him to devote several successive days to private meditation and prayer. There was every reason to believe that the advice was faithfully followed ; and before the end of a week, Edmund's mind was conclusively settled. On the Sunday following he became a communicant in the church of his friend, Dr. Lyell, and continued thenceforth unwavering in his determination to devote his life and talents to the service of that Master under whose banner he then ranked himself. The acquaintance incidentally made, shortly before this, with the Reverend gentleman just mentioned, Rector of Christ's Church, New-York, served greatly to strengthen in Edmund both his feelings of personal religion, and his attachment to the church of his choice. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and that intimacy into a friendship which terminated but with life—"Such a friendship," to use

the words of Dr. L. "as might subsist between an affectionate father and son." Dr. L.'s church was therefore the one he most frequented, and with which he afterwards became ministerially connected, while his early friend and pastor continued to be, at all times, his chosen counsellor, and the one from whom, when upon his dying bed, he sought the last holy consolations of religion.

During the long summer vacation of the following year, Edmund, accompanied by a chosen friend and fellow-student, took an excursion through the Eastern States. On his journey, the author of this narrative met him. Their different vocations had for some time separated them; accident and their common profession, as well as many old associations, now again united them; and the renewal of early intimacy, was agreeable to both, while it gave to him whom heaven decreed to be the survivor, and who little thought, at that time, that youth and health would precede him to the grave, some of the materials of his present task.

In August, 1826, Edmund D. Griffin was admitted into aacon's orders, in St. George's Church, in the village of Fishkill. He was ordained by Bishop Hobart, the warm, energetic friend, the liberal patron of youthful merit, then engaged in one of those frequent and laborious visitations through his extensive diocese, which, though to human eyes they shortened his usefulness, have yet left behind them such an apostolic seal of his ministry, as is in itself a blessing, and may well awaken unto emulation thousands of those who follow him. A singular coincidence may here be noticed. In the providence of God, four years after, almost a day, the ordainer and the ordained were called to render an account of their stewardship. Almost by the same blow the church lost both the crown of her glory and the rising pillar of her strength. The news of young Griffin's death reached the Bishop, in a distant part of his diocese, on the

very day of his own fatal attack ; and the last effort of his pen was to bestow comfort on a bereaved father.*

In the death of Bishop Hobart, few lost more than he who now pens this sentence to his memory. It is a topic on which he dares not venture, lest his feelings should lead him too much aside from his present subject ; but to have said thus much may be pardoned, if not to the mention of a name which is surrounded by a thousand affecting personal recollections, at least to the memory of a Bishop who stamped upon his Episcopate an impression of fervor and zeal seldom equalled, and never to be forgotten; of one who, by the warmth of his heart, the purity of his motives, the vigor and soundness of his measures, and the fearless intrepidity with which he braved their consequences, not only rallied around him such a host of friends as seldom falls to the lot of public men, but enabled him to bear down, while living, all opposition from his path of duty, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with the united sceptre of fear and love. His character and his virtues are now the heritage of the church, and the cherished legacy of his friends ; and the words of affectionate praise may now be poured forth without wounding that lofty and true-hearted spirit, which, through life, both rejected and contemned all human commendation.

By the canons of the church the duties of deacons are appointed by the Bishop. That prescribed for Mr. Griffin was an agreeable one : it consisted in his accompanying his diocesan in his episcopal visitation. This he did as far as Utica, and there stopped to supply, for a time, the pulpit of the Rev. H. Anthon, who took his place as travelling companion. Upon his return to New-York, a new and still more interesting service awaited him: it consisted in the joint appointment of himself and intimate friend, already alluded to, the Rev. George Shelton, as agent of the

* The letter is subjoined at the close of the Narrative.

General Theological Seminary in which they had both been educated, to solicit funds for that institution. In pursuance of this agency, they proceeded to Philadelphia, and in the course of a few weeks collected upwards of one thousand two hundred dollars. Considerable collections were also made by them elsewhere.

His return was marked by one of those little incidents which are treasured up in the memory of parents when death has removed the object of them. Edmund, at all times a devoted student, had no great collection of books. A good theological library was therefore the great object of his ambition, and its acquisition, at this period, was one of those pleasing surprises with which parents love to gratify a darling child. A highly valuable one, the property of a deceased clergyman, was for sale. It was purchased by Mr. Griffin unknown to his son, and during his absence on this tour transferred to his study, which was converted into a neat and well-furnished library. On entering, upon his return, his well-known room, he was lost first in astonishment, and then in delighted thankfulness. Such a son, what father would not love to gratify? The loss of such a son, what can enable a father to bear, but that hope which looks beyond the grave.

About this period Edmund received a call from the vestry of St. James' Church, Hamilton-square, as the assistant of their rector. Having accepted this call, he resigned his situation as agent, and presented to the Seminary his share of the commissions on the amounts collected, thus having it in his power to repay, in some small degree, the debt of gratitude he owed to an institution, which, in all cases, bestows instruction gratuitously. He had already commenced his duties at Hamilton-square, and in the associate church at Bloomingdale, when he received a temporary call to officiate in Christ's Church, New-York, as the associate and assistant of his friend, Dr. Lyell. This call, with the

approbation of the vestry of St. James's Church, he accepted, though he continued to divide his time between both. So acceptable did his services soon become in Christ's Church, that a unanimous call for life was soon offered him. This was both complimentary to his talents, and gratifying to his feelings; it was accompanied, too, by every possible demonstration of respect and affection on the part of the congregation, and urged home upon him by the earnest wishes of his friend and pastor. His own inclinations were likewise in its favor; but it was a question of grave decision, and one which involved many considerations. He hesitated, and in a doubtful scale parental judgment turned the balance. He declined the call, and fulfilled the remainder of his engagement at St. James's. Upon the termination of these duties, in the spring of 1828, he made a short tour to Baltimore and Washington.

But from his books, to which he now returned with ardor, he was soon withdrawn to the care of his health; being seized shortly after his return with the symptoms of an affection of the lungs. His physician, the late Dr. Watts, prescribed travel, and forbade study and professional duty. The three following months were spent in accordance with these directions, except an occasional breach of the latter prohibition. The result was favorable; he returned home completely relieved, and in the month of October, 1828, sailed for Europe. Since this step, as well as his declining a permanent settlement when offered him, have been made a subject of censure, as indicating a lukewarmness in his profession, it is due, in justice to his memory, as well as to the feelings of his father, who was his principal adviser, to set this matter in a juster light. For declining an early settlement, the following arguments presented themselves: Edmund was then but twenty-two years of age, his habits those of a secluded student, his knowledge of the world drawn but from books, his acquaintance with

men from very limited observation, and to add the greatest subject of parental anxiety, his constitution, naturally delicate, was as yet without the settled vigor of manhood. Under these circumstances, let any father ask himself whether he would not feel justified in postponing for a time, in the case of a beloved son, the exciting and all-absorbing duties of a settled ministry? *It is true that the nature of our institutions, as well as the state of our country, call for an earlier devotion of talent with us, than in the older countries of Europe. It is also true, that the wants of our church are too pressing to leave any of her sons innocently unemployed. Still, however, it must be remembered, that supposing the interval to be well improved, increased ability of ministerial usefulness is to be set against an earlier exertion of it; and that as the church demands in its defence or advancement the aids of ripe learning as well as youthful zeal, it is evidently desirable that there should be found among her clergy some both willing and able to devote themselves to this less attractive and altogether uncompensated labor. Such is unquestionably the interest of the church, since this ripening talent costs her nothing, and leaves her funds free to the payment of actual laborers. As a question of personal duty, too, it is one of motives and circumstances, which cannot be decided in the abstract, but must be left to the decision of a conscientious mind. In this, however, as in most other things, we would say delays are dangerous: the practice, if admitted in our church, would afford another plea to indolence, another encouragement to incapacity, while it would burthen the mind with a new responsibility, lest through the uncertainty of life duties deferred should be duties never performed.*

But a still more trying question, on these principles, arose upon the proposition of his visit to Europe. His health was restored, and did not demand it; though on this score, as well as that of general improvement, his parents had long wished it. He himself was divided, both in heart and judgment.

While as a Christian minister he ardently desired to enter on the duties of his profession, he as ardently longed, both as a scholar and a Christian, to gratify his taste and thirst of knowledge by a visit to the Old World. To go, seemed like a dereliction of duty ; to decline going, was abandoning the only chance which would probably ever be offered to him.

In this conflict of feeling, he sought the counsel of attached and judicious friends ; none gave it more clearly or justly than his early adviser Dr. L. " You have entered," said he, " on a sacred profession, you cannot in conscience either delay or draw back ; if therefore in sincerity of heart, you propose this tour as the means of increased usefulness, in God's name, go on ; but if it be a jaunt of pleasure, or mere worldly improvement, you *cannot* in justice to yourself, and you *ought not* in justice to the church, to enter upon it." The writer of this memoir does not hesitate to acknowledge, that he gave his opinion strongly in favor of going. He knew Edmund to be conscientious, and that no opportunities of improvement would be lost upon him ; he anticipated for his young friend a distinguished career of usefulness, and he looked upon foreign travel as giving the best finish to his education. He thought him, moreover, deficient in that ease of manner and self-possession which are necessary to turn knowledge to account ; and for this which was in some degree a natural failing, he knew no remedy equal to a judicious intercourse with strangers. But as a deacon, Edmund was subject to the orders of the bishop, whose views were yet to be consulted. At the first, bishop Hobart viewed his proposed absence with distrust : himself the soul of energy, he acknowledged no claim but that of present duty, and encouraged in his youthful clergy a self-devotion, of which he was himself the most inspiring example. In the case of young Griffin, however, there were peculiar circumstances, and it was at length with his full approbation that the voyage was undertaken. On the 17th Oct. 1828,

Edmund embarked for Havre, quitting his home and his country with those mingled feelings which on such occasions swell the bosom of an ardent, and educated, but at the same time, affectionate and home-bred young man.

These are strongly painted in his first communication hence: .

"I need not commence my narrative," he says, "by dating the day of my departure, the melancholy feelings of that occasion have impressed it equally on your memory and my own; nor need I dilate on my emotions; the feelings with which a man for the first time quits his country and his home, and commits himself to the mercy of the winds and waves, must be experienced before they can be realized. The reflection, that months and years must elapse before we can look again upon one dear familiar face; the sad anticipation of calamities that may occur to the objects of our love during the long interval of absence; the thought that we ourselves may never more return, or returning, be deprived of our expected greeting: are calculated to awaken emotions too deep for utterance even by tears. In melancholy unison with these internal operations, is the external scene around us. The receding shore seems beckoning our hearts homeward, while the illimitable ocean with an apparently irresistible attraction, draws us farther and still farther onward." After a stormy passage of thirty days he landed at Havre, whence in company with a fellow-passenger, the Rev. J. Wheeler, of the presbyterian church, Windsor, Vermont, he immediately journeyed on to Paris, by way of Rouen. Being mutually pleased, they here agreed not to separate, so that Edmund continued to have the benefit and pleasure of Mr. W.'s society, until the following spring, when they parted at Rome, with feelings of reciprocal kindness. As this gentleman still lives, it is needless to add Edmund's testimony to his worth; but it is due to the dead not to withhold the following expression of Mr. Wheeler's sentiments. They are contained in a

letter of condolence addressed to the bereaved father. "I need not speak," says he, "of the high promise of your son ; of his power of acquiring knowledge, and of the manner he had used that power. You know it all, better than it is possible for me. Nor need I speak of that nice sense of purity, which led him to recoil almost instinctively from the least approach to the debased habits of the eastern world."

No companion could, however, wean his thoughts from home. The entry in his journal on first mixing with the crowds of Paris is, "Behold me then like a branch torn from its parent tree, and cast into a mingled tide of many and tumultuous waters."

Two months glided quickly away in Paris, for they were diligently as well as agreeably occupied. His journal bears full evidence of both, and contains many picturesque descriptions of what he saw and heard, especially of the personal appearance, manners and character of the *savans* and popular lecturers of that great metropolis. Out of Paris, France offers little that can interest the traveller : Edmund, therefore, passed on rapidly to the Alps, by way of Lyons—crossed the Mont Cenis, and realizing one of the happy visions of his youth, stood on the classic soil of Italy. The ardor with which he greeted its names of glory and scenes of interest, none can fully appreciate but the youthful scholar from the New World. Those of England, or the continent, may visit the monuments of Italy better qualified to *examine* and to *judge* ; but to *feel* their power belongs peculiarly to the American student. He, to whom yesterday is antiquity, stands in speechless admiration on the spot where a Roman trod, or before works which a Grecian chisel traced : these are feelings which a European can hardly estimate, but which our young traveller seems to have experienced in their full force, for he lingered amid them, and especially at Rome, after all the other American travellers had quitted it, and to the very utmost limit of his time. After a rapid visit to Naples

and Pœstum, he returned northward by way of Ancona and Bologna, to Venice. Through Padua, Vicenza, and Parma, he reached Milan; and crossing the Simplon, towards the end of June, bade to Italy an unwilling adieu. Switzerland now received him, the only country which can excite interest immediately after Italy, as the majesty of antiquity yields only to that of nature. After a few weeks given to it, spent in such joyous wanderings as its lakes and mountains, and primitive manners, alone admit of, Mr. Griffin quitted it, by Schaffhausen and the Rhine; and passing through the Netherlands, by the usual route of Aix la Chapelle and Brussels, reached England on the 5th August, crossing from Calais to Dover, and proceeding immediately to London.

The feeling of loneliness which crowds inspire, here came over him. His journal speaks it thus:—"Here am I, in London, lost like a drop in the ocean—alone in countless crowds—more solitary than in a wilderness. Such is the oppressive feeling which weighs upon the mind, during a first drive around this vast metropolis. Street succeeds to street, edifice to edifice, and city to city, in apparently interminable succession. All are active, busy, bustling about affairs with which you have no acquaintance. Not a face meets you with a well-known look. Not a smile, a word of welcome, greets your eye or ear."

In a letter to his mother, dated London, August 13th, 1829, he says:—"All that I can say to you about myself, except the warm assurance of my abiding and unchangeable love, is, that though I am sometimes homesick, I am in the main amused, interested, employed, and happy; that I love Italy and Switzerland with something of the feeling one bears to dear living objects; that France, Germany, and the Netherlands, rank, to my mind, lower in the scale of interest; that England does not please me at first sight, though I am sure I shall like it better on farther acquaintance; that my

own country I always cherish as the dearest, the freest, the happiest, the most moral, the most religious, upon earth. Last Sunday I spent with Mr. ———. He lives in great style, has an amiable wife, a gentlemanly son educated at Oxford, two grown up daughters, and a host of younger ones. I went to church with him all day, and dined and spent the evening at his house. You cannot conceive how delightful it was to me to join once again a family-circle resembling our own; to exchange once more, in my native tongue, views and feelings with those disposed to listen with more than the mere interest of a passing stranger; to see a mother who reminded me of you, and of two little girls, in size and appearance like my dear little sisters; to go again to church, and listen to that sublime, devotional, affecting liturgy, which I had not heard since I left Geneva."

The preference he here so decidedly expresses for the continent over England, was the natural result of the order in which he had visited them, and may suggest to subsequent young American travellers the advantage of reversing that order, on the score both of pleasure and improvement.

To a native of the New World, no portion of Europe is without interest: he finds, every where, the stimulus of both novelty and antiquity; he should therefore begin with the one as it were nearest home, that by so doing every step may rise in its power over his imagination. Thus England, though the first in the scale for improvement, is unquestionably, to Americans at least, the lowest for excitement: with this, therefore, we should begin; and then France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will be found successively to ascend in the scale of interest. The reversed order spoils the whole. After Italy, short of Greece, there is no antiquity; after Switzerland there is no scenery: consequently, all that follows is dull, tame, and modern. Hence the inconsistent estimate which travellers form of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, according as they are fresh from the marshes

of Holland, or the mountains of Switzerland. It is noble or tame, just as the tourist's course may happen to be north or south. From this cause Mr. G. failed to derive the pleasure he would have done from English scenery. Thus the language of his journal, after describing the ascent of Skiddaw, is, "But what is Skiddaw to the Righi?" and again, "One glance at the Terni is worth a whole day's contemplation of the falls in Cumberland." This is true; but it is unwise and unnecessary, and from personal experience the author would recommend to his countrymen that order in visiting them which makes each a subject of enjoyment, and not of criticism—or if it brings in comparison, brings it always in aid of admiration.

Among the letters Edmund found waiting his arrival in London, was one from his father, counselling, or rather urging his prolonged stay in Europe, in order that he might give the requisite time for the institutions of England. The decision does not appear to have been to him an easy one: he had already reached the proposed limit of his absence, and felt himself called home both by duty and affection. After these objections were removed, "in which," said he, "I bow to that advice by which I have always been guided to my good," another still remained. It is best given in his own words:

"LONDON, 8th August, 1829.

* * * * *

"My expenses in Great Britain for eight months longer, must necessarily be great. The only condition, therefore, my dear father, on which I remain in Europe is, that the money expended may be deducted from that portion, the amount of which I never sought to know, and the reception of which I have never coveted. Here, indeed, I am treading upon delicate ground, disposing of things to which I have no right. You will pardon me, however, I am sure, when you reflect, that

justice to my brothers and sisters demanded at least thus much from me."

It is perhaps needless to add, that while his mind was made easy on this score, the substance of his request was not granted.

As soon as he had made up his mind to remain until the spring, he turned himself with diligence to his improvement, and the circle of friends into which he was introduced, among whom were some of rank, and many of talent, was highly favorable to the attainment of every noble end which travel can produce; and wherever he was known, he left the impression of a highly accomplished, ingenuous, and interesting young man. Of this fact the writer was himself enabled personally to judge, having been in England a few months subsequently, when the recent news of his death awakened in those who had known him the warmest expressions of regret and admiration. After a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland, where he was honored by the acquaintance of Mr. Southey, he passed on to the metropolis of the north, and spent three months in making himself acquainted with the institutions of Scotland, and in familiar intercourse with its ablest men. He closed his visit to that part of the island by a short tour into the Highlands. The following is an extract from one of his home letters, about this period: it is addressed to his mother, on occasion of his brother's marriage:

"EDINBURGH, November 12th, 1829.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * *

"I had intended to have left myself more space, in which to wish you joy of your new daughter. I trust she may supply the place in your affections of one who is now in heaven. I have expressed myself ill. The place I spoke of is still filled by dear Ellen's image. But you have room

enough in your heart to place another by its side, and the two images will by and by perhaps melt together into one. In my brother's wife, you will love your daughter. I hope she already loves my little sisters. Her example in aid of yours, my mother, will form them what they should be. Do not let them forget me."

To this home of his affections his heart was always turning: even in his devotion to the acquisition of knowledge, the love and approbation of those whom he left behind seems never forgotten. "From all these scenes," says he, "in a subsequent letter, however dignified by history, or illustrated by romance, my heart turns to my own native land, and the dear domestic circle." As the period of his return to it approached, it naturally dwelt still more upon his mind: he speaks of it as occupying his thoughts by day, and his visions by night. "The harbor, and beautiful bay and city," he observes, "often burst upon my view, almost as palpably as when, seventeen months before, I looked a last farewell." On the 1st April 1830, he took passage from Liverpool for New-York. In his last letter from London, communicating this arrangement, and speaking of the feelings with which he quitted England, he says, "I return a more enlightened, and for that very reason, a more *partial* American than ever. I love my country better, and see reason to love it better than before I left it."

While no American would feel inclined to dissent from this conclusion, there are many who may see in it a tone of excited feeling, not only foreign to the mildness of Mr. Griffin's character, but unfavorable to the acknowledgment by foreigners of its truth. The explanation of this warmth is afforded by his private journal; from which it appears that his feelings, as an American, had been often wounded during his stay in England, by a sneering tone on the subject of his country; he having been so *unfortunate* as to meet with some whose patriotism went beyond their politeness, and it

is probable, beyond either their knowledge or judgment. The author says that in this Mr. G. was *unfortunate*, since, judging from his own experience, such language is as rare in England, as it is misapplied. His recollections of a recent visit not furnishing him with a single instance of an educated man, who was not also liberal in his feelings towards America ; and though often ignorant of the detail of her institutions, yet appreciating justly their nature and influence ; and reciprocating with fraternal frankness those sentiments of respect and amity which unquestionably belong to the better part of the American community. These are sentiments it may be added not only just, but mutually becoming : they spring naturally from the sympathy of a common language, literature and faith, and no feeling or considerate mind would willingly wound them ; woe then to that pen, or that policy, by which such bonds are severed, and which seeks to sow discord where nature hath planted peace. Treated as a brother, the writer would now fain perform a brother's part, and add his mite towards healing those wounds of petty jealousy, which are as unwise in policy as they are in domestic life, and certainly are unworthy of great and kindred nations.

But Mr. Griffin's feelings had been evidently greatly hurt, insomuch as to induce him to address a letter on the subject to the editor of a leading review in London ; which, however, it would seem that second thoughts withheld him from sending.

On the 17th April 1830, Mr. Griffin arrived in New-York, after a passage of sixteen days, being one of the shortest ever made across the Atlantic. The joy of re-union with his parents may be better conceived than expressed, and to them it was doubled by the evident proofs afforded, that travel had answered all their anxious wishes ; his health was confirmed, his stores of knowledge increased, his powers enlarged, and he now stood before them in the bloom and

vigor of manhood ; such a son as parents love to contemplate, prepared to enter on a career of usefulness, to which affection fondly assigned a long duration. But these were visions not destined to be fulfilled. He lived but to give evidence how well he was fitted for the duties he had undertaken, and was then withdrawn to a higher sphere of usefulness, we may trust, as well as happiness. Within a week after his return a call of friendship was made upon him, such as few of his age had talents to fulfil. It was to complete a course of academic lectures on the history of literature for one who little expected to be his biographer. Forced by ill health to give up for a time his college duties, the writer of this memoir was happy enough to find among those educated under his charge, two individuals in whose friendship and ability he found the means of absence, with comfort to himself and without injury to the institution. Of these, Mr. Griffin was one ;* and the task undertaken by him was so performed, as to add another pang to the mind of his friend in the recollection of his loss, viz. the inability of returning thanks. It was a duty both urgent and laborious ; involving, in addition to the general charge of history and composition, the immediate preparation and delivery of a course of lectures, for which he had made no definite preparation, and in which the short and imperfect notes of the professor could have afforded him, had they been in his hands, but little aid. These lectures continued through the months of May and June, being prepared, written out, and delivered, almost it may be said at the same moment. They extend to more than three hundred pages octavo ; a degree of manual as well as intellectual labor not often paralleled ; and when coupled with the recollection of it being a volun-

* The other individual alluded to, was W. B. Lawrence, Esq. late chargé d'Affaires at the court of London ; who kindly undertook, and ably fulfilled, the duties of the Professor of Political Economy.

tary unbought service, taken up without premeditation, in the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of congratulation; it may be said without exaggeration, that they remain a noble monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him had life been spared. Of these lectures, some portion, it is understood, will be included in the following collection. In justice to their author, the reader must not forget the circumstances of haste under which they were written. For the task itself, Mr. Griffin was well fitted both by nature and education; since, to great natural delicacy of taste, was added a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still further cultivated his taste, but produced somewhat of its usual influence in raising criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his early acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructor (professor Da Ponte) speaks of him as having evinced a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors. With the French he was equally familiar: according to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren) he spoke the language upon his return from Europe with such purity, that Mr. V. looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that tongue. His course embraced Roman and Italian literature, together with that of England down to the writers of the reign of Charles II.

The zeal and ability with which this, as well as every other part of the academic duty was performed by him, was feelingly acknowledged by the students themselves, and suggested to the trustees of the college the establishment of a new professorship, with the especial view of securing his services in it. The plan was frustrated by his early and unexpected death; and the disappointment called forth a warm expression of regret on the part of the students, as well as of the faculty of the college, who already seemed to claim him for their own.*

But it is very doubtful whether Mr. Griffin's views of professional duty would have permitted him to accept this very flattering proposition, had it been made; though his nearest advisers were in its favor, though its duties were too well suited both to his taste and acquirements, not to be personally desirable, and though it was a sphere of usefulness, for which he had shown himself peculiarly fitted; still it is questionable whether his scruples as to the nature of his ministerial obligations, would have been overcome. To the friends so often alluded to, Dr. L. and Mr. S. he latterly expressed his resolution against it; though it must be acknowledged that on this subject at first his mind wavered. But whatever may have been his decision, it is a false and narrow view of his profession to make his rejection of an academic situation, as many were inclined to do, a matter of conscience. Such it could not be in the eye of reason; nor ever has been, in the practice of the church; nor was it thus regarded in his particular case by the bishop, who was the expounder of his professional duty, and whom no man ever charged with lightly regarding the obligations of the sacred office. This indeed is a grave error, and demands a serious refutation; more especially in a country like our own, where education is already too much secularized. It

* See Resolutions at the close of the Memoir.

is an opinion which, while it springs from piety, tends to irreligion, by divorcing the charge of youth from that profession which is best fitted for the task, from those in whose hands it can be most safely entrusted ; and from whom alone the young can receive that religious instruction which gives value and soundness to all other. In a national point of view, education is the medium of religion. Individuals may in after life experience conversion, but it is not so with nations ; the mass of men are in manhood what they were made in youth ; to be religious, they must have been brought up in religion : but this cannot be, if a sense of duty is to withhold from the task of education those who alone can perform that essential part of it. The argument against this prejudice might here be rested, since it is evident there exists some fallacy in an opinion so directly at variance with the public good. But lest the scruple should operate upon some sensitive mind, as it might have done upon Mr. Griffin's, to the diminution of his own usefulness, and consequently of his happiness, it is worth going a step further to observe that as all Christian ministers are not called to the same office, so what the particular office of each is, there are but three interpreters to which the decision can be referred : these are, the language of the gospel, whose minister he has become ; the authority of the church, whose vows he has undertaken ; or that light of reason, which is given to guide him to christian usefulness.

If he look to the first, the gospel prescribes the substance, but not the form of the duty : there are many members, but all have not the same office : thus Paul felt that he was sent to preach, and not baptize ; and why ? but that natural talent fitted him peculiarly for the former. If he look to the language of his vow, the church must interpret what the church has imposed ; and that has always included the task of education among the duties of the ministry ; or if reason is to decide, it becomes a question of expediency in what

manner the greatest amount of good may be effected ; and when natural talent and temper fit peculiarly for influence with the young ; where, it may be asked, can the powers of a christian minister be exercised in a manner more available to the eternal happiness of his fellow creatures ? For it is only when sown in the virgin soil of youth, that the good seed brings forth some sixty, and some an hundred fold ; and even where worldly studies are in question, experience proves that they may be sanctified by the spirit in which they are communicated, and youth be trained to piety, by an influence the more powerful, because it is both incidental and unobserved.

In applying these observations to Mr. Griffin, the opinions of those who knew him may differ. With such talents and such accomplishments, aided by such habits of conscientious diligence, nothing was unattainable which assiduity could effect ; but still, in the opinion of many of his friends, the balance leaned in favor of academic usefulness. Nature and education had alike fitted him for the accomplished and influential instructor of youth. Even that formal and chastened manner which nature had given, or rather which education had implanted upon native diffidence, and which travel had but very partially overcome, suited much better with the chair of the professor than with the pulpit of the preacher. Of this defect, if it may be so called, he was himself strongly aware, and labored greatly to correct it, from the conviction that it was unfavorable to his influence as a preacher. His first letter to his father, from London, alludes to it as one of the objects of improvement which he kept constantly in view. "I freely," says he, "give you my promise to use every means and occasion of overcoming that morbid shyness incident to my character and mode of life. I think, in fact, that it is already, in part at least, subdued." Whether years, and the confidence they bring, would eventually have changed this manner, or whether

manner itself would have been lost in the reality of excellence, it is not easy to say ; but it is easy to perceive that that which would have been some drawback to his powers of oratory, was none to his talents as an instructor. In the latter course, eminence and distinguished usefulness lay immediately within his reach. But these are now idle speculations, except in reference to those who come after him.

From his college labors Edmund was released by the approaching vacation. It brought him leisure, but turned him not over to idleness. New studies and plans of usefulness immediately occupied him. A few weeks were given to health, in an excursion to the sea-side, a relaxation demanded by his long and close confinement. He then proceeded to pay a visit to a younger brother in the western part of the state of Massachusetts, one whom he had not seen since his return, and the state of whose feelings had excited in him the warmest interest. He had left that brother, two years before, a thoughtless, perhaps worldly youth : he returned to find him a devoted, zealous inquirer after Christian truth, abandoning the fair prospects of worldly advancement which had begun to open to him, and retiring to solitude and study, with a view to devote himself to the work of the ministry. The news of this change had reached Edmund in Europe, and one of his earliest letters, after his arrival, was addressed to his brother. The following is an extract :

“ One of my most eager longings, on my voyage home, was to have an opportunity of conversing freely with you on the happy change which you have recently experienced ; a change which concerns not merely temporal, or transitory interest, but which secures, I trust, your eternal happiness. I have wished to see you accomplished, literary, rich ; but God has given you brighter ornaments, a more precious wisdom, and more enduring riches. I purchased for you, at Geneva, a very pretty breast-pin. At present I shall not tender it to your acceptance, but shall retain for you a Bible

purchased for my own use, and which includes, under the same cover, (no unmeet companion,) the Common Prayer-book of the Church of England. I shall send it by the first opportunity that occurs, and beg that you will make the Bible, at present, the sole object of religious study. Have nothing to do, as yet with *theology*. It is enough for the present, that the Bible convinces you of the heinousness of sins committed by yourself, and points out the only remedy, the atoning blood of the Lamb of God : that the Bible assures you of your own inability to turn to God, and to preserve your peace with him, and directs you to the only efficient aid in the assisting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, to be sought by prayer, meditation, and the attentive perusal of the will of God. It is enough, that as the Bible threatens, so also it promises ; as it pierces, so also it heals ; that it has brought life and immortality to light, and has assured a participation in those glorious privileges, to all who humbly and perseveringly seek after them. With the explanation of minor difficulties, you have at present no concern ; they are but as motes in the sunbeam ; they cannot interrupt the passage of the light."

The only point in his brother's views which did not accord with his own, was his adherence to the Presbyterian church. This subject Edmund had not only studied faithfully, and to the best of his ability fully, but the recent examination he had given to the state of the now Episcopal Reformed Churches, both in Great Britain and on the continent, had confirmed him still further in his attachment to the doctrines, ritual and ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; and in affection he longed, while in delicacy he hesitated, to urge upon his brother the conclusions to which he had himself arrived. But following the safe example of his father, in his own case, he refrained from influence, and contented himself with the advice of deferring all such questions till time and knowledge should give him further light.

On Wednesday, 25th August, accompanied by his brother, he returned to New-York, and with him were spent the few remaining days of life allotted him. They were passed in such delightful and improving intercourse, that the survivor loves to look back upon them as a period when brotherly affection was sanctified by the common bond of deep-felt religion, and made more tender by the feelings of long separation. Their mornings were sedulously employed in preparing for duties which one at least was not destined to fulfil. Their long summer afternoons were whiled away in walks far beyond the noise and bustle of the city. But with Edmund the drama of life was fast drawing to a close; and as its termination approached, though indicated by no outward sign, yet that faith which was to be his dying comfort seemed to grow instinctively on his affections, and to occupy a more prominent place in his thoughts. On the morning of Saturday, the day of his fatal attack, he passed some hours with his friend, the Jay Professor of Languages in the college, planning, among other schemes of literary labor, devoting the leisure of his vacation to German literature. Full of life and health, and all its energy of usefulness and self-improvement, no labor seemed too great for him, no attainments beyond his grasp; insomuch that one of his friends, upon his departure, gave vent to that mingled feeling of admiration and fear, which is so naturally inspired by an over-prosperous good fortune, and which, on this occasion, seemed like a presentiment of evil. So natural is this apprehension of the near approach of sudden misfortune in the midst of great prosperity, as to have inspired the ancient heathen with the belief that some deity was jealous of man. Christianity has taught us the wiser lesson, that it is appointed to teach us the vanity of the world. On the afternoon of this day, the two brothers crossed the river to Hoboken, in order that in the retirement of that rural spot they might wander and talk with greater freedom. In the course of their walk, the

younger brother was relating to Edmund a death-bed scene, which, a few weeks before, he had witnessed ; and he now recalls, with a fond and almost superstitious feeling, the deep impression with which the narrative was listened to. He describes his brother as riveted to the spot in mute attention, every feature fixed, every faculty of his mind absorbed, and for minutes after the tale was ended, apparently lost in thought, as if some secret voice had whispered to him, "Be thou also ready."

And even so it was. Before they reached their home the fatal disease had attacked him : he complained to his brother of being unwell, but made light of it to his mother, in answer to her tender inquiries, and sat up until his usual hour of retiring. About the middle of the night, his father visited his room ; and in answer to his inquiry, was told by Edmund that he then felt quite easy. About two hours after, the anxious parent again approached his bed. He spoke, but no answer was returned ; Edmund either slept, or wished to have it thought so, that he might relieve the anxiety of his parents. Very early the next morning a physician was sent for. During the whole of Sunday he was in considerable pain ; in the course of the evening he grew worse, and about ten o'clock his complaint assumed all the decided marks of an inflammation of the bowels. The usual remedies were administered, and at first no apprehension entertained. But with the morning, the disease assumed a more serious aspect ; the patient was attacked with a severe chill. A consulting physician of the first eminence was now called in, and the day was passed by his parents in that state of feeling which parents alone can understand ; and which they who have once felt, never forget ; when their hearts are full of fears, such as their tongues cannot express, and their reason dares not contemplate, as if it were some gulf, the sight of which would turn the brain. Early in the evening, his case was pronounced by the physicians to be extremely critical ; and a

third eminent practitioner summoned to soothe parental anxiety ; but, alas, to show at the same time the insufficiency of human skill. But now as hope failed, began the triumph of Christian faith ; and it has seldom been more signally displayed in giving calmness to a hurried bed of death. He who is weary of life, may easily be reconciled to laying down its burthen : age and disease make but little sacrifice when they turn their back upon the world, but it is otherwise with the pride and prime of life ; when youth, and health, and fair prospects, and noble preparations for usefulness, are dashed at once to the ground, and exchanged for the dark and solemn thoughts which hover around the grave ; this is a hard trial, and to this trial of faith, few have been more suddenly called. Edmund's prospects of life were cloudless : all above was sunshine, all around were flowers ; and the enchanting freshness of the morning was to him still upon the face of the earth. In such an hour death came. His attack was unexpected, the danger sudden, and the communication of it to him, from the urgency of the case, in full and undisguised terms ; and yet he faltered not for a single moment to view it in its full approach, and as a Christian should. He received it as a summons from a father to return home : he bade adieu to a world which to him was so fair, like one who had always better things in prospect, and was thus enabled to cheer those who came to comfort him. But it would be doing injustice to such a scene to describe it in other than that simple language in which it was drawn up by a faithful eye-witness, within a few hours after his death ; a record to his parents of his blessedness, and their only source of comfort.

At about twelve o'clock, on Monday night, (August 30th, 1830,) the three physicians finished their consultation, in which they pronounced Edmund to be very dangerously, but

not desperately ill. They requested his father that no communication of his danger might be made to him, at least until the next morning. His father promised that no communication of that kind should be made during the night, unless in answer to some question directly put by him, or unless his situation should essentially change before morning. At about three o'clock, on Tuesday morning, he took his father by the hand, while the latter was sitting by his side, and asked what the doctors thought of him; to which his father replied, "They think you very dangerously ill, my dear son." He asked, "Do they think my case desperate?" The father replied, "Not desperate: they have great fears, but many hopes." The father added, "But should our fears be realized, my dear son, (and in sickness there is always danger,) do you feel prepared to meet your God in judgment?" After a short pause he replied, with composure and solemnity, "I do."

At about half-past five the attending physician called, to whom he stated that he felt himself much better, and that he thought he could be dressed and sit up. The physician shook his head, and retired. The father followed, and the physician then stated to him that the case of his son was hopeless; that he could not live through the day; and that there was no reason to delay any longer a free communication to him of his danger.

His father returned to the room, and in terms gentle, but plain, informed him that his life was despaired of. He calmly asked how long he had to live; and was informed that that day must, in all human probability, close his mortal career. He received the communication without the slightest agitation. On being asked if the intelligence alarmed him, he replied, with the utmost composure and solemnity, "No, dear father." Being asked whether the ~~Lord~~ Jesus appeared precious to him, his very soul seemed to reply, "Yes." Being asked whether he appeared more

precious to him then, than he ever had in health, he paused for a moment, and at that time made no reply to the question. About this period his mother entered the room. He took her hand, and said to her, with a complacent look, "Dear mother, mourn not for me as for one without hope." He said to his eldest brother, who then came forward to take, as he thought, his final leave, "I am perfectly aware of my situation, but feel myself prepared;" and he entreated that his death might be a lesson to his brother to be prepared for his. He urged on his sister Mary the importance of religion, and to her and her husband's care he commended his mother, entreating them to comfort her. Taking both his parents by the hand, he said, "If I have ever said or done any thing undutiful or unkind to either of you, I pray you to forgive me." His two little sisters being presented, he merely kissed them; manifestly restraining those feelings which their presence was so much calculated to excite. His love to them had always amounted almost to idolatry. Of his younger brother, who was absent, he said, "Poor Charles, I shall not see him." On being asked whether he would wish to partake of the sacrament before his death, and replying in the affirmative, the Rev. Dr. Lyell was sent for. He received his early and faithful friend with a smile of complacency, and partook the sacrament with great composure and apparent satisfaction. When Dr. Lyell left him, he requested that he might be affectionately remembered to the Bishop and clergy of his church.

At eight o'clock the three physicians called, in pursuance of an appointment made the preceding evening. After staying a few minutes, they retired; and he then requested that he might be left alone for a short time, "to collect and arrange his thoughts." This request he repeated again in the course of the forenoon; and he was left alone with the nurse for about fifteen minutes on each occasion.

From the time of the departure of the physicians, about four hours elapsed before his reason began to fail. He was often prayed with by his relations, and joined in the exercises with great apparent devotion. He listened with much interest to the fourteenth chapter of John, which was read to him. His second brother, about nineteen years old, and to whom the deceased had clung before his illness with marked affection, was constantly near him. On being called by that brother "a happy heir of immortality," he stretched out his arms, and, with ineffable affection, folded him to his bosom, and kissed him. He said to that brother, "My dear George, we shall meet in heaven."

When his father was absent from the room, he said to his mother, "I hope my dear father will be supported; he always had so much pride in his children." And to his father himself he intimated, in terms the most gentle and respectful, that he had loved his children too much. He said, "I am about to commence a long journey;" and on being asked whether he felt his own unworthiness, and the heinousness of sin, and his need of a Saviour, he answered, very feelingly, each question in the affirmative. On being reminded that he suffered less than his Savior had done, he answered, "O yes, my Saviour always suffered, from early youth, but I have had a happy life." On his father's remarking that he was about committing him to his Father in heaven, who could do better for him than his father on earth, he said, "O yes, my father on earth could not avert that little pang," alluding to a sensation of pain which at the moment shot across him. On his father's observing that he should soon have, as he trusted, three children in heaven, he said, "Yes, Caroline and Ellen," (meaning his two deceased sisters, the first of whom died in infancy,) "and myself." On his father's replying, "We who survive must strive to meet you there," he rejoined, "Heaven would not be heaven without our friends." On his father's remarking

that God's own blessed presence would constitute a heaven, he said, "Yes, perhaps I have expressed myself wrong." The passage from the Psalms being read, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me;" and he being asked whether he could apply that passage to himself, he answered, with emphasis, that he could. His confidence grew stronger and stronger, his faith became more and more animated, and his whole countenance, which from the first, had been tranquil and composed, now lighted up with a radiance which appeared to the spectators to be heavenly. On the question being repeated, whether Christ appeared more precious to him than he ever had in health, he answered with fervency in the affirmative.

As the last hour approached, he became more animated in his expressions of Christian confidence, until at length he broke forth in the language of the Apostle, his countenance brightening as he proceeded:—"I have fought a good fight, I hope I may humbly say, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Soon after this exclamation a spasm seized him, which all present supposed had resulted in death. He however revived in a short time, and looking around, said, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, "I did not get off that time;" but checking himself, he added, "That was a rebellious thought, I must wait God's time to die."

During the whole of Tuesday his sufferings had been inconsiderable, until within the last hour of his life. His fever and pain had subsided; and the mortification, it is presumed, had begun. Once, alluding to his exemption from bodily suffering, he said, "This does not feel like dying." At another time he remarked to his father, "I certainly feel much better;" and on his father's saying it

was but a deceitful calm, he added, "I made the remark, dear father, only for your consolation."

At about half-past twelve o'clock, the death-struggle became more violent, and his reason, which till then had remained clear and lucid, became wavering. Thenceforth his friends forbore any attempts at conversation; and gave way, in a measure, to the intensity of those feelings which they had hitherto strove to suppress. Even in this extremity he appeared to feel more for his weeping relatives than for himself. Once he said, "I shall exhaust you all;" and a little afterwards, casting on his father a smile never to be forgotten, he said, "Dear father, can you endure me a little longer?" He expired at a quarter before two. His dust sleeps by the side of his beloved sister: their spirits, we may trust, dwell together in a better world.

To this communication the author has nothing to add, but the statement made him by the Rev. Dr. Lyell: "That he had seen deaths more triumphant, but never one so calm and tranquil."

Thus closed the life of this amiable, pious, and talented young man. The aged cumberer of the earth is left, while the youthful Christian warrior is taken away, just as he is buckling on his armor for the battle. Yet thus it is, that reason is ever baffled when it seeks to enter into the deep counsels of God; and it is perhaps for this very reason, to teach man humility and the nothingness of himself and all things human, that death is permitted to snatch his victims out of the very instruments which God seems to have prepared for usefulness on earth. The shock given to the mind by one such breach upon the hopes and order of nature, does more to arouse the young to reflection, and the thoughtless of every age to watchfulness, than a thousand

removals in the ordinary course of mortality. One further blessing may yet attend it : the example of such a life strikes more deeply, from admiration being mingled with tears. Sorrow is the barb which fixes the arrow in the heart. So may it be in the one now traced ; and should this simple narrative fail in some measure to effect it, the author will feel that he has not done justice to his subject. But he trusts that it may be otherwise, and that this fair portraiture of youth well employed, will lead some of those who are following in the path of life, to form themselves upon its model ; that by it some will be roused to diligence, from witnessing what diligence can accomplish ; some be saved from vice, by beholding the beauty of innocence ; some be led to religion, by seeing it united with taste and accomplishments ; some be weaned from their prejudices against a church to which such an inquirer was freely led ; some child be won to filial obedience, some brother to fraternal love, by the pleasing picture exhibited of domestic attachment ; and all who read it, be impressed with the wisdom of being prepared for an event against which no sufficient barrier was found in youth, health, knowledge, virtue, or all the fond anticipations which human affection builds upon them.

*Copy of a communication from the Senior Class of Columbia College, to the
Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.*

NEW-YORK, August 2, 1830.

SIR,

The members of the Senior class, before its separation, are constrained by grateful feelings to address to you their acknowledgments for the interest you have manifested, and their thanks for the assistance you have rendered them in their preparations for the approaching commencement. Be assured, sir, your attentions will always be remembered with a lively sense of pleasure ; and it is our hope that this acquaintance, auspiciously commenced, may be a prelude to a firm and lasting friendship, based on our part upon gratitude for the favors we have received ; on yours, upon the consciousness that you have merited and now possess our esteem.

With great respect, Sir,

We remain your earnest well-wishers,

B. S. FERGUSON, FRANKLIN MILLER,
JAS. BOUDOIN, HENRY NICOLL,

H. C. MURPHY,

To the Rev. E. D. GRIFFIN.

On the part of the Class.

Copy of a letter of the Right Rev. Dr. HOBART, Bishop of the Diocese of New-York, to G. GRIFFIN, Esq. on the death of the Rev. E. D. GRIFFIN, written on the second day of the Bishop's last illness, and on the ninth before his death, being the last letter which he penned.

AUBURN, September 3, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot resist the impulse of my feelings, deeply to sympathize with you in the most unexpected and severe dispensation of God's providence, which has removed from you by death, your most excellent son. It was a severe stroke to me, for I cherished the sincerest regard for him ; and looked forward with high satisfaction to the distinguished usefulness and reputation to which his eminent talents, attainments, and virtues, would raise him in future life. But what are my feelings compared with yours ? What can we say but that ' God's will be done ? ' Faith, in the wisdom and goodness of all his dispensations, however dark or afflictive, will allay the pangs of nature, and Christian hope opens that blessed state to which your departed son will be admitted at the resurrection of the just ; and where it should be our prayer, and our aim, that we may join him before the throne of God, never to be separated.

I write in the hurry of a journey. Accept, my dear sir, my most sincere condolence for yourself and your family, and believe me

Most truly yours,

J. H. HOBART.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Columbia College, held at the President's Rooms, on Wednesday, September 1, 1830—Present, the President; Professors Moore, Anthon, Renwick, Anderson, Kent, Da Ponte, Verren, Turner, Velasquez.

Resolved, That the members of this Board, having heard with the deepest regret of the recent death of their friend and brother, the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, and entertaining the highest sense of the virtues and talents of their much lamented associate, do hereby sympathize with his relatives and friends in this most afflicting bereavement, which has deprived society of one of its fairest ornaments, and his Alma Mater of a zealous and able instructor.

Resolved, That, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, the members of this Board will wear the customary badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

HENRY J. ANDERSON,

Secretary to the Board.

At a meeting of the Students of Columbia College, held in the College Chapel on Wednesday, October 4th, 1830—being the first occasion of assembling after the annual vacation—Mr. R. Emery was called to the chair, and Mr. L. S. Waddell appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chairman, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, we have heard during the late vacation, the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, our esteemed and distinguished Professor ; and whereas we have been hitherto unable to express our sentiments on this mournful event ; therefore,

Resolved, That in the untimely death of the late Professor GRIFFIN, we are called on to lament the loss of one, whose kind solicitude for the improvement and welfare of his pupils, whose conciliating manners, ever inviting them to diligence, and whose brilliant talents, ever devoted to their interests, called forth the highest admiration.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish the recollection of his virtues, and sincerely sympathize with his relatives and friends in the affliction caused by this melancholy event.

Resolved, That in testimony of our high respect for the memory of the deceased, and of our deep regret at his loss, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days from this date.

Resolved, That the proceedings of the meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published.

ROBERT EMERY, *Chairman.*

L. SAXBURY WADDELL, *Secretary.*

FUGITIVE POEMS.

“*Ingenio stat sine morte decus.*”—*Prop.*

Io ! tempus adest palmaque nobilis ;
Jam restant merito præmia debita.
Expectata dies fert leviter movens
Terrorum stolidis, gaudia sedulis.

Sunt quos nil meritis desidia juvat,
Ætatem indecorem ducere segniter ;
Queis nec palma placet, nec sibi commodum
Infandum fugiant, excitat, otium.
Ignavi juvenes, quo, mihi dicite,
Præstetis gregibus lanigeris agri !

Sunt queis ingenium fertile pernegat
Terrarum omnipotens auctor et optimus,
Ad laudem studio se tamen efferunt ;
Quos, si non radiant lumine splendido
Optatis patria cingit honoribus.

Sublimem puerum ad sidera tollite,
Palmam qui meruit, omnibus æmulis
Præcurrens animi robore, gloria,
Doctrinæ studiis, et rationibus.
Gaudes clare puer, quærere gloriam

Doctrinaeque a sacris germina myrica
Æternum nivea et carpere olentia.
Nymphæ Castaliæ dent tibi munera,
Et sertum tepeat Italiæ rosis.
Olio gesta canens, tu celebra tuba
Victorem juvenem et laudibus affice.
Jam, saltans Erato, pectine eburneo
Pulsa jam digitis Aonias fides.
Omnes Pierides laurigeræ incolæ
Tempe, nunc chorea virginea canant.
Plenis jam calathis lilia, virgines,
Vos pulchræ patriæ ferte Columbiae;
Formosis violis spargite semitas,
Victoris pueri et cingite tempora;
Est dignus meritis, dignus honoribus,
Vestris hic quoque sit dignus amoribus.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

"Venient annis sacula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tiphysque novos detegat orbes,
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."—*Seneca*.

AUDEBAT quondam transire profunda Columbus
Æquora, navigio et fragili perferre pericla,
Explorare novas gentes orasque remotas :
Pauperiem et duros patria tellure labores
Passus, in Hispaniam venit, quæ læta recepit
Dejectum, classemque dedit Regina benigna.

Cum primum visa est Tithoni fulgida conjux,
Vela dabat ventis, rebus jam rite paratis :
Littora respiciens, quæ vix surgunt super undas,
Ingemuit ; pater omnipotens nunc annue cœptis,
Dixit et o nostris placidus conatibus adsis.
Æquora sulcarat longum rostrata carina,
Jam nihil apparet nisi cœlum et marmora glauca.
Phœbus in occiduas pronus descenderat undas,
Atque involvisset terram caligine densa
Ni cursu medio jam Phœbe inmitteret alma
Pallentem cœlo lucem pontoque sereno.
Ipse gubernabat navem clavumque regebat,
Quando ecce ante oculos ingens, informis imago.

Quid vis ? quove petis ? dixit, jam siste profane ;
 Sunt mihi stillantes nimbi, palmaque refræno
 Luctantes ventos, siduntque in fronte procellæ,
 Imperium mihi sorte datum magni Atlantæi :
 Si parvi mea jussa facis, commissa piabis
 Crimina, supplicio culpæ scelerisque nefandi.
 Fulmina verborum dum talia sparsit imago,
 Accendit vires heros dixitque vicissim.
 Me mea fata vocant, fatisque mihi data tellus ;
 Imbellesque minas sperno rabiemque ferocem.
 Quicquid erit, neque jussa sequar, cursum neque flectam.
 Effugit ex oculis tenuesque assurgit in auras
 Indignans, tempestatemque ciet minitantem.
 Ventorum furix surgunt ac missile fulmen
 Fulgure cum rutilo resonat per nubila cœla.
 Ad nimbos jactant spumam æquora concita ventis,
 Pallida Luna negat lucem, fugiuntque sub umbras
 Sidera, et oceano tumido nox incubat atra.
 Quando inter nubes vibrantia fulgura splendent
 Aspiceres fluctus vesanos lambere cœlum.
 Heu miseros comites ! heu me miserum ! ingeminabat
 Ipse heros, nec plura potest emittere verba.
 Nam cumulo præruptus aquæ mons mole stupenda
 Volvitur in puppim minitans submergere navem :
 Exclamant nautæ pavidi, simul ipse Columbus
 Extendens duplices palmas sic voce precatur ;
 O pater omnipotens, supplex pcto, disjice nimbos,
 Eripe spesque meas, memetque, meosque ruina.
 Dixerat : en subito dea candida culmine fluctus
 Libertas advecta subit, ventique residunt :
 Diffugiunt subito Zephyrus, Boreasque, Notusque,
 Sedes in proprias penitus, secumque procellas
 Horrisonas portant pennis nimbosque sub atris.
 Sternitur æquor aquis tumidum, rursumque refulget

Cyntia, cœruleus splendet sub lumine pontus.
 Cœlestis virgo roseo sic ore locuta est :
 Audiit omnipotens facilis solio radianti
 Vota precesque tuas, responsaque blande precanti
 Reddidit, atque mihi tribuit mulcere procellas.
 Lætitia exultans festina, vectaque navis
 Auris trajiciet placidis ad littora grata.
 Tum processit ovans cursu sociosque vocavit :
 Delecti comites durate, animos revocate,
 Nectare Lenæo finemque imponite curis.
 Ipsaque mandatis Dōmini jam rite peractis,
 Vanescit sociorum e conspectu vigilantum ;
 Nec nisi rectori soli dea postea visa est ;
 Cui ventura aperit sperandaque gaudia monstrat.
 Dona Columbe Dei lectissima cœlipotentis
 Sunt tibi, terrarum rector decretaque cœli
 Constituire novas gentes fulgente corona
 Tempora cincturas gemmis auroque corusca.
 Æneas posuit sedem, atque immitis Achilles
 Semideum occidit, præclarum nomen adeptum ;
 Orbem tu tamen invenies, populosque potentes.
 Libertate fruens dulci, gens libera ut auræ
 Assurget, palmam referet, myndumque revinct.
 En subito ante animum pandit se maximus heros,
 Regalis species oris lauroque virente
 Irradiat caput ambitum, nitidaque corona
 Ætherios tractus scindens, Jovis armiger ales
 Renigio alarum, supra caput, aera pulsat.
 Ecce Columbe leo fortis victus tamen horret,
 Lumina fixa tenet solo, pavidusque tremiscit.
 Crinibus ecce sedens passis, amota scorsim,
 Imperio amisso famaue Britannia moesta
 Rorantes lachrymas fundit guttasque liquentes.
 Felix hic populus, fama, imperio studiisque
 Doctrinæ excellet Danaos Italosque sagaces.

Non solum occidui mundi, regio Borealis,
Sed pariter regio fluctus qua volvit Amazon
Libera servitio ac vinclis, mea munera sumet.
Nubes insanæ diræque superstitionis
Confestim aufugient, ac pandent lumina pura
Libertatis, çritque domus semper mea firma.
His dictis dubiæ menti dea præbuit alma
Spem lætam, et vento navis cita vecta secundo
Fertur in optatam finem, rectorque labore
Desinit; exhausti nautæ, comitesque fideles
Egrediuntur, et introeunt fragrantia prata,
Sylvas umbriferas, viridantiaque arva pererrant.
Augustas fundat sedes, arasque potenti
Sacrat terrarum ponti cœlique, Columbus.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

"Vile solum Sparte est ; altæ cecidere Mycenæ .

Oedipodionæ quid sunt, nisi fabula, Thebæ ?

Quid Pandionæ restant, nisi nomen, Athenæ !" — *Ovid Met. xv. 428.*

LUGUBRE excidium contemplati populorum
Doctrinam ingenuas artes Musasque colentum,
Solvimur in fletus, sed Græcia poscit amaros.
Græcia, heu misera ante omnes ! spoliata celebri
Nomine, cantato terras gentesque per omnes !
Quæ regio quâ terra patet prosperrima quondam
Græcia nunc domino paret, contemptaque sedes
Servorum est, qui complexu fera vincula cingunt.
Musarum comites, afflati nupine vates,
Temporibus priscis, tacti natalis amore
Terræ, blandiloquo celebrarunt carmine nomen,
Carmen ubicunque et Parnassia numina amantur.
Pictores olim tabulis naturam imitarunt,
Sculptores etiam donarunt marmora vita,
Philosophique animos juvenum instruxere verendis
Præceptis sapientiæ, et ad virtutem animarunt.
Nec minus heroes factis meruere coronam,
Thermiopylæ, vos obtestor, Salamis, Marathonque.
Campi graminei, sylvæque, atræque cavernæ,
Libertatis erant sedes, funæve sepulchra.
Præcipiti cursu, pugna duraque palæstra,

Luctati juvenes in pinguibus Elidis arvis.
 Hic quoque convenere adducti laudis amore
 Egregii vates, atque ingenii retulerunt
 Palmam, etiam regibus quæ sceptro carior aureo.
 Græcia erat talis, sed gloria fugit inanis.
 Argutus cithararum cantus vallibus imis
 Non resonat, sed servorum voces gemitusque.
 Threicii vatis pendet neglecta salicto
 Umbroso lyra, quæ sonitum non amplius edit.
 Brumalis nisi quum vocem evocat Æolus ægram.
 Posteritas hominum quorum inclyta facta celebrat
 Divinos nescit numeros sublimis Homeri.
 Parnassum, Phœbo Musisque sacrum, lupus implet
 Terrifico questu, siccata est Castalis unda,
 Tempe in umbrosis neque Musæ, nec citharista
 Pythius ipse habitat; sylvarum in dulcibus umbris
 Musarum comites crebris pedibus neque saltant
 Gramineam in glebam, dum suadet fistula blanda,
 Cantus nec citharæ resonat frondes per opacas,
 Vox neque cantatorum ascendit suavis ad auras.
 Campus Olympiacus, factorum ingentium arena
 Quondam, pabula nunc præbet pecori petulanti;
 Atque ubi contendere heroes, agna tenella
 Lætitia exultans deserto in gramine ludit.
 Servitii dæmon, Erebo nigrisque tenebris
 Ortus, rura regit sceptro duro atque cruento,
 Quæ Libertati quondam sacrata, Deisque.
 Thermopylas sacras famæ Lacedæmoniorum
 Heroum, vultu fædo pedibusque profanat;
 Per Marathona sonat trux sanguineumque flagellum
 Gloria Græcorum, tua fama effugit, Athenæ.
Doctrinæ sedes resonantes vocibus olim
 Doctorum, nunc sunt decoris monumenta ruinæ.
 Doctus Aristoteles non dat præcepta Lyceo,
 Nec resonat Zenonis voci porticus ampla.

Per noctem vigilans inter sylvas Academi,
Luctifer exercet fatalia carmina bubo.
Nunc provoluta jacent templa auro olim decorata ;
Non possit sculptor facere immortalia clarus.
Advena cum lapsas spectat fractasque columnas,
Cecropias, sed non viventes, cernit Athenas.
Solvitur in fletum gloriæ spectans monumenta, '
Ilissi et gemitus miscet cum murmure blando.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

"Dum corpus dormit animus vigilat."

Æstivus longum cœlis evanuerat sol,
Frigida nunc noctis terras invaserat umbra.
Dulcis et alta quies artus languore solutos
Invasit ; vincla atque animus mortalia rumpeus,
Servitii impatiens, properc loca vasta pererrat ;
Impavidus vada salsa secat, Neptunia regna,
Invictusque labore excelsa cacumina scandit.
Urbes magnificas magno turbante tumultu
Visit, et in dumis, interque horrentia lustra,
Obscura ac nunquam humano pede trita vagatur.
Sic ultro citroque vagans, subito aspicit arcem.
Canescunt neglecta situ munimina turpi,
Murorumque labant, infenso tempore, moles.
Tum quidem ego in tempus moerente animo remcavi,
Cum (nunc heu ! lapsum est) tutari hæc mœnia possent
Uxores, pueros, natas, fortesque maritos.
Aulam repletam video, ac dulcem citharœdum
Audire (infirmos cithara qui sustinet artus)
Attentus videor, mulcentem carmine curas.
Voce canit rauca heroûm nunc prælia dura,
Nunc mortem heroum pertristi carmine plorat.
Nullo intervallo, nullo vel tempore victus,
Pars hominis divina, animus super æthera scandit,

Aut Stygii impavidus peragrat per regna tyranni,
Sublinem nebulam conscendit, et aera scindit,
Aut subter fluctus descendit ibique pererrat.
Sic animus lusit meus, insomnisque per orbem
Me duxit, tractusque maris, cœliunque profundum,
Tempora per præsentia, lapsa, futuraque, cogens.
Ceu volucris sine lege vagans, nidoque relicto,
Tandem frondiferis suspensa cubilia ramis
Lustrando quærit; ceu charis exul ab oris
Dilectæ patriæ, ad natalia respicit arva,
Sic animus fertur meus ad tua littora, Achæia.
Tum subito, ante oculos cœpere exsurgere formæ
Quorum perstabunt semper præconia laudum.
Primo oculis senior, veneranda apparet imago,
Cui frontem sulcis signarat ruga senilis;
Tristis erat vultus; nam, clari luminis experts,
Vitam perpetua duxit caligine cinctus;
Sed Musæ huic carmen dederant pro lumine adempto.
Longa undansque pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Stabat crinibus intonsis, sparsisque procella
Hyberna, ilicis hirsutæ patulæque sub umbra.
A ramis lyra frondiferis suspensa pependit;
In cælum direxit inanes luminis orbes,
Divinum afflatum orantes ab Apolline magno.
Extemplo egregio fulgor micat igneus ore;
Tum ardorem ingenii torrentem, animique vigorem,
Vinclis immunem, vultu radiante videres.
Luce orbatî oculi, rutilo quasi fulgure splendent;
Mox prendit citharam, atque impellere pollice chordas
Nunc cœpit, resonisque replet concentibus auras.
Raucisonos cithara numeros, fidibusque canoris,
Primo sollicitat, vesanaque jurgia regum
Commemorat, quando studiis certâre nefandis.
Pelidis quando amplexu Atrides Agamemnon
Charo, Brisein voluit divellere pulchram.

Mox dulces sonitus reddit lyra pollice tacta ;
Nam variatque modos, canit atque incendia amoris.
Quomodo, commemorat, Atridis adultera conjux
Deseruit thalami socium, nataliaque arva ;
Oceani ut tentaret iter, vestigia sectans
Trojani Paridis ; regalia tecta reliquit,
Accenditque, mali genitrix ! discordia bella.
Rursus ab integro numeros variat, nemus implet
Concentu ; afflatu divino membra tremiscunt ;
Igne oculi radiant, et fulmina dejicit ore ;
Prœlia dura canit, rigidi certamina Martis ;
Classica jamque sonant, hinc Hector sævus in armis
Per medios hostes præceps, gladioque cruento,
Fulminat, atque ruens morientia corpora calcat ;
Inde furit clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax,
Hostes, ceu fluctus rupes immota, repellens.
Miscentur clangorque tubæ gemitusque, precesque ;
Xanthus agit cursus, multo nunc sanguine tinctus.
Tunc cœpit vates, felici carmine clarus,
Consilium venerandorum cantare Deorum.
Hic pater omnipotens, celsi moderator Olympi,
Sublimi solio sedet, ac decreta sororum
Explicat, atque Deis præcepta capessere mandat,
Si vitare velint sedes diras Furiarum.
Tristes nunc sonitus, dulcesque feruntur ad aures.
Nam (quoniam Hector abest,) mentem turbata dolore,
Uxor segnitiam plorat, Divosque fatigat
Continuis precibus, ut servent morte maritum,
Atque triumphantem reddant sine vulnere amicis.
Nunc cessat belli fremitus ; petit ocyor aura
Dilectum heroem, puero comitata tenello.
Ecce pater, fili, redimitus tempora lauro,
Nobis jam redit invictus, non tactus ab hoste.
Dixerat ; amplexuque virum tenet oscula jungens.
Nunc gemitus resonant longe, horrendique ululatus

Auras, fœminei questus, lamentaque complent.
 Priamides Trojæ columnen, terror Danaorum,
 Nunc jacet occisus, sicca porrectus arena,
 Veste carens, niveumque imbutus sanguine corpus.
 Interea Priamus portis excedit ad arva,
 Gentis ubi Danaûm numerosæ castra locantur ;
 Festinans iram mulcere immitis Achillei,
 Atque rogans precibus nati corpus laceratum.
 Illum heros auditque, benigneque corpore donat.
 Cantarat vates afflatus numine Phœbi ;
 Atque oculis fugiens, densis se condidit umbris.

Extemplo ante oculos exsurgit Pindarus altus,
 Dum citharæ chordas resonantes pectine pulsat,
 Incenditque animos, ac motu pectora complet.
 Principio cantus mellifluus occupat aures,
 Quando hymnis laudat Divûm regem omnipotentem ;
 Cujus supremo imperio arduus intonat æther,
 Atque poli, crebro, nigrantes, fulgure splendent.
 Cujus ob horrorem, sævum surgentis in iram,
 Orbis terrarum tremit, oceanique latebræ
 Sæpe diuque tremunt, cœlique palatia labant ;
 Tartareique domus mœstos reddunt ululatus.
 Dein Phœbum, auctorem lucis claræ, canit hymnis,
 Musarum ducem Parnassi sacra colentum.
 Phœbum, qui vatem diis afflatibus implet ;
 Quique oculo rutilo ardentes radios jaculatur.
 Nunc Deus armipotens, bellator, munera laudis
 Deposcit, vatesque parat persolvere quæsta.
 Armorumque canit patrem, effera bella cientem.
 Cujus ad accessum, vibrantis cuspidem acutam,
 Formido exsanguis rapido fugit ocyor Euro ;
 Ecce Deus torvo vultu, atque micantibus igne
 Luminibus rutilo, fremit horridus ore cruento.
 Dum juxta sedit Bellona accincta flagello,

Cornipedes stimulans spirantes naribus ignem.
A tergo sequitur sæva et truculenta caterva ;
Sanguineam portans tædam Vulcania pestis,
Dira fames torvis oculis, macieque peresa,
Cædes tinctum ensem puerorum sanguine vibrans,
Crudelisque rapina petens avertere prædam.
Palladi nunc castæ lætus dat munera laudum ;
Cujus ob imperium, commoti pectoris æstus,
Ira parens odii cadit, atque insana libido
Vindictæ cessat, cœcique cupidinis ardor,
Invidiæ stimuli acres, suspicioque residunt.

Qui dulcis sonitus lætas nunc fertur ad aures,
Secessu nemorum excedens ? vestigia verto
Illuc, ac video gelidam dulcemque cavernam,
Musæ Melpomenes, umbra tectam saliceti.
Ante fluit limen lachrymarum' rivus amarus,
Auræ quæ frondes agitant, sylvamque pererrant,
Indomiti mœroris sunt suspiria acerba.
Melpomene hic residet, nullis terroribus apta,
Nam sylvam umbrosam nulla horrida spectra frequentant,
Nulli animi motus vehementes pectora turbant.
Antro enim inest viridi divini Euripidis umbra ;
Musa favens auditque preces et vota precantis.
Excedit spelunca oculis fulgentibus igne.
Nullam fert citharam, humanæ sed tangere cordis
Nervos conatur, dulcemque sonum extrahit illis,
Sic tristem ut mœrore etiam fera saxa moventur.
Rorantes lachrymas cœlum defundit ab alto,
Atque suum cantum dirimens, plorat Philomela ;
Ora rigant mea flumina salsa, animum dolor implet ;
Somno destituor fugiuntque insomnia grata.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

De summa cœli regione.

Non ego delicias jucundas ruris amœni
Arva sua et segetes, virides et gramine campos,
Cœli templa cano, stellarum amplissima tecta.
Non cantu arma virumque, sed astra diemque celebro.

Advenit alma dies, en ! Lucifer ortus ab alto
Indicat instantem solem, suffusa rubore
Nox fugit, et splendent rubicundo lumine montes.
Æratæ cœli portæ panduntur Eoi,
Sol transit, lucisque parens, rex atque diei,
Incomitatus iter deserta per aera tendens.
Ros humectat agros fulgens gratissimus herbis,
Tranquilloque lacu radiorum tela resultant,
Et suaves spirat renovatum gramen odores.
O frugum alme parens, O clari luminis auctor,
Nox æterna, tuo subducto numine, cœli
Et telluris opes tenebris involveret atris.
Illico, restincto fruges ardore fovente,
Floret nil ; homini non præbet pabula terra,
Nec frugem segetes, herbas neque prata ministrant,
Sylvaque marcescit densis viduata capillis.
Ver nullum nitidis decorat nunc floribus agros,
Nulla æstiva dies auget nunc frugibus arva.

Autumnus nullus sectis succedit aristis,
Annorum innumeros per lapsûs, horrida cano
Bruma gelu terras niveo velamine vestit.
Imo etiam, sol clare, tuo tutamine amico
Submoto, cursu turbatus maximus orbis
Deorsum decideret præceps per tempora longa,
Iret iter declivæ inter flammantia signa,
Prorsum festinans per vastos aeris agros,
Donec demum alium majorem allisus ad orbem
Dissultaret, et impleret coelum omne fragore.
Exit talis præcordia concutit horror,
Cum coelum invadit stridentibus horrida nimbis
Tempestas, terramque operit caligine coecâ.
Mox longe resonant motura tonitrua mentes
Humanas, sylvæ trepidant, se solvit in undas
Æther, et obscuris nimbi nimbis cumulati
Ingeminant tenebras ; heu ! quænam illa flamma trisulca !
Est fulgur ; rutilat, tenebras ostendit, et exit ;
Heu ! unde ille fragor sævus quasi terræ ululatus !
Fulminat ; et festinam intentant omnia mortem.
Terra tremit, petit oceanus fontes citus imas ;
Quid mirum si homines etiam timeantque tremantque ?
Jamque metus pellens pronus sol nubila vincit,
Ac tristi coelo propere discedere mandat ;
Continuo parentia rumpuntur fugiuntque.
Eoo pluvius coelo describitur arcus
Solis inardescens radiis, insignis honestâ
Formâ, et coelesti varius splendore colorum ;
Paullisper fulget, tunc evanescit in auras.

Interea sol occiduas festinat in undas,
Nox ruit, et nigrante æther prætexit amictu,
Paullatimque atris coelis astra ignea surgunt.
En pleno orbe micat moderatrix Cynthia noctis !
Jamque chorus Dryadum penetralia linquit opaca,

Et choreas ducit, gaudens spectante Dianâ ;
Naiadumque cohors secretas deserit aulas,
Atque hilaris lavat argento fulgentibus undis ;
Nymphæ monticolæ cœcis obscura latebris
Destituunt tecta, et speculantur culmine ab alto
Lustrantes sylvas, fluvios, collemque, lacumque,
Clare splendentes tremulo sub lumine Luhæ.
Interea innumeris coelum distinguitur astris.
Hic circa solem ducentia sidera gyros
Palantur, noctis luces, terræque sorores.
O juvat, astra micantia, quæ sitis meditari ;
Sive domus heroum quando membra reliquit
Spiritus, aut mundi ornati sylvisque, jugisque,
Vallibus, et fluviis, varii terrâ oceanoque.
Sive genus vestras purum sceleris regiones
Cui nihil optandum teneat, seu mole gravatum
Culpæ aliud genus humanum trahit anxia vitæ
Tempora ibi, angusta, et variis exposita periclis.
Heu ! quænam illa facem ducens crinitaque stella
Est lugubre cometa rubens et pectora turbans.
Sitne locus poenæ, Ditisque inamabile regnum,
Ignis ubi nunquam torrens ardescere cessat ?
Seu jussus Dæmon vagus errare æthere in alto,
Nunc propiore ardens, frigens nunc sole remoto ?
Seu tantum exitii vates, qui numinis iras
Summi significat, terrisque extrema minatur ?
Ast pauca absolvunt solennes sidera cursus
Circa solem, alii stabiles sunt æthere fixi
Flammantes orbis, propriâ qui luce refulgent.
Illuc Pleiades rutilant, et aquosus Orion,
Hic nautas tutans altâ speculatur ab arce
Arctos, et hic claros via lactea pandit honores.
Dicite, vos vigiles coeli, noctisque silentis
Custodes, illæ sedes sitisne beatæ,
Quas Zephyri Oceani mulcent clementibus auris,

Atque ubi perpetuo viridissima gramine ripa,
Et sylvæ, atque rubi flavescent floribus aureis ?
An facti sitis solum lucem dare nocti,
Coelum ornare, oculosque hominum oblectare nitore ?
Nequaquam ; vix, vix oculos intendere possum,
Ut videam propiores, millia millia soles
Ultra, aliis terris lucem dant atque calorem.

Ex his discat homo quam sint terrestria vana.
Orbis enim suus ipse est tantum lucida gemma,
Numinis æterni coelesti inserta coronæ.
Discat et imperium summi regis venerari,
Qui mundum jussit fieri ex sine ordine mole,
Quo dicente, esto lux, lux fuit, atraque noctis
Qui stellis aulæa ornavit, quique residens
Sublimi solio, supra illa micantia signa,
Hinc terras regit, impulsusque pèr omnia fundens
Innumeros docet assuetos percurrere gyros
Orbes, et casu atque errore tuetur ab omni.
Vos, elati ànimi, vanâ ambitione tumentes,
Vos qui sceptrâ hominum turbantia corda tenetis.
Vos foecundæ terræ, vos etiam æquora lata,
Vosque orbes rutili splendentes æthere puro,
O tremite, aspicientes præsentem Omnipotentem ;
Qui fecit verbo, valet et subvertere verbo.

THE FALL OF GREECE¹;

Written at the age of Sixteen,

BEFORE THE LATE REVOLUTION IN THAT COUNTRY HAD COMMENCED

GRAVES of proud kingdoms, by the hand of time
Scattered o'er every land, through every clime !
I sing not you : a dearer theme I choose ;
Thy fate, Achaia, moves my plaintive muse.
For thee each friend of science drops a tear,
Sacred as those shed on a mother's bier ;
Or such as moisten the loved patriot's grave,
Poured by his country that he died to save.
Ah, Greece ! too soon, thy course of glory o'er,
Deeply thou sleep'st, alas ! to wake no more.
Once thou wert free, and bounteous freedom gave
Conquest by land and empire on the wave ;
She gave thee all that can a nation bless,
Immortal fame, and wealth, and happiness.
Apollo loved thee from thy earliest days,
And all the Nine inspired thy poets' lays.
Nature herself admired thy pencil's art,
That charmed the fancy, while it touched the hear
Apelles taught the canvass how to move,
The canvass taught Apelles how to love.

Thy chisel, too, could form and beauty give
To the dull rock, and make it breathe and live.
Thee to her secret walks Minerva brought,
And heaven's own wisdom to thy sages taught.
Land of the mighty ! valor found in thee
A glorious death or laurelled victory.
Perhaps the very spot where now the slave
Sleeps in his chains, was once a hero's grave.
Thy towers, Olympia, heard resounding high
The poet's lyre, with music of the sky.
The plains of Elis saw thy youth maintain
The gen'rous strife, a wreath of palm to gain :
On royal brows esteemed a fairer gem
Than those that sparkle in the diadem.
Ah Greece ! thy splendor all has passed away
Like the bright glow that lights the parting day ;
Or as a brilliant star that gilds the skies,
Then headlong earthward shoots, and fades and dies.
And has the heavenly spark for ever fled,
That warmed the bosoms of thy glorious dead ;
That fired Leonidas to deeds of fame,
And gave Miltiades a deathless name ;
Kindled the Athenian's zeal in glory's course,
And nerved the Spartan's arm with deadlier force ?—
It has ; and left behind a sullen gloom,
Dark, dismal, as the silence of the tomb.
This gloom, O slavery, is the shadow cast
From thy grim form, to mildew and to blast.
Methinks in Marathon I see thee stand,
And wave thy scorpion scourge o'er freedom's land ;
Then with gigantic steps I see thee move
To where the Spartan band with Xerxes strove ;
And there (methought 'twould wake the slumb'ring dead)
Pollute their ashes with thine impious tread.

Beneath thy feet the laurel crowns are cast,
 Verdant on heroes' brows in ages past :
 O'er heroes' sons thou hold'st thine iron reign—
 Degenerate race, they kiss the servile chain !
 Before thy withering frown the arts retire,
 Flown are the Nine, and mute the Thracian lyre ;
 Save when soft breezes from the western sky
 Wake on its strings a low and plaintive sigh ;
 Or when rude Boreas through its chords resounds,
 And from the hills the echoing dirge rebounds.
 Apollo haunts no more Parnassus' height ;
 But there the wolf his howl maintains by night,
 By day his watch. No more the sacred fount
 Pours its full current down the rugged mount,
 But seems its absent votaries to mourn,
 And weep, with trickling drops, for their return.
 The Muses all have left their native land,
 To follow freedom to a foreign strand.
 No more, O Tempe, in thy vale they're seen,
 Amidst thy shady grots, and "alleys green ;"
 No more they dance, while the brisk pipe persuades,
 Along thy cool retreats and sounding glades ;
 From thee no more the harp's sweet notes arise ;
 No more thy vocal strains salute the skies.
 The silver Peneus sadly flows along,
 No more enlivened by the jocund song.
 Dull shepherds tend their charge on Elis' plains,
 Bending beneath the burden of their chains :
 And there, where heroes, poets, princes strove,
 The lonely flocks now unmolested rove.
 And thou, fair Eden of the classic world,
 Beloved Athens, from thy splendor hurled,
 How dost thou sit in loneliness and woe ?
 Deep silence reigns throughout the portico

• Thy fallen temples, o'er thy ruin'd walls,
Stalks Desolation, brandishing on high
The besom of his wrath. With anxious eye
The traveller gazes round thy desert plain,
And asks for thee, fair Athens, asks in vain.
Thy lifeless corse he sees; grief fills his soul,
And tears gush forth, and flow without control;
Mingling their current with the lonely tide
Of thine Ilyssus, moaning at his side.

TO A LADY.

LIKE target for the arrow's aim,
 Like snow beneath the sunny heats,
Like wax before the glowing flame,
 Like cloud before the wind that fleets,
I am—'tis love has made me so,
And, lady, still thou say'st me no.

The wound's inflicted by thine eyes,
 The mortal wound to hope and me,
Which naught, alas, can cicatrize,
 Nor time, nor absence, far from thee.
Thou art the sun, the fire, the wind,
That make me such ; ah then be kind !

My thoughts are darts, my soul to smite ;
 Thy charms the sun, to blind my sense.
My wishes—ne'er did passion light
 A flame more pure or more intense.
Love all these arms at once employs,
And wounds and dazzles and destroys.

VERSIFIED FROM MARMONTEL'S CONNOISSEU

Alas ! wouldst thou leave the rose to die
Unhonored on its distant shelf ?
Where wouldst thou then that it should lie ? -
Where would I might expire myself.

If o'er the spirit, after this, '
The chains of matter still had power,
I would not that my own should miss
So sweet a home as such a flower.

And then, should any stranger think
'To cull me from the parent tree,
Among the guarding thorns I'd shrink ;
But, if a lovely maid like thee,

A longing eye should on me cast,
Then, at her hands I'd seek my death,
Exhale my sweets, and sigh my last
In perfume, mixing with her breath.

Brighter my colors then should glow,
Possessed by the desire to please,
Like dolphins, brightest in the throes
Of death's dissolving agonies.

THE COMPLAINT OF ERMINIA.

FROM THE SEVENTH BOOK OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED

AND often, when the flocks beyond the reach
Of summer suns, beneath the shade reclined,
Upon the bark of laurel or of beech
The name beloved in thousand ways she signed ;
And of her strange and most unhappy lot,
Inscribed on thousand trees the issue rude,
And, reading to herself the lines she wrote,
Bedewed with beauteous tears the senseless wood.

Then spake complaining, " Ah ! preserve in you,
Ye friendly plants, this mournful history ;
Hereafter, should some lover, fond and true,
Seek the kind shades that here have sheltered me,
Pity may touch his heart, as sure it must,
At my mishaps so many and so great,
And he will say, ' Ah ! cruel and unjust
To faith so firm, were love and partial fate.'

"Perchance, if e'er benignant heaven doth hear
The prayer importunate of mortal maid,
He who for me doth haply nothing care
May sometime wander to this sylvan shade,

And as he turns his eyes, where, buried nigh,
The relics of this slighted form repose,
Yield the late tribute of one passing sigh,
And one warm tear or two, to all my woes.

“Then, though in life my heart was wretched still,
At least in death my spirit blest shall be ;
And these cold ashes feel the pleasing thrill
Of love returned, in life ne’er felt by me.”
Thus to the deaf and senseless trunks complained
Erminia, who had fled for Tancred’s love
From courts, where first in beauty she had reigned,
To shepherd’s cot and solitary grove.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE BY VENUS.

A FRAGMENT.

THOUGH old in cunning, as in years,
He is so small, that like a child
In face and form, the god appears,
And sportive like a boy, and wild,
Lightly he moves from place to place,
In none at rest, in none content :
Delighted some new toy to chase—
On childish purpose ever bent.
Beware ! to childhood's spirit gay
Is added more than childhood's power
And you perchance may rue the hour
That saw you join his seeming play.

He quick is angered, and as quick
His short-lived passion's over past,
Like summer lightnings, flashing thick,
But flying ere a bolt is cast.
I've seen, myself, as 'twere together,
Now joy, now grief assume its place.
Shedding a sort of April weather,
Sunshine and rain, upon his face.

His curling hair floats on the wind,
Like fortune's, long and thick before,
And rich and bright as golden ore :
Like hers, his head is bald behind.

His ruddy face is strangely bright,
It is the very hue of fire,
The inward spirit's quenchless light,
The glow of many a soft desire.
He hides his eye that keenly flashes,
But sometimes steals a thrilling glance
From 'neath his drooping silken lashes,
And sometimes looks with eye askance ;
But seldom ventures he to gaze
With looks direct and open eye ;
For well he knows, the urchin sly,
But one such look his guile betrays.

His tongue, that seems to have left just then
His mother's breast, discourses sweet,
And forms his lisping infant strain
In words scarce uttered, half complete ;
Yet wafted on a winged sigh,
And led by flattery, gentle guide,
Unseen into the heart they fly,
Its coldness melt, and tame its pride.
In smiles that hide intended woe,
His ruddy lips are always drest,
As flowers conceal the listening crest
Of the coiled snake that lurks below.

In carriage courteous, meek, and mild,
Humble in speech, and soft in look,
He seems a wandering orphan child,
And asks a shelter in some nook

Or corner left unoccupied :
But once admitted as a guest,
By slow degrees he lays aside
That lowly port and look distressed—
Then insolent assumes his reign,
Displays his captious high-bred airs,
His causeless pets and jealous fears,
His fickle fancy and unquiet brain.

FROM THE ITALIAN

NAY, fear not, maiden ! I have not returned
To speak of love. I know it pleases not.
Enough of this. I see the skies portend
A sudden storm ; and I have only come
To offer thee my aid, if to the fold
Thou wouldst conduct thy flock. Art not afraid ?
Observe how every moment darker grows
The sky : mark how before the gusty wind,
In eddying circles, whirl the falling leaves ;
The roaring of the wood, the uncertain flight
Of the embarrassed birds, and these rare drops
Which fall so heavy on thine upturned face.
Ah ! I foresee—was not my warning true ?
Behold the lightning, hear the thunder ; where,
Where shall we seek for safety ? 'Tis no time
To care for flocks. Lo, in this cave thou'rt safe ;
Here get thee in, I will be with thee straight.

But thou tremblest, oh my treasure !

But thou fearest, oh my heart ! .

From thy side I will not part,

Nor with love thine ear displeasure.

Mid lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
I am with thee still, my love ;
When the heavens are clear above,
Ungrateful maid, I'm seen no more.

Sit ; be secure : within this hollow rock
The thunder strikes not, nor the lightning glares :
A thick-set grove of laurel shelters it, '
Prescribing limits to the wrath of heaven.
Sit, beautiful idol, sit and breathe once more :
But fearful still thou clingest to my side,
And holdest still my hand in both of thine,
As if from thee I'd fly. Though heaven should fall,
Doubt not ; I will not part. Would that a moment
So sweet might last forever. Would this were
Fruit of thy love, and not of fear alone.
Ah ! cease this mockery ; cease, I pray thee, cease
To flatter thus. Who knows ? Perchance thou hast
E'en from the first returned my proffered love.
'Thy rigor then was modesty, not hate.
Perchance in this excessive terror, love
Mingles with fear to agitate thy frame ;
Ah, speak ! what sayest thou ? answerest thou not ?
'Thy look is bent on earth : dost blush ? dost smile ?
I am content. I ask thee not to speak
My hope : this smile, these blushes, say enough.

And this wild storm has only brought
A blessed peace to me ;
A fairer, brighter day than this
I would not ask to see.

Ah ! never have I known the hours
With happier speed to fly ;
Thus, and thus only would I live,
Thus only would I die.

A FRAGMENT.

ALAS ! "the age of chivalry is gone :"
Thus sayeth Burke, and no one doubts his word ;
And love and high emprise are with it flown ;
The lute is dumb, and broken is the sword.
Knights crowd no more around the festive board,
Nor seek in gallant show the listed plain,
Nor wander o'er the land by bridge and ford,
Their ladies' pride of beauty to maintain,
And from their favoring lips one gracious smile to gain.

And with the age its spirit too is fled :
The generous scorn of selfishness—the pride
Still to be giving—and the lofty dread
Of mixing undistinguished in the tide
Of mortals who have merely lived and died--
Honor and courtesy, and faith unblamed,
And love that worshipped as a thing enskied,
The object of its vows, and zeal inflamed
By danger, and by years of strenuous toil untamed.

Our modern heroes hunt no giants now :
Perhaps because there are none left to chase ;
Perhaps the breed of heroes is run low ;
And with our gallant youth, perhaps, the race,
As with the brave Patricians in the race

Won at Pharsalia, claims their dearest care :
They would not for the world their charms deface
With ugly wounds ; the pretty darlings swear,
The fame they seek and prize is only with the fair.

The fair !—and they are still as fair as when,
With power of look and smile alone, they fired
The souls of warriors, who indeed were men,
To seek, mid thousand toils, some boon desired. .
For mine own part, I ne'er was thus inspired,
And scarce am willing to believe it all
My fault ; for oft, to lonely shades retired,
I fancy the bright being at whose call
I'd follow in the steps of Amadis de Gaul.

Ah ! she is fair : upon her noble brow
Sit truth and peace, as on their proper throne ;
And woman's pure affections lurk below,
In those soft eyes with modesty weighed down ;
And bright intelligence, as with a crown
Of ambient glory, wreathes her temples ; while
Sweet cheerfulness, unchecked by fashion's frown,
Lies ambushed in the dimples of her smile,
That ray of heaven's own light undimmed by fear or guile.

Sweet child of fantasy ! I love thee not
As other children of the brain : thou art
The mistress of my secret vows ; forgot
Thou never canst be ; never will we part.
Though sometimes, even in the daily mart,
Amid the common throng, I find a trace
Of that dear image graven on my heart,
Yet never have I found, in form or face,
One who thy banished memory might replace.

The truth is, women now are mostly dolls
For milliners to hang their dresses on :
It would seem doubtful whether they have souls ;
(You know the Moslem says that they have none ;)
I grant they have : the fact is clearly shown,
If you'll believe proof feminine at least,
For often they assert their soul's their own
When crossed in their caprices. They know best—
Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis wisdom to be blest.

But I grow tedious, therefore to my tale,
No story of romance. Romance, I've said,
Or should have said, (but I, too, sometimes fail
To put things in their order,) is long dead ;
And from her ashes nothing can I knead
But a clay image with a watery leaven.
Would I had skill to do the daring deed,
I'd steal, like old Prometheus, fire from heaven,
And to the breathless form should breathing life be given !

ELEGY ON A CIGAR.

I NEVER loved a little flower,
But it was sure to fade and die ;
I never knew a happy hour,
That passed not all too quickly by.

And thou too, sweet cigar, art gone !
Thy parting puff on air has rolled ;
Thy vital breath in smoke is flown,
Thy spark is quenched, thy dust is cold.

Ah ! was it not enough to save
Thy substance from consuming fires,
That beauty's hand the treasure gave,
The same that now my verse inspires ?

Alas ! thy honors naught availed,
To shield thee from unsparing death :
But thou shalt ever be bewailed,
While pens have ink, or I have breath.

While thus I mourned, before me rose
A fragrant cloud of azure hue ;
And while my blood in horror froze,
Puff after puff in size it grew.

With gentle wave it bowed its head,
And then began in dulcet tone,
(The accustomed whisper of the dead,
To mortals left to grieve alone):

"The spirit of thy loved cigar,
I bid thy tears no longer flow ;
Weep not for me, for happier far
My lot than when I dwelt below.

"I ride upon the winged wind,
I visit every distant clime ;
No more by close-bound leaves confined,
To ether's realms I soar sublime.

"Smokes, like myself, beside me rove,
Companions of my airy tour ;
Ambition's dreams, the hopes of love,
The breath of fame, the pride of power.

"These, all like me dissolve in smoke,
As unsubstantial, thin and vain.
'Tis but the common lot—revoke
Thy murmurs, and no more complain."

Thus spake the spirit. Still I mourn
(We cannot always do our duty ;)
That cruel fate has from me torn
The gift bestowed by peerless beauty.

THE FALLS OF POESTENKILL.

NEAR TROY, NEW-YORK.

FROM Ida's side a stream is gushing,
Fed from some Naiad's marble urn ;
O'er Ida's rocks its waves are rushing,
Ne'er to their fountain to return.
O never be your music still,
Romantic falls of Poestenkill.

I stood upon the beetling rock
That overlooks the tumbling wave,
I heard its roar, I felt its shock,
I gazed upon its yawning grave ;
But deemed not any mortal ill
Could reach me there by Poestenkill.

For man, in nature's mighty scene,
Doth feel himself immortal—one
With his Creator, who, unseen,
Pervades each flower, each tree, each stone.
And thus I felt on that lone hill,
Which looks o'er murmuring Poestenkill.

The spirit of the universe
Then seemed descending on my head ;
And here it spoke in accents hoarse,
And there it whispered through the glade ;
Attending, as I deemed, thy rill,
Through all its course, sweet Poestenkill.

Farewell, farewell : when I am gone,
Those bounding waves shall still flow on,
Nor heart preserve, nor tongue declare,
Remembrance of the stranger there ;
While I shall think upon you still,
Romantic falls of Poestenkill.

EMBLEMS.

Yon rose, that bows her graceful head, to hail
The welcome visitant that brings the morn,
And spreads her leaves to gather from the gale
The coolness on its early pinions borne,
Listing the music of its whispered tale,
And giving stores of perfume in return—
Though fair she seem, full many a thorn doth hide ;
Perhaps a worm pollutes her bosom's pride.

Yon oak, that proudly throws his arms on high,
Threshing the air that flies their frequent strokes,
And lifts his haughty crest towards the sky,
Daring the thunder that its height provokes,
And spreads his foliage wide, a shelter nigh,
From noonday heats to guard the weary flocks—
Though strong he seem, must dread the bursting storm,
And e'en the malice of the feeble worm.

The moon, that sits so lightly on her throne,
Gliding majestic on her silent way,
And sends her silvery beam serenely down,
'Mong waving boughs and frolic leaves to play,
To sleep upon the bank with moss o'ergrown,
Or on the clear waves, clearer far than they—
Seems purity itself ; but if again
We look, and closely, we perceive a stain.

Fit emblems all, of those unworthy joys
On which our passions and our hopes dilate :
We wound ourselves to seize on pleasure's toys,
Nor see their worthlessness until too late ;
And power, with all its pomp and all its noise,
Meets oft a sudden and a hapless fate ;
And fame of gentle deeds and daring high,
Is often stained by blots of foulest dye.

Where then shall man, by his Creator's hand
Gifted with feelings that must have an aim,
Aspiring thoughts and hopes, a countless band ;
Affections glowing with a quenchless flame,
And passions, too, in dread array that stand,
To aid his virtue or to stamp his shame :
Where shall he fix a soul thus formed and given ?
Fix it on God, and it shall rise to heaven.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING ITALY.

"Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte."—*Filicita*. •

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower !
'To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas ! no more of men !
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreathe with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave !
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave :
Where, like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence ! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak ; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean !
Can nothing rouse ye both ? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been ?
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—
Shades of departed heroes, rise again !
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence !

Oh, Italy ! my country, fare thee well !
For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
The fathers of my mind ? whose fame imprest,
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams ?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost :
Too early lost, alas ! when once so dear ;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood ;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Paestum's shrines, and Baiæ's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—never more ?
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inaffimate. Thou art
The cherished mistress of my youth ; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Lanched on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot ;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

A FRAGMENT.

THE sun declined upon his western march,
And suffered the cool breeze once more to blow ;
No cloud obscured the heaven's expanded arch ;
All gently did the waves of ocean flow
Upon that beach to which New-Yorkers go,
To dip their dainty limbs in salt-sea brine,
To bask on sands an Indian sun below ;
To eat roast clams and clam-shells, and to whine
Of all the ills 'gainst comfort that combine :

Heat and musketoes—attics, (not in taste)
Languor and idleness, and dull ennui ;
Starved pigs and crying children, and the waste,
The dreary waste, which scarce affords a tree,
Or fragrant blossom, for the busy bee ;
Distance and dust, and fences hard to climb,
But harder to let down ; and men that be
Uncourteous to the fair, (I want a rhyme,)
And scenes where nought but ocean is sublime.

And art not thou enough to fill the eye,
And wrap the soul, thou broad and roaring sea—
Thou mirror of the blue and boundless sky—
Thou restless image of eternity ?

Oh, mightiest of the elements ! to me
 The cherished object of an awful love,
 My spirit bows submiss at sight of thee ;
 Yet would I gladly all thy terrors prove,
 To hear thee roar for prey, to see thee move

In masses irresistible, yet slow,
 Thy dark and foaming waters ; and to feel,
 As in the earthquake, lofty mountains bow,
 And valleys rise beneath me ; and to reel,
 Yet fall not, at the shocks that round me peal
 In thunder 'gainst the sides of the frail boat,
 My only refuge ; welcome woe or weal.
 I've been thy master ; be it next my lot
 To sink thy victim—it disturbs me not.

I've been thy master—and a single hour
 Of triumph, such as that, is worth an age
 Of vulgar life. I love to feel the power
 Which mind exerts o'er matter, and to wage
 A war where art defies thy frantic rage ;
 And taming to its will thy wildest freaks,
 Dares the loud wind (like Lear, in Shakspeare's page
 What time the pelting storm its fury wreaks
 On his bare head,) to blow, and crack its cheeks.

LAMENT,

AT THE GRAVE OF THE YOUNG SHEPHERD ANDROGEUS.

From the fifth eclogue of the Arcadia of Sannazzar

OH spirit, beautiful and blest !
'That, freed at last from every bond,
Hast naked sprung to calmer realms above :
'There, with thy star, enjoy thy rest,
Fixed side by side, companions fond,
Forgetting earth in an immortal love.
Or 'mong the clearer spirits prove
Thyself a bright peculiar sun,
And with hallowed footsteps tread
The orbs that wander over head,
By founts and myrtle-shades rejoicing run,
Celestial flocks in quiet feed,
And guard thy shepherds here from every evil deed.

Far other mounts and other groves,
And other streams and other lawns,
In heaven thou seest, and new and fairer flowers :
And there, indulging happier loves,
The Sylvans and the Fauns,
Pursue the nymphs to sweeter, greener bowers ;
There, counted mid the rural powers,

And sweetly singing in the shade.
"Twixt Daphne and her faithful swain,
Androgeus sits, our pride and pain ;
With sweetness rare he fills each heavenly glade,
Stilling the elemental roar
With sound of accents all unheard before.

As to the elm the viny wreath,
As waving blades to sunny plains,
As to the herd its monarch—till the tomb
Received thee from the arms of death,
Such wast thou to our youthful swains.
Unsparing death ! who may escape thy doom,
If thus thy lightning flames consume
The tallest of the forest still ?
Ah ! who shall see on earth again
A shepherd of so sweet a strain ;
One who, by nought save music's only skill,
Shall cause the joyous leaves to bud,
And boughs to stoop with shade above the summer flood ?

A TOUR
THROUGH
ITALY AND SWITZERLAND
IN 1829.

A TOUR

THROUGH ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

LETTER I.

PASSAGE OVER MOUNT CENIS—NAPOLEON'S ROAD—GRANDEUR OF THE
ALPINE SCENERY—ARRIVAL AT TURIN.

ON the nineteenth day of January, 1829, I left Lyons for Italy. My intention had been to pass through Marseilles, and follow the coast of the Mediterranean to Genoa. Finding, however, that the passage over Mount Cenis was practicable at this season of the year, and even traversed twice a week by public carriages, I engaged a seat in one of them, wishing to see the Alps in their winter clothing. The carriage started in the evening and proceeding with rapidity, brought us, before break of day, to the Pont de Beauvoisin, over the river Guiers, which constitutes here the boundary between France and Savoy. Here we were detained for our trunks to undergo a visitation, and to make an exchange of our passports, which were sent on before us to Turin, for provisionary ones allowing us to proceed to that city. In the centre of the bridge were placed, on one side a column, and on the other the cross of Savoy, to indicate the limits of the two countries. On one end were placed French, and on the other Sardinian soldiers; the latter examined our persons to ascertain if we conveyed about us any contraband

articles. It was a mere *pro forma* operation, and was performed by running their hands under our cloaks and down our sides.

From the further end of this bridge the road pursues, for a short distance, a plain, giving indications on both sides of the approaching heights. Soon it begins to ascend by the side of the bed of a torrent, whose course the traveller pursues for no less than three hours. Here was, indeed, an abrupt introduction into the terrible grandeur of Alpine scenery. Here was, indeed, a tremendous illustration of the power of the elements, and the sublimity of nature : a mountain seamed and riven by the rushing torrent, its craggy peaks towering aloft on each side of the chasm, the road winding along upon the very brink of the abyss : above, inclining rocks threatening to grind to dust the puny frame of man ; and beneath, the depths yawning to absorb him into nothing. The effect of the scene was increased as we descended into the village of Echelles. The carriage was borne downward with the speed of wind, and seemed, at times, madly plunging from the precipices, when a sudden turn would bear us swiftly from the point of danger.

From Les Echelles a new ascent commences which leads, after about half a league, to an arched passage through the solid rock of a precipitous mountain, about one-fifth of a mile in length by about thirty feet in breadth. This is the work of Napoleon when he caused the road of Mount Cenis to be altered, or rather entirely reconstructed. The former passage was lower down, through a natural grotto, which had been opened at great expense, in 1670, but was still dangerous and inconvenient. The construction of this wonderful road was an enterprise worthy of the genius and resources of the man. At night we arrived at Chamberi, the principal town in Savoy, containing from 10,000 to 11,000 inhabitants, where we slept. Through this place passed Cæsar and his legions on his first expedition into Gaul,

that splendid scene of action where he formed himself to be the conqueror of the world, and his army to become the instrument of his ambition. Being called up about two o'clock in the morning, we proceeded on our route beneath the obscure light of an overclouded moon.

At the distance of a quarter of a league we passed the celebrated seat, called *Les Charmettes*, where Rousseau resided with Madame de Warens. Though the light of the night was as dim as the character of the extraordinary man who once dwelt within its walls was unintelligible, we could still perceive that it was an ordinary farm-house of large dimensions, situated upon a gentle eminence, about a quarter of a mile from the road. Here then was the scene of those long and solitary wanderings, in which this singular being loved so often to indulge. Here were the mountains and the glens into which he was wont to rush to worship nature with such crude and unsatisfactory ideas of the Great God of nature : here were to be found the stimulants of an imagination susceptible almost to insanity, of an eloquence soaring almost to inspiration. About four leagues from Chamberi is situated the village of Montmeillant, where the road divides into two branches ; the more eastern leading through the valley of Tarentaise, over the little St. Bernard, and the western through the valley of Maurienne, and over Mount Cenis. At the separation of the two passes is the ruined fortress of Montmeillant, situated on the summit of an immense isolated rock, and once so strong as to resist all the efforts of Louis XIII.

Near the village we crossed the Isere, and a short distance beyond struck upon the banks of the Arque, which we followed even to the foot of Mount Cenis. As morning began to dawn, we perceived that the day would be obscure and lowering. The mist hung in dense masses upon the summits of the mountains, which hemmed us in on both sides, revealing here and there a peak more lofty than the rest, and

seeming thus to acknowledge its supremacy. A glare of lurid red occasionally tinged the edges of the mist, thrown from the invisible, though risen sun. Far in the distance, the whole face of the mountain was covered with a blue far deeper and more dark than that of heaven ; while opposite, the snowy surface appeared in its native white. Amidst such phenomena we passed onward, the mountains becoming *higher and more wild, presenting cones and pyramids and columns and precipitous descents of a stupendous height* ; now advancing into the valley as if to bar our progress, and now retiring as if arrested by some superior might ; seamed with torrents, riven by yawning chasms, crowned with dull gray vapour, and encircled at the base by scattered fragments of rocks. Near St. Jean de Maurienne, fifteen leagues from the commencement of the valley, they assumed their wildest appearance. Having descended from the carriage, I strained every nerve to reach a point before me, where the mountains almost seemed to meet and the road suddenly to turn. My expectations were not disappointed : the mountains were not a quarter of a mile apart, and the road turned at an angle of about seventy degrees.

I had previously observed that the sun shone out upon the mountains in the rear, and when I reached the bridge which crossed the Arque, just at the turning point, I perceived that the same burst of sunshine lighted up the heights beyond ; while in my immediate vicinity, the deep blue tints of which I have before spoken, shrouded the sides of the tremendous eminences which frowned above me. Standing thus in gloom, I looked with absorbing admiration on the double illuminated vista which opened on either hand. At first I had no eye except for the general grandeur of the scene, but by degrees details pressed themselves on my attention ; the windings of the valley, the varied surface of the heights, the brawling of the stream, the ruined towers perched like eagles' nests upon the summits of inaccessible

and isolated crags, the trees sparkling with ice, the apparently fantastic distribution of the lights and shades, all too upon a scale of grandeur extensive as the boundaries of vision, left nothing further to be desired or imagined. On re-ascending the carriage, I seated myself beside the guide, to learn of him, if I could, some ancient legend connected with the ruined towers upon the heights. He informed me that they belonged anciently to counts who were then in possession of the country, and were used by them as beacons to proclaim the news of invasion or of war. He added, also, that they were built by the Saracens. A legend indeed!

About four leagues from St. Jean de Maurienne, we came to St. Michael, passing through a region equally sublime. Here we drank some of the wine of St. Julien, a village near at hand; a wine celebrated for its excellence, though produced among the Alps. Indeed it was not the least astonishing circumstance of this valley, that in these frozen regions, vineyards should be frequently encountered sheltered in some secluded nook, or even creeping up the mountain side. The vines were uniformly trained against strong posts, instead of the slight sticks employed upon the plains of France. Having passed a part of the night at St. Michael, we were roused early in the morning; and found a cloudless sky, and a bright moon above us. Immediately before us, towered towards heaven a lofty pyramid of rock and snow, whose ragged outline was defined with the clearness of day. I could not, however, at first persuade myself that it was not a cloud, so identified did it appear from its height with the very heaven itself.

About sunrise, before arriving at Modane, in a narrow pass of the mountains, we found an extensive fortress erected by the king of Sardinia. It was situated about one-third of the way up the mountain; its defences in the rear, were the precipitous heights above; its ditch in front, was a deep chasm in the mountain. It was only accessible at one end,

and that by an ascent commanded by the guns of the fort, and so steep as to be impracticable in the face of the slightest resistance. As day dawned, the rays of the sun began to shine upon the summits of the mountains, finding their way through openings in the ranges further east, and thus distributing themselves so unequally as to produce an effect strange and picturesque, at the same time that it was highly magnificent. I remember on one occasion, when near Lans le Bourg, looking back and observing a striking instance of this grand effect. On both sides of the road rose steep and lofty mountains crowned to their summits with evergreens, whose dark foliage rested still in shade; far in the distance, yet appearing near from its enormous height, a bare mass of rock and snow was thrown across the passage; upon this the sun shone in uninterrupted splendor. It seemed a pyramid of frozen light; the vivid contrast of light and shade, of vegetable life and utter barrenness, added greatly to the intrinsic grandeur of the scene.

At Lans le Bourg we rested, having travelled twenty leagues through the valley of Maurienne, between a double range of Alps. Immediately before us rose mount Cenis, the last barrier that shut us out from Italy. It is one of an extensive range, which takes here an easterly and then a north-easterly direction; and though nine thousand feet above the surface of the ocean, does not seem much higher than its gigantic brethren. After all that we had undergone, I confess that this further ascent appeared not a little formidable, particularly as we saw between the summits a cloud of snow, raised by a violent wind, and driven down the side of the mountain; our guide, however, assured us that the *tourmente* did not prevail to an extent at all dangerous, and we proceeded to ascend, having first exchanged our carriage for a *traineau* or sledge of the country. The ascent is a league and a half in length, and is performed by means of long traverses in the side of the mountain: at short intervals

are placed houses of refuge for the traveller overtaken by a storm. They are inhabited by the *cantonniers*, who are paid by the king to keep the roads in repair, and to come to the assistance of travellers. During the ascent the prospect was confined by mountains rising in every direction, and precluding on every side a distant or comprehensive prospect. Still there was something inspiring in the view of those few lofty eminences, which, forsaking the dull and common atmosphere of earth, aspired to a loftier and purer sky. At the highest point of the road we were nearly seven thousand feet above the surface of the sea, and still above us towered for three thousand the highest pinnacles of the mountains.

The sun had for some time been covered with clouds, and unfortunately it now began to snow. Amidst the storm we entered on the *plateau* of mount Cenis, a plain with a very slight descent about a league and a half in length, and rendered dangerous by its narrowness and the precipices in which it abounds. On this plain was established by Napoleon an *hospice*, sufficient to accommodate, in case of emergency, above two thousand men. It was originally in part a military establishment, and in part a refuge. It is inhabited at present only by a few Sardinian soldiers, and by five isolated monks. It is a large two-story building of stone. Near the *hospice*, and surrounded by inaccessible heights, is an extensive lake, from which issues the river, or rather torrent, called the Cenise, which unites itself with the Doire, and thus finally contributes its little current to swell the waters of the Po.

I must confess that I was inexpressibly disappointed by the lateness of our arrival on the plateau, and by the snow storm which shut out our view of Italy. One of the scenes which I had crossed the wide Atlantic to behold, such are the disappointments which occur in all human calculations, thus entirely escaped me. From this very height had the greatest general, but one, of his own or any other age,

pointed out to his fatigued and disheartened soldiers the abundant plains of Piedmont, and the easy route to that rival and detested Rome, against which he had sworn even in his childhood, eternal enmity. Here the Carthaginian had stood on this projecting eminence, and beheld a view vast as his own enterprise, as the powers of his own commanding mind. Here I had expected to catch my first view of that enchanted land, the mother of arts and arms, of "fruits and heroes," ("frugum virumque,") the scene of a thousand recollections, endeared to every mind touched with a memory of the past, or susceptible of admiration for the present; lovely even in her decay, still smiling in the agonies of death. Unhappily, however, we were obliged to pursue our way, through snow and darkness, down a descent of thirteen leagues to Suza, the first town in Italy: the moon meanwhile affording only sufficient light dimly to exhibit to the imagination, rather than the eye, the dangers of the way.

From hence we passed through the valley of the Doire to Turin, which we reached about daybreak, having been about eighty-four hours upon the way. The whole road from the frontiers of Savoy, must be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind over the obstacles of nature—as one of the most striking illustrations of the genius and resources of that extraordinary man who directed its construction. The former road over Mount Cenis was impracticable for carriages, and dangerous even for those who proceeded in litters carried by their guides, or in small sleighs which descended by their own weight, and needed far more to be restrained than assisted in their progress. Near St. Michael, the old road is pursued for about two miles, over a difficult ascent, in consequence of apparent inability to repair Napoleon's road, which ran by the course of the Arque, and two or three years since was washed away by an inundation of the river.

LETTER II.

TURIN—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—THE MUSEUM—FRENCH MANNERS OF THE
TURINESE; THEIR PERSONS—THE PO—SCENERY AROUND THE CITY—
DEPARTURE FROM TURIN—VILLA NOVA—ASTI—MARENGO—PASSAGE
OF THE APPENINES—VALLEY OF POLCEVERA—ARRIVAL AT GENOA.

THE city of Turin, the most ancient town of Liguria, which had the honor of being stormed by Hannibal, of being raised to the dignity of a Roman colony by Augustus, of being besieged and taken by various hordes of barbarians, of being demolished by Francis I. and more recently dismantled by the Republican French, is situated in a broad valley, at the foot of the abrupt termination of the Alps, and near the confluence of the Doire (the ancient Dura) and the Po. It contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. It bears, at present, no traces of its antiquity: on the contrary, the appearance of every thing, for a European city, is unusually new. The streets are broad and straight, uniformly crossing one another at right angles, and passing through a number of large squares, the finest of which are the Piazza San Carlo and Piazza Castello. The houses are high and uniform, and are universally built of brick covered with a grayish plaster. The streets are paved, like our own, with small round stones, and are traversed through the gutters in the middle by a constant and plentiful supply of water, eminently convenient in warm weather, or in case of fire, and contributing greatly to the preservation of cleanliness in the streets themselves.

The public buildings of Turin, the palaces of the nobility, &c. are all of brick, on which the most unhappy attempts have been made at ornament. The ancient palace of the kings of Savoy, which stands in the centre of the Piazza Castello, presents four sides to the spectator, all of which are of brick and eminently ugly, except the western one, on which is a Corinthian peristyle, apparently in stone. The king's palace, which fronts upon the same square, is perfectly plain ; but, from the greatness of its dimensions, and the propriety of its proportions, seems worthy of its object, though only brick plastered. The churches are all modern, and in the same fantastic taste with the palaces. Though richly ornamented within, they produce no striking or permanent effect, except from their frescoes, which in France might be pointed out as *chef d'œuvres*.

The university is a large building in the same miserable taste, built around a court of spacious dimensions. By accident I stumbled into it ; and seeing the word Museum placed over a door, requested admission. I confess my astonishment at finding, in a place not noticed by the guides, a number of beautiful antique statues, among which were a young Athleta, and a Bacchus holding a bunch of grapes ; a numerous collection of Etruscan vases and Roman utensils ; an endless succession of bronze and marble Penates, of diminutive size, and, in some instances, of beautiful workmanship : an Egyptian tablet (which our conductor assured us was unique) about four feet by two in its dimensions, composed of bronze and engraved with hieroglyphic devices in a sort of silver mosaic ; bucklers of the days of chivalry, beautifully ornamented in bas-relief ; a sword, found in opening the road over Mount Cenis, inscribed in Gothic characters, “ pour conserver l'honneur,” and which, from the richness of its blade (at least three feet long), and its hilt sculptured at the end with a knot of men and horses, had manifestly belonged

to no vulgar owner ; and, lastly, two delightful groups (the figures about three feet high) executed in ivory by some nameless German artist, of the sacrifice of Isaac and the judgment of Solomon. The former particularly unites a wonderful degree of ingenuity and skill. Isaac is seated on the pile. The father stands with one hand laid upon the victim, and the other uplifted in the act to strike. An angel, suspended in the air by a single piece of drapery, which flows naturally downward behind the body of Abraham, arrests his arm ; and just springing into view is seen the substituted lamb. This museum was to me an admirable illustration of the richness of Italy in works of art and the remains of ancient times. Though too comparatively insignificant to be mentioned in works treating expressly of the curiosities of Italy, yet to my transalpine and transmarine eye it afforded abundant enjoyment.

The little that I was enabled to observe of the manners of the Turinese, induced me to believe that they furnish no illustration whatever of Italian character. Their very language is a dialect ; and French is almost universally spoken with the same ease as Italian. Their costume, also, is transalpine ; but, in some instances, I saw the graceful though singular red cloak of Venice. Their persons are tall and muscular, and their complexions light and sanguine ; nor have their features, though generally handsome, that classic mould which I had been taught to expect on the classic ground of Italy. In fact, however, I am not yet in the Italy of the ancients. The most striking feature to a stranger, especially on coming from France, is the general devoutness of the people. While in France, the churches were always vacant, the people always spoke with disrespect of the mysteries of religion and the members of the priesthood, and these latter showed themselves but seldom, or walked with downcast eyes and deprecating humility of aspect. Here,

on the contrary, the churches are well attended ; and the priests walk abroad through the streets with an air unembarrassed and independent, and seem to be treated with deference and kindness. The same frequency of military men, both on and off duty, occurs as in the streets of Paris. The same habits at table also prevail, except that the Turinese dine at two, and, like the Savoyards, eat grated cheese in their soup. This predominance of French manners is owing not only to the vicinity of the countries, but to the frequent conquests of Piedmont by France ; and above all, to the fond partiality which the house of Savoy has always cherished for that of Bourbon.

Wishing to pursue the Italian tour in a mode better calculated for the examination of the country than the ordinary public conveyances would afford, we engaged, at Turin, the carriage of a Vetturino to take us on our way. This is a vehicle similar to our hackney coaches, except that the driver's seat is covered with a chaise top and furnished with an apron. In the negotiations for this object we were compelled to learn, by experience, what we had before learned by information, respecting the exactions practised on travellers by the owners of these carriages. Their plan of imposition is systematic and combined ; and it is a duty which travellers owe to themselves and to others to detect and resist it.

I could not leave Turin without paying a visit to the " King of floods." Though only thirty miles from its source, the Po is here twelve hundred feet broad and proportionably deep. Its course in the vicinity of Turin, is from southwest to northeast. It is spanned by a fine bridge, leading from the city to the eastern shore. The best positions in the vicinity of the city for prospect are the citadel on the west, and the bridge of the Po on the east. Beyond the bridge arises a lofty hill, whose topmost summit is crowned by the aspiring dome of the Superga, a church built by Victor Amadeus in fulfilment of a vow made by him, on that very spot, when

he there met with Prince Eugene to consult on measures for repelling the French from the walls of Turin. The sides of the hill are covered by the country-seats of the Piedmontese nobility ; and nearer at hand, on a smaller eminence, arises a beautiful convent, adding to the variety and interest of the scene.

But the great ornament of Turin is still further in the distance. The lofty pinnacles of Mount Cenis rise afar in the west, resting lightly on the azure sky, and only distinguishable from clouds by the precision of their outline. Towards the south the pointed cone of Monte Viso rises far above its neighbors, and seems to pierce the heavens. Thence a continuous range descends towards the Mediterranean. The Alpine barrier again stretches itself from Mount Cenis, towards the north, and continues until broken in the northeast by the valley of the Po. Meantime the children of the Alps, at various points, descend in less lofty ridges ; as if, tired of their native abode, they were seeking for themselves a more hospitable home in the regions below. The plain of Piedmont and its surrounding ramparts present to the astonished eye a natural amphitheatre, whose arena is the plain itself, whose gradually rising benches are the aspiring sunmits of the successive mountain ridges, and whose walls are the eternal Alps. This brilliant scenery I have seen beneath the splendor of noon-day, and colored by the softer glories of sunset. I have seen the plain covered with its wintry brown ; and I have seen the whole amphitheatre, from plain to mountain top, enveloped in virgin snow, presenting to the rays of the sun an unbroken and unbounded surface of burnished silver.

The Alps, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, form the natural fortresses of Italy ; which, had she been but true to herself, might for ever have prevented the step of an invading foe from polluting the sacred soil of heroes. But, alas ! how often have they been stormed and penetrated—

how often have they yielded to a rushing torrent of fierce barbarians, who poured themselves upon the plains of suffering Italy ! How often, in the language of her last and most successful invader, have the Alps themselves been annihilated before the ambition of man, the cupidity of conquest !

It was on the morning of our leaving Turin that I had a better view than on any preceding occasion, of the magnificent scenery with which it is surrounded. Starting at six o'clock, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked of course for the mountains. My hope of seeing them was but small, as day had only just begun to break. However, far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red, which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they were privileged to catch the beams of day. By and by their color warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As morning advanced, a red hot glow succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western section, lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. Meantime the eastern horizon was not unworthy of attention. The golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent back ground, against which were relieved the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighboring hills. Scarcely had I time to contemplate this part of the scene and turn towards the mountains, before their aspect was again changed. The mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight gray. The mountains themselves, in their whole vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire. I am using no figure of rhetoric, and wish to be understood literally. Iron in the furnace could not have glowed with an ~~intense~~ ^{intense} red, than did those stupendous masses in the rays of ~~morning~~ ^{morning}. Never did I witness a scene of such transcendent and overwhelming magnificence. A wall of fire, seeming

almost as extensive as half the circumference of earth, its battlements and pyramids and towers shooting upwards into heaven, as if preparing to inflame those elevated regions; and above and still beyond, new spires catching the same fiery radiance, the bases of the mountains clothed in vapor, *the valley pervaded with the gray mist of twilight, the distant town relieved against this brilliant back ground, the majestic river, the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape* which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight.

At Moncaglieri, where we passed a capacious palace of the king, built around a very extensive quadrangle, and consisting of four pavilions, four stories in height, connected by a lower range of buildings; we turned from the Po, and pursued through a level country an easterly direction until we arrived at Villa Nova. The country was filled with hamlets and villages, convents and churches; and from these circumstances seemed fertile, though the soil itself was covered a foot deep with snow. The spires of the churches were not, as in France, pointed and gothic; on the contrary they were generally like our own, composed of successive arcades and adorned with pillars; with this difference, however, that they were composed entirely of brick. I entered, to satisfy my curiosity, one of the churches of Villanova, a village of two thousand inhabitants, and found it to my astonishment adorned with fresco paintings of the resurrection, of Moses smiting the rock, of the meeting of Jacob and Esau; which were excellent both in design and execution. Besides this, in one of the side chapels there was a beautiful copy in oil of Raphael's Madonna seated in a chair. The high altar was composed of marble of the finest sort, and the massive railing of the chancel was formed of the same beautiful material. The altar of one of the side chapels was also richly sculptured in wood. In the village we saw a great number of lazy people standing still,

and sunning themselves, or lounging about without any apparent occupation.

At night we arrived at Asti, the birth place of Alfieri, one of the most remarkable men of his age, and one of the greatest geniuses of Italy. We saw the house where he was born, a handsome edifice, which descended after his death to his sister, with whom the family of Alfieri became extinct about four months since. His fellow-citizens seem so well aware of his merit, that even the valet of our hotel could show a piece of his handwriting, which he appeared to treasure as a precious relic. A remarkable difference between Italy and France is apparent in the sex of the servants by whom you are attended in the inns. In the latter, women are scattered all over the house ; in the former, one is never seen. The wine of Asti is celebrated as the best of Piedmont. Both the white and red are luscious sweet wines, containing a good deal of fixed air. In the morning we set out in the midst of a fall of snow, the ground being already covered to a considerable depth. I grudged, I confess, every step that I advanced in Italy, in a season so uncongenial to the land. For eighteen years past so great a fall of snow had not been known.

The city of Alexandria, at which we arrived about mid-day, is very strongly fortified by an apparently impregnable citadel, and a lofty rampart extending all around the city : even now it is numerously garrisoned. Between the citadel and the town is a massive stone bridge over the Tanaro, the first covered bridge that I had seen in Europe. Being here in the neighborhood of the village of Marengo, I hunted in all the print-shops and book-stores for a plan of the battle ; but to my astonishment not only failed in the attempt, in a city containing thirty thousand inhabitants, and so near a scene so celebrated, but found that the name of the battle was hardly recognised. A lesson this for conquerors, from which they might derive salutary instruction.

About a mile from Alexandria we crossed the Bormida, a stream as inconsiderable as the Rubicon, but destined to equal, though not similar, celebrity. A mile further on we came to the village of Marengo, lying a little to the left of the road, in the midst of a dead level, sufficiently extensive to form a battle-ground for all the armies of Europe. The French passed the Bormida farther South, advancing from Arquì; and the village constituted the centre of the battle. We were shown a house where Napoleon was stationed during the battle, or held his quarters after it: the guide in this point contradicting himself, by stating at one time that the Austrians were at first in possession of the village, and at another that Bonaparte was there during the battle. It mattered but little to me, however, in what precise spot he was stationed—his master-spirit was here—his eye had measured the battle-ground—his mind had calculated and concentrated its wonderful combinations upon this chosen field. There he was, the republican chief-magistrate of France, the favorite of victory, the child of destiny. What and where is he now? What and where are the fruits of all his blood-bought triumphs? In unison with these melancholy views, was the sudden direction of my guide's finger to the spot where the gallant Desaix fell and was buried. It is by the way-side, a little beyond the village, near a range of trees which line the road. His monument has been carried off by the Austrians; and he is now remembered by the country round, not by his immortal name, but only as the French general who perished in the arms of victory.

About twelve miles from Alexandria we arrived at Novi, celebrated for a battle lost by the French in the days of the republic, in which general Joubert was killed. Here we stopped for the night, and were shown into a parlour in our inn, the lofty ceiling of which, slightly arched, was painted in fresco, with a very tolerable copy of Guido's *Aurora*.

We left Novi by the new road, planned and in part executed by Napoleon, but not completed, I believe, before his fall. This road passes by Arquata, Ronca, and Ponte Decimo; and avoids the Bochetta, a summit of the Appenines about *two thousand five hundred feet above, the passage of which by the old road was both dangerous and difficult.*

From Novi the scenery increased in wildness to Arquata, from whence we suddenly plunged by the valley of the river Servia, into the very heart of the Appenines. Our road lay through a winding narrow gorge, bordered on each side by short and abrupt mountains, in part naked and craggy, and here and there covered with scattered trees. The scenery, though less grand, was if possible more picturesque than that of the Alps. The road was cumbered with snow two feet deep, and the track was consequently narrow; we were therefore detained by constant encounters with carts loaded with merchandise from Genoa, of which we met on a moderate calculation at least a hundred, placed upon two wheels, and drawn by four horses or mules harnessed one before the other; an awkward contrivance, especially for so mountainous a region. About noon we arrived at Ronca, from whence by a gradual ascent we reached in about two hours the summit of the Appenines. The day, which in its commencement had been lowering, had now cleared up. The sun, rejoicing in his strength, had rolled away the mists from the mountain tops, and lighted up all nature with a congenial gladness. Being apprised that I should have a view of the sea from the summit, I had not patience to await the slow movement of the carriage, but walked on before. On reaching the highest point of the road, I was ready to cry out, like the harassed ten thousand, "The sea, the sea."—That broad and noble element indeed lay before me, the open path which in a few short weeks might conduct me safely to my own distant

home. Though nearly twenty miles off, its waves shone like a mirror between the opening ridges of the Appenines.

In descending into the valley of the Polcevera by traverses cut in the sides of the mountain, we entered almost at once into quite a different region. The snow which had accompanied us all the way from Turin, had disappeared, the hill-side was clothed with verdure, the early flowers of spring began to show their heads, and a milder atmosphere breathed from the genial south. The valley itself is more beautiful than tongue can describe. Its ever varied mountains, its murmuring stream, its pleasant villas, its high seated churches, its picturesque villages placed by the river's side, or on some lofty knoll, constituted a scene, whose influence on my mind I must ever despair of communicating to another: especially do I feel this diffidence when I recall the accessories of the scene:—in one place a line of mules creeping slowly up the mountain's side, in another a group of peasants in the peculiar costume of their country, red caps, short jackets, small-clothes, and long gaiters, with perhaps a coat or great-coat arranged in cafeless folds over the shoulder; here a solitary individual opening the earth, a sign so grateful of returning spring; there another engaged in pruning vines, or cutting the canes, which grow spontaneously in the humid bottoms; with here and there a priest in flowing garments, or a female dressed in red, the favorite color, which, though not calculated to satisfy good taste, still adds to the effect of romantic scenery. I have heard the Italians accused of laziness. I have myself seen them in crowds lounging unemployed, and sunning themselves in the streets of villages. But if such be their national characteristic, this valley at least forms a striking exception. Here not only every inch of apparently practicable ground is sedulously cultivated, but the steep sides of the mountains are covered with regular orchards of chesnut trees, and the

stony bed of the river is actually cleared for use, and walled in little patches with pebbles gathered in the operation.

Beautiful as the scenery had been before, at the close of day it became still more enchanting. The sun had sunk beyond the Appenines, leaving behind him a golden atmosphere, which streamed softly up the valley and relieved, in yellow light, the blue outlines of the mountains. The "drowsy tinklings" of the mule bells came faintly on the ear; the more deep and sonorous tones of the convent bells, tolling for vespers, broke upon the listening silence, and mingling together in harmonious discord, floated along the stream or were reverberated from the surrounding hills; the priest paused to speak with the attentive villagers, the peasant trudged cheerfully homeward with his burden, or hastened alertly to his evening devotions: all was soft and beautiful and calm, suited to the hour when the sun himself, his daily task finished, appears to sink into the arms of rest. A doubtful light shone upon the landscape as we approached the sea; we heard, before for the second time we saw, the waters of the Mediterranean. As we rode along its shore, my excited imagination could not but recall the scenes of which that sea had been the witness. It had borne upon its bosom the fleets of Tyre and Egypt, of Greece, of Carthage, and of Rome. It had seen the shock of hostile navies, and sustained, for ages, the rich burden of eastern commerce. In later days, it had witnessed the triumphs of a Doria, and had cultivated the youthful skill of a Columbus, whose native city was now at length at hand. The light upon its lofty Pharos glimmered like a star far above the horizon, and its long suburb lay before me, in itself a city. At last, upon turning the promontory on which the lighthouse is situated, and entering at that point the external barrier, an amphitheatre of lights arose before me, which I recognised at once as Genoa the Proud.

LETTER III.

GENOA—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY—PUBLIC PROMENADE—PALACES
 —PALACE OF THE DOGE—PALACE DORIA—PALACE DURAZZO—TITIAN
 —SPAGNOLETTA—PALACE OF THE KING—PAUL VERONESE—LUCA GI-
 ORDANO—CARLO DOLCE—PALACE BRIGNOLI—CARAVAGGIO—PALACE
 SERRA—THE UNIVERSITY—ALBERGO DI POVERI—CHURCHES OF GENOA
 —STONING OF ST. STEPHEN, BY RAPHAEL AND GIULIO ROMANO, IN THE
 CHURCH OF SAN STEFANO—COLUMBUS.

GENOA is situated on the northern shore of the Mediterranean, at the foot of, and partly on, the very sides of the Appenines. Its harbor is formed in a semicircular shape, by the points of Sta. Margherita on the east, and San Pietro d'Arena on the west. Its inner port is bounded eastward by a mole projecting four hundred yards into the sea, a stupendous work of the energetic days of the republic, and westward by the prolongation of the point above mentioned. Around the port and still further eastward, lies the city. It is very strongly fortified: in the first place by a rampart extending along the borders of the sea, and a series of fortifications six miles in circumference, embracing not only the city but many of the neighboring heights; and in the second place, by another series drawn along the very summits of the mountains, and no less than fifteen miles in circuit.

The best points of view from which Genoa can be seen are the church of Carignano, the ramparts in its vicinity, and the middle of the harbor. The last perhaps is preferable. From hence you may behold the magnificent amphitheatre presented by the Appenines, crowned by the towers of the

outer rampart; and further down, loaded with the forts of San Michel, San Thommaso, and the old Castello, and adorned with the seats of the rich Genoese, the suburban palaces of the nobility; and nunneries and convents scarcely less splendid in extent and decoration. From the city itself project the dome and cupolas of the church of Carignano, the spires of the cathedral and San Giovanni, and numerous other pinnacles and towers, which add not a little to the richness of the prospect. On one side of the harbor, on the *Mola nuova*, rise two lighthouses, one of which is rendered picturesque by its form and extraordinary height; on the other, the bold and romantic promontory of Porto Fino descends from the Appenines into the sea. The walk on the ramparts is more varied, though it affords, of course, no view equally comprehensive. It becomes particularly interesting when, on turning the point of Sta. Marguerita, you overlook the deep gorge through which the torrent of the Bisagno flows into the sea. Eastward lies the promontory of Porto Fino, its sides, as well as the nearer heights, adorned with villas; beneath, a narrow valley, rich in vineyards, the olive, and the fig; on this side, the city and the port, and far away, in every direction, the constant background of a Genoese landscape, the now waving and now broken outline of the summits of the Appenines. From the church of Carignano the view is similar.

The streets of Genoa are in general curved, following the shore of the harbor, and, with the exception of three, are very narrow, frequently not more than six feet broad. From this circumstance, they appear usually exceedingly thronged. The principal streets, Balbi, Nuovissima, and Nuova, run into one another, though by no means in a continuous straight line. They are lined, on both sides, with ~~ranges of~~ noble palaces, three or four lofty stories in height, and composed of hewn marble or of rough stone stuccoed, and ~~not~~ unfrequently painted in fresco. This last fashion,

though rich, I cannot admire. Fine painting is not adapted to the exterior of a building, as is proved by the defaced appearance of all the palaces ornamented in this manner.

The public promenade is an extensive space, situated on one of the hills of the city, commanding a noble prospect, similar to that already described from the corner of the rampart. In pleasant weather, it is thronged; but when the season is cold, the fashionable world resort to the Strada Nuova, which is crowded with gay groups, and presents a very lively and amusing scene. The costume of the Genoese women is singular and graceful; the head dress is peculiar. It consists of a shawl of white transparent muslin, sometimes worked and sometimes plain, but always pure as snow, drawn over the head and brow, and left to fall gracefully down the shoulders. Underneath a cap is not unfrequently added. The higher classes have abandoned this fashion of their country, and adopted, in an evil hour, the hideous French bonnet. The ladies of Genoa are not distinguished for their beauty, and unhappily still less for their virtues. The custom of *cicisbeism* is very prevalent; and a style of conversation is maintained between the sexes which, in our country, would not be admitted into the exclusive intercourse of gentlemen, supposing them to be men of principle and refinement. The commercial condition of Genoa seems to be prosperous. The harbor is filled with ships of every nation, and the places of business are crowded with faces wearing the expression of eagerness and interest. The government of the king of Sardinia is mild and lenient. He is said to be a man of the most amiable character, who actually regulates his personal expenses with the utmost economy, that he may give the surplus of his income to the poor. But neither in Turin, nor in Genoa, has he succeeded in exterminating pauperism. In the latter place especially, beggars swarm like bees. One cannot pause in the streets

without being surrounded, nor enter a shop without being literally besieged.

The outside of the palaces of Genoa did not correspond with my preconceived ideas of their magnificence ; but on entering their portals, my disappointment was uniformly converted into admiration. Gallery rises above gallery around the whole quadrangle, pierced by arcades and sustained by marble columns. The vaults and walls are painted in fresco, and adorned with rich moulding, gilding, and bas-reliefs. You ascend by spacious staircases, composed entirely of marble, each broad step being generally a single slab, and sometimes a solid block. The apartments are almost universally painted in fresco, and adorned with rich furniture and the finest productions of the arts.

The ancient palace of the Doge is an immense building, the main front of which is composed of successive stories of marble pillars. It is now the seat of the police. Its portico was once graced by two statues of Andrea Doria and another hero of his family, which, on what pretence I know not, were utterly demolished by the French republicans. The only objects of curiosity which appeared were the two halls, the one of the senate and the other of the grand council of the republic, entirely despoiled of all their ornaments, and even of ordinary furniture. In the former there remained only the circular raised platform for the senate, and the still higher platform of the doge : upon this I placed myself, with vivid recollections of that long line of munificent and patriotic magistrates, republicans too like myself, by which it had been graced. The hall of the great council is a noble apartment, about one hundred and twenty feet in length by forty in breadth and sixty in height. Along its walls are ranged niches, which formerly contained plain monuments to the great men of the republic, surmounted by their statues. On the approach of the French republicans, the statues were removed ; and on their entrance, the monuments were des-

troyed. On the subsequent arrival of Buonaparte, the Genoese were base enough to give him a ball in this very apartment, and to supply the place of the statues of their ancestors with miserable effigies, the heads of plaster, the bodies stuffed with straw; and covered ingeniously enough in the form of drapery with coarse white muslin. These wretched substitutes still remain undisturbed.

The ancient palace Doria on the northern side of the harbor, its garden extending to the rampart, is in a state of similar desolation. On its rear is inscribed the fact that it was built by Andrea Doria, commander of the fleets of Charles V. Francis I. and his own country, for himself and his posterity, in the year 1528. The latter part of the inscription is a cutting satire on the conduct of his descendants. Unmindful of their noble residence, connected as it is with the glory of their ancestors, nay, voluntary exiles from that country of which those ancestors were the defence and ornament, they leave it to the care or neglect of a menial dependant; while they enjoy themselves undisturbed amid the dignities and honors of the papal court. It is going fast to decay. Its gildings are faded, its frescoes are defaced, its very columns seem about to moulder. In a few short years the memory alone of its illustrious founder will survive. There is a more modern palace Doria in the Strada Nuova, which was sold sometime since to the king of Sardinia, and is now the residence of the queen dowager. It is a noble edifice, two stories high above the rustic basement. Its front is adorned by a double range of pilasters, the lower Tuscan, and the upper Doric, and surmounted by a Doric cornice. From the bottom of the second story the wall is continued on each side in the manner of wings, and is pierced on a level with the windows of the first story, by three arcades supported by Tuscan columns.

The palace Durazzo, in which the noble family of that name now resides, is in the Strada Balbi, nearly opposite

the palace of the king, once their own. It is entered by a noble portal, through which are seen columns ranged around the interior court. You ascend by a marble staircase to a suite of state apartments, which contain a great number of valuable pictures. Among them were a group by Titian, of half-length figures of Ceres seated and holding a vase, Cupid leaning on her shoulder, a nymph approaching, and Bacchus in the back-ground. The group was of the richest beauty. The downcast but liquid eye of the goddess, covered in part by its long lashes, the glowing lips and finely shaped neck and shoulders were of a real and tangible and almost sensual beauty, which accorded perfectly with the style of the master.

It was here that I first obtained a definite idea of the style of Spagnoletto. There are four or five of his paintings in this palace, which bear the strongest possible family resemblance. Indeed his style is so peculiar, that it could scarcely be otherwise. The contrast between his lights and shades is greater than is discovered even in Caravaggio himself. He delights in selecting the most marked expression, and the strongest features. Old men are peculiarly adapted to his pencil. His half-length picture of St. Jerome, a subject, by the by, which he often repeated and in which he most excelled, is wonderful. The saint is represented naked in his cell, his head thrown back with an intense though gloomy expression of devotion, and his right arm extended on a table. He is wasted almost to the bone: every nerve is displayed, and the whole attenuated frame is strongly brought out by the darkness of the background, and the glaring light. The effect of the painting upon the mind is gloomy and terrible, but not sublime. For this latter quality, I would rather refer to a similar picture of St. Peter, by Annibal Carracci. The noble expansion of the features, ~~and~~ their dignified and intellectual expression, are such as ~~become~~ the chief of the Apostles. There is here also a

noble Portia in the style of Guido, by Massini of the Genoese school. Her eyes are lifted to heaven, and she is in the act of taking the coals, which she employed as the instrument of suicide, from a vase that stands beside her. The dignity of the Roman matron, the resolution of the wife of Brutus, are worthily expressed. The ceilings of all the apartments are beautifully painted in fresco. The one which appeared to me most worthy of admiration, was that which contained a representation of the superior deities assembled—by Semini, a Genoese, and a successful imitator of Raphael.

The palace of the king, which formerly belonged to the family of Durazzo, is the largest palace of Genoa. Its immense front of twenty-two windows, and three stories, is adorned with pilasters and balconies of fine marble. The staircase is composed of Carrara marble. Its apartments are decorated with fresco gilding, sculpture, tapestry, and paintings of the richest kind, and by the greatest masters. One of the famous suppers at the house of Simon the pharisee, by Paul Veronese, constitutes the noblest ornament even of this splendid abode of royalty. It contains upwards of thirty figures; spectators, attendants, beggars with their dogs, and guests arranged around the table. At your right hand is the principal group; composed of our Saviour seated, the Magdalen kneeling at his feet, with one foot on her lap, and gazing with tender curiosity and rapt attention at her defender. Her attitude is graceful, her countenance wonderfully expressive, her head and hands are to the life. Over the right shoulder of our Lord, a woman bends forward in a fixed attitude of attention, at once natural and strongly delineated. Behind the Saviour stands Simon the pharisee, partaking of a similar expression; above and around a throng of heads are seen—some incredulous, some doubting, and some believing. The coloring of the piece is rich and

harmonious, and the execution finished. It is in a state of admirable preservation.

There is a noble painting here by Luca Giordano, of the Neapolitan school, of the prevention by Clorinda of the threatened martyrdom of Olindo and Sophronia. The lovers are bound back to back to the stake. The guards are stationed round in readiness to apply the flames. On the right the warrior maid appears on horseback, directing an officer to loose their bonds. The composition is admirable, the execution beautiful. The figure and countenance of Sophronia are peculiarly striking. In the same palace is a holy family, by Van Dyck, of exquisite beauty. St. John kneels at the feet of the Virgin; she holds the infant Saviour towards him; he with extended hands caresses the features of the Baptist, who regards his Master with a delightful expression of infant devotion. St. Joseph and Elizabeth stand by, pleased and attentive. The whole picture glows with beauty and with grace. It was in this palace that I first saw a specimen of the works of Carlo Dolce. There were two; the most beautiful of which was a head of the Madonna. Her eyes are downcast, her hands are clasped over her bosom, a dark blue veil is drawn over her head, contrasting admirably with the lucid tints of her complexion. The artist has well been called the sweet. The fineness of his pencil is inconceivable; the softness of his expression is indescribable. As if in contrast, in the same apartment is placed a dead Christ of Caravaggio, which exhibits his usual strength of design and gloom of coloring. I cannot terminate my brief hints upon this palace, without mentioning an apartment about sixty feet in length by fifteen in breadth, which is one of the most magnificent in Genoa. The ceiling and walls are profusely ornamented with sculpture, fresco, and gilding. Seven noble windows range on each side of the apartment—between

them and at each end are placed statues, for the greater part antique.

The palace Brignole, is said to contain the most numerous collection in Genoa. We were permitted to see only a part of it; in consequence of the other apartments being occupied at the time of our visit. The most remarkable painting that we saw, was the resurrection of Lazarus, by Caravaggio. In the foreground on the left, kneel the sisters of Lazarus, expecting the miracle. In the centre stands our Saviour on a slight elevation, with one hand extended as if he had just said, "Lazarus, come forth." On the left the dead man, half risen and supported by two attendants, is just opening his eyes again upon the day: his posture is stiff and rigid, as if he had been raised at once by Almighty power, without any effort of his own. In this whole figure there is a terrible sublimity, unnatural, or rather supernatural, as the occasion demanded. The astonishment of the Jews around is expressed with wonderful energy. The composition is admirable: the execution is in the usual manner of this master. A dark ground, and strong lights, thrown in large masses on his figures, distinguish his pictures; and they are well employed upon the present subject. His style is something dark, original, prodigious, adapted to subjects of a terrible or mournful character. There is here a beautiful picture, by Guercino, of Cleopatra extended on her couch, and dying with the aspick at her breast: and a number of other pictures by the same master, well worthy of his fame. Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, by Carlo Dolce, is represented in the act of sweating great drops of blood. The subject is far from being happy, but is treated with wonderful sweetness.

The palace Serra is principally remarkable for an apartment, said to be the most magnificent in Europe. It is about fifty feet long by thirty in breadth, and about as high as it is broad. It is floored with a marble stucco. Its walls are surrounded with ranges of Corinthian columns. Marble

busts are placed over the doors. In the intercolumniations are placed on two sides, without frames, immense magnificent mirrors, which seem to multiply the columns and lengthen the apartment to an indefinite extent. In other intervals are arabesque ornaments and bas-reliefs. The whole of the wall, columns included, is covered with a magnificent sheet of gold. The ceiling is an elliptical vault, sustained by curved cariatides of marble, exquisitely sculptured, and surrounded by gilded ornaments. The face of the vault is covered with a glorious fresco, of the apotheosis of Ambros Spinola, by Callet, a French artist. The gilding alone of this apartment is said to have cost a million of francs.

The university is a vast building, containing a number of fine monuments of art. In its chapel are six beautiful bas-reliefs in bronze, by John of Bologna, representing on a diminutive scale, the coronation of our Saviour, the scourging, the prætorium, the condemnation, Pilate washing his hands, and the bearing of the cross. The last is the most beautiful. Jesus, preceded and followed by soldiers on foot and horseback, stoops to his knee beneath the burthen of the cross; and St. Veronica is introduced to wipe away the sweat from off his brow. In the same room are two fine paintings by Paolo Mattei, of the Neapolitan school, of the conception of the Virgin, and the vision of St. Jerome. The former is exquisitely beautiful. The Virgin is standing on a cloud, surrounded by angels. The attitude is graceful, the outline beautiful, the expression soft and sweet, almost beyond comparison. The hall of public examinations is adorned with six full-length statues in bronze, by John of Bologna, of Justice, Charity, Science, Fortitude, Faith, and Hope. The last is the best, though all are excellent. The ceiling of this apartment is painted in fresco, by Carlone, with a representation of St. Ignatius in glory. He is indeed in glory. He rests lightly on the clouds, surrounded by the radiance of

heaven, and attended by choirs of angels. Fresco is peculiarly adapted to such a subject; and it is managed here by the hand of a master. Though a Genoese by birth, he studied at Rome, and, according to *Lanzi*, is one of the best, though not one of the best known, fresco painters of Italy.

The *Albergo dei Poveri* is an immense building just without the inner wall of Genoa, and serves at once as a poor-house and a workhouse. It was built and endowed by the munificence of private citizens. According to the information of my guide, it contains three thousand inmates; and from my own observation, I should think his statement correct. It seems a world within itself. In one point, however, the management is miserable. On attempting to enter the workshops, where coarse cottons are woven and carpets made, the stench was so intolerable as to drive me immediately back. The whole house, indeed, was miserably filthy. In the church of this building is a beautiful altar, composed of Carrara marble, and surmounted by a fine statue, by *Puget*, of the Assumption of the Virgin. In the same chapel are one or two good pictures. But all its ornaments fade into insignificance when compared with a bas-relief by Michael Angelo, which is placed over one of the altars. It is a round medallion, about two feet and a half in diameter, and represents Christ dead and embraced by his mother. The head of the Saviour, and the head and hands of Mary, are alone visible. One hand of the mother supports his falling head, the other rests upon his neck and bosom. Her lips are approached towards him, as if to kiss the cold inanimate cheek. The face of our Saviour bears the marks of a consuming and overwhelming anguish. The hollow eye, the lines of the brow and mouth, speak irresistibly to the heart. Yet the storm is overpast, and more than the repose of death, the very tranquillity of heaven, has settled down upon the features. The face of the mother is one of living anguish, modified by the tenderest traits of affection. Should the pile

of St. Peter's tumble to the earth, and were the walls of the Vatican itself defaced, the immortal artist might trust to this single remnant for the preservation of his fame.

The exterior architecture of the churches of Genoa is, in general, miserable enough. Supremely so is that of the cathedral church of San Lorenzo. It is of great extent, and is faced entirely with polished black and white marble ; but unfortunately this has been arranged throughout in horizontal stripes ! The interiors of the churches are, however, extremely rich. The most valuable marbles are lavished in profusion—pavements and pillars, shrines and altars, are all composed of this beautiful material. Its varieties are mingled, however, in the same altar, and even in the same column, producing an effect curious and rich, but contrary to that simplicity which good taste demands. Silver appears an ordinary ore. Massive lamps composed of this metal burn before the shrine, and small images of the same material, adorn the niches of the chapels. But the greatest ornament of the churches is their pictures and bas-reliefs ; particularly the first.

The church of Carignano is an extensive one. Its front is formed by a lofty dome and two towers of nearly equal dimensions, producing an imposing and magnificent effect. It was built at the sole expense of an individual of the family whose name it bears. It is situated on a steep hill, and was not at first easily accessible. The son of its founder, in order to render it more so, erected a bridge over the deep dell which separates it from the rest of the city. Since, the ground below has been covered with houses ; so that underneath the bridge, stands a house no less than six stories high, without by any means equalling the altitude of the bridge itself.

The church of St. Cyr is an ancient edifice, the whole front of which has been rebuilt. It is remarkable, not only for the richness of its marbles and gildings, but as having

been the scene of many a revolutionary assembly in the more glorious days of Genoa—assemblies, not held in dark recesses, or for guilty purposes; but convened in the temple of God to vindicate the liberties of the country. And surely the temple of God is not profaned when lent, in times of emergency, to so sacred an object.

The church of St. Ambrosio contains one of the finest pictures of Guido, and two of the works of Rubens. The Assumption of the Virgin by the first of these masters, is a most exquisite work of art. The Virgin is borne upwards, in a sitting posture, by a host of angels, who surround her on every side and precede her into heaven. She is clothed in white, her hands are folded meekly on her bosom, her countenance is raised towards her destined home. That heavenly expression, for which Guido is so remarkable, glows in her countenance with ineffable force, and satisfies the imagination that it may be in very truth a just resemblance of the mother of the Son of God, ascending up into glory. In a chapel nearly opposite that which contains the Assumption, is the picture, by Rubens, of St. Ignatius healing a demoniac woman, and raising dead infants. The position of the saint within the chancel, on the left side of the picture, is dignified and imposing. His countenance raised to heaven, invoking the aid of God, is sufficiently expressive. It is the demoniac woman, however, that shows the hand of a master. She is held down upon her knees before the chancel by two, but her head is so thrown back that her ghastly and distorted features become fully visible. At the bottom of the picture, on the right, lies extended a dead infant. Around are various individuals, whose agonized and supplicating expression adds wonderfully to the interest of the scene. Had our Saviour been substituted for Ignatius, the picture had been perfect.

The church of San Matteo is remarkable for its antiquity, and as containing the family vault of Doria. The burial

place of the Doria family is a small vaulted subterranean chapel, encrusted with marble and gold. Beneath is the ordinary receptacle of the family : at one end is a plain altar, on which mass is said once a week, and at the other, a marble sarcophagus, containing the bones of Andrew Doria. The inscription was obliterated by the French, and, to the dishonor of the city, has not yet been restored. The traces of the lime are also still visible, with which these barbarians *filled up the sculptured ornaments of the sarcophagus.* It is wonderful to me that they did not break the sarcophagus in pieces, and scatter the ashes of the hero. But this was in the paroxysm of the revolutionary frenzy. It is not the usual characteristic of the French nation to commit spoiliations on the works of art, or the receptacles of the dead.

The church of San Stefano, an old building not at all distinguished for architectural beauty, contains, however, the richest treasure of art which Genoa can boast. This is a picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, from the joint hands of Raphael and Giulio Romano. They frequently worked together ; and the performance of the pupil was inspected in its progress, and sometimes retouched, by the hand of his master. In this picture, however, the parts of Raphael and his pupil are marked with somewhat greater distinctness. The upper part of it, representing Jesus seated at the right hand of God, just risen from the bosom of his Father, leaning over with one hand extended in the attitude of benediction, and surrounded by a cloud of angels, is the exclusive work of the former. The God-made man is depicted with wonderful grace and expression, and the angels seem worthy representations of the inhabitants of heaven. But it must, I think, be admitted, that in this picture the pupil has been permitted to surpass his instructor. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, as his subject gave him an advantage so immense. In the foreground the proto-martyr kneels upon one knee, ~~with~~ both hands extended, the palms outward, and

with countenance upraised to the celestial revelation of the Son of God. You seem to hear him utter the petition, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," as you look upon a countenance in which an expression of the extremity of suffering is blended with that of faith and hope, confirmed by vision. Around him in a semicircle are seen his murderers, one with an immense stone raised in both hands above his head, another with a single hand uplifted, a third whose whole figure is swayed round in order to give the full impetus to the stone he is about to cast, and a fourth and fifth, and I know not how many more, in various postures, yet all instinct with life and animated with ferocity. At the left corner of the picture, Saul of Tarsus kneels on one knee upon the garments of the executioners, and, pointing towards Stephen, seems to animate them with a vindictive look of scorn to the completion of their work. The anatomy, the lights and shades, the coloring, the composition, the expression of this admirable picture, are above all praise. Perhaps, however, as Stephen fronts the spectator, his head is hardly sufficiently thrown back to make it evident that he fully sees the opening heavens.

To-morrow I leave Genoa. My brief sojourn in this place has been one of deep and absorbing interest, produced chiefly, not by the mingled softness and wildness of its surrounding landscape ; not by its luxurious climate, or gorgeous palaces ; not by the treasures of art, with which it regales the fancy and gratifies the taste : but by the thrilling recollection that it is the birth-place of the illustrious discoverer of my native hemisphere ; of him to whom America owes every thing—her civilization, her religion, her liberties, her illimitable hopes ; and to whom the family of mankind owe more than to any mortal descendant of our common parent. I have sought, but sought in vain, for the house, or even the precise spot, in which Columbus was born. Inquiry ends in doubt, and

tradition only "leads to bewilder." Else would I have gazed on the house, however humble and ruinous, with the fond delight with which I should have regarded the loved abode of a wronged and persecuted and deceased parent ; or, had the house been gone and left no wreck behind, I would have gathered from the sacred spot where it had stood, some flower or leaf or pebble, as a precious memorial. But it is enough for me that I have breathed the same air which he first inhaled ; that I have beheld that sea which nursed and matured him for his arduous and fearless march through the unknown deep, and those mountains, the bordering Appenines and neighboring Alps, with whose spirits his was wont to commune ; that I have set my foot in that consecrated land of heroes, at whose redundant fountains of light his youthful lamp was fed ; that I am surrounded by those stirring associations which inspired him with the lofty, but not unholy, ambition of being great and good ; which, perhaps, first swelled his glowing bosom with the mighty, the godlike aspiration to give mankind a new world.

LETTER IV.

DEPARTURE FROM GENOA—BEAUTY OF THE SEASON AND SCENERY—
HARBOR OF SPEZIA—DUCHY OF MASSA—PISA—CATHEDRAL; ITS BEL-
FRY, OR LEANING TOWER OF PISA—DEPARTURE FROM PISA, AND
ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.

I LEFT Genoa with regret, and took the road by the sea-side which runs from thence to Pisa, between the Appenines and the Mediterranean. The day was as beautiful as a bright sun, a cloudless sky, and a mild atmosphere, could make it. The quick approach of spring was visible in the immediate environs of Genoa, though they are liable to sudden changes of climate from the cold winds which occasionally blow down the valley of the Polcevera on the one side, and that of the Bisagno on the other. A few miles beyond Genoa, and we seemed to have been transported into fairy land. Groves of orange trees, loaded with fruit and the richest of all foliage, and sometimes adorned with blossoms, exhaled their perfume. The rose blushed into view in every garden. The aloes grew wild. The flowers of the field had commenced their bright, though brief, existence. The plain was covered with verdure. The hill-side was literally clothed with the evergreen olive, arranged on artificial terraces. Amidst these arose sometimes the lofty cone of the cypress, or more frequently the tower of a church or convent, or the walls of a suburban villa. On one side lay the ocean, calm as a sleeping infant; on the other rose the Appenines, now capped with snow, now green to the very summit; here

rising steep and lofty from the very ocean, and there sinking as if to open a long vista of their more distant peaks. Behind was occasionally to be seen Genoa, with its domes and towers glittering in the sun, and beyond, the mountains which line its gulf ; before, was the promontory of Porto Fino, plunging precipitously into the very sea. The road followed every winding of the coast ; the prospect was, consequently, varied every moment, each new view appearing still more lovely than all the past. The villages which line the coast are beautiful. Nervi is peculiarly so. Upon crossing in its lowest part the promontory of Porto Fino, we took a last farewell of Genoa, and exchanged for our northern view a more extensive one to the south. I cannot present its general features to you with more exactness, than to ask you to conceive our own Hudson, where it flows through the highlands, expanded into an ocean ; the mountains raised in height and abated in steepness, no longer barren, but smiling with culture, houses, and villages, and ancient churches : I would ask you then to cover your imaginary landscape with an atmosphere, not misty, but just enough obscured to soften tints, add grace to forms, and increase the effect of distance. This done, you have a good idea of the shores of the Mediterranean. At Chiavari, a fine town upon the shore, I saw the Italian sun sink below the broad expanse of ocean : a glorious spectacle in any land, but here magnificent beyond imagination.

The road from Sestri to Spezia is less interesting, as it leaves the sea and plunges once more into the heart of the Apennines. The harbor of Spezia is one of the finest in the Mediterranean. Its natural advantages were very much improved by Napoleon. It has been selected, I believe, as the naval depot of our squadron. About six miles from Spezia we passed the village of Arcola, situated picturesquely on the side of a steep hill, and shortly after crossed the Magra, (as our guide called it) in a boat which had but one end for

entrance, and was so awkwardly constructed that the horses were necessarily unharnessed. Sarzana is the last town in the duchy of Genoa. At Lavenza, a small hamlet, distinguished only by the ruins of a fine castle, commences the duchy of Massa. This little state is remarkable for the richness of its soil, and the excellence of its cultivation. It is one continual succession of olive yards and gardens. Vines here are made to run on trees planted along the border of the fields, and tied together from tree to tree, so as to form a continuous line. They seemed to be pruned with some care, but otherwise they were left in a state of nature. Indeed, I am convinced from all that I have seen, that no very peculiar soil or climate or skill is necessary for the successful cultivation of the vine. I have seen it in the frozen regions of the valley of Maurienne, as well as on the sunny plains of Italy and France. I have seen it sometimes cropped almost to the earth, and at others allowed to spread with its native luxuriance.

The city of Massa is seated on the side of a mountain, and is remarkable chiefly for its extensive castle, which would appear to have been impregnable. There is one, however, a little further on, more picturesque in its situation, and more interesting because more ruinous. It is perched upon the very summit of a mountain, three sides of which are almost inaccessible. It is sufficiently preserved to exhibit its form and extent. The traces of decay and of desertion are however but too visible, and are calculated to excite the most melancholy emotions. Within that overgrown window was the bower of beauty : upon those falling ramparts was the station of chivalry ; of beauty long since food for worms, of chivalry whose remembrance is forgotten. We stopped at night at Pietra Santa, which, though within the principality of Lucca, belongs to Tuscany. The mistress of the inn seemed to glory in the fact ; when I asked her whether she was of Massa or of Lucca, she replied with

a sort of indignation and great emphasis, "Non, Signori—*Toscani*." Lucca is equally remarkable with Massa for bad roads and rich cultivation.

On approaching the borders of Pisa a little north of Serchio, you are reminded of the ancient military character of that republic. Towers, now in ruins, rise on the eminences, to command the passage of the valley. After crossing the Serchio you enter the plain of Pisa, which is about five or six miles broad, lying between the mountains and the sea. The city itself is seen to advantage in the distance, surrounded by its lofty wall, and projecting its domes and spires and towers towards heaven.

Pisa is situated on the Arno, which divides it into two parts nearly equal. It is surrounded by a wall about five miles in circumference. Its streets are broad and noble, gently curved in consequence of the direction of the river, and paved with large flag-stones. The houses are in general of stucco, and from three to four stories high. But few marble palaces and churches are now left; and most of the towers which distinguished this warlike city have disappeared. The Arno is traversed by three fine bridges, the central one of which is composed entirely of marble. The Lung' Arno, or quay along the Arno, is tolerably well built, and exhibits a pleasing spectacle, very much heightened by the graceful curve of the river. Pisa, however, has lost its former character of grave republican magnificence. The very sea has receded from its ancient port; its population has dwindled from one hundred and fifty thousand to eighteen thousand citizens; its streets and squares are solitary and deserted. Once the mistress of the Mediterranean and the rival of Florence, once a free and independent republic, she has now become an obscure and neglected province.

There still remains, however, one noble group of buildings in a retired corner of the city, monuments at once of the

antiquity and past magnificence of Pisa. I allude to the cathedral, its baptistery and belfry, both separate edifices; and the celebrated burial-place, denominated the Campo Santo. They are all situated in the same secluded and verdant plot: "fortunate," says Forsyth, "both in their society, and in their solitude."

The cathedral is built in the form of a latin cross, and is surmounted by a low ill-looking dome. Its size is about one hundred and eighty by eighty-four feet. It is entirely encrusted on the outside with white marble. The sides and end are ornamented with a triple range of columns or pilasters, supporting cornices or arches. The front towards the baptistery is adorned with no less than five stories of antique columns, differing in their orders, size, and even in their materials. Its three doors are of solid bronze, divided into pannels, each containing a separate bas-relief, by John of Bologna. There is a similar door at the other end of the church, executed in the eleventh century. The transepts and tribune are rounded. Within, the church is a strange compound of magnificence and meanness, of architectural beauty and deformity. The roof of the nave is flat, of dark wood, very richly sculptured and gilt, while the walls of the nave are of bare rough stucco and mortar. The columns of the nave are stupendous in size, and composed of a single block of oriental granite; but at the same time they are of an order (Corinthian) not adapted to their size, material, and purpose, and are placed under arches out of all proportion to their length. They differ also in shape, and among them are placed two magnificent fluted columns of Parian marble. Besides these, there is a range of columns dividing each of the aisles into two, and supporting their roof. As you stand on the steps of the high altar, the general effect of the whole is very noble. As you move around the church, their combinations change at every step, and give rise to the perception of new beauties. The orna-

ments of the church are rich, but defective in taste. Antique statues are set up in the niches of saints. A naked Adam and Eve in Carrara marble, are placed over one of the altars. The pulpit of the richest marble is supported by figures, indecent from their nudity, and ridiculous from their uncouth forms and awkward attitudes. The vault of the great altar is disgraced by a wretched mosaic, which represents a colossal Christ seated and holding a label with the words "*Ego sum lux mundi*," attended on one side by the Virgin, and on the other by St. John. There are a number of fine pictures in the cathedral, many of which were covered on account of extensive repairs then making in the building. The best that I saw, and it was beautiful indeed, was a St. Agnes by Andrea del Sarto.

The baptistery which was erected at the common expense, and serves for the performance of that rite for the whole of the inhabitants, is nothing more nor less than an octagonal dome, prolonged to the very ground. Its ornaments both without and within are of the same kind with those of the cathedral. The pulpit, however, is in far better taste. It is composed entirely of marble, and surrounded with a series of rich bas-reliefs, by Nicolo Pisano. The fonts are placed upon a circular stage surrounded by an enclosure of Parian marble very richly sculptured, and containing in the centre a pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of John the Baptist. It is about one hundred and eighty feet in height.

The belfry, or campanile, is no other than the famous leaning tower of Pisa. It is a circular tower, about thirty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and ninety feet high, divided into eight stories, each of which is surrounded by an open gallery, pierced with arcades, supported by marble columns of various orders. Notwithstanding this apparent richness of architecture, the effect is mean and minute from the slenderness, the very multitude, and the obvious uselessness of the columns. The steps are con-

tained in the wall itself. The greatest inclination of the tower is toward the south, and is no less than fourteen feet from the perpendicular. On this point, opinions have been various. Some have supposed that it was the original intention of the architect to make it so, and thus astonish the world. This supposition, however, is *primâ facie* in itself improbable. Nor would it have been executed with wet cement. Besides, the bases of the pillars on the leaning side are buried beneath the ground, which would not probably have been the case, had the architect intended to make a leaning tower. Moreover, the soil upon which it is built is of a marshy and yielding nature. The very cathedral and baptistery, though much larger buildings, have a slight inclination in the same direction, a fact which is still more obvious in a campanile not far off in the street of Santa Maria. Upon the whole, I should conclude that the leaning of the tower had been caused by the sinking of its foundations, and that this had taken place before the completion of the building, from an attempt in the fifth, sixth, and seventh, and still more obviously in the eighth story, to rectify the inclination and create a counterpoise. From the top of the campanile, you enjoy a panoramic view of the plain and city of Pisa, the course of the Arno, the Appenines about four miles distant; and on the other side the ocean, the towers and spires of Leghorn, the far-off island of Gorgona, and the still more distant heights of that mimic empire once assigned to him who had made kings his tributaries, and had almost compassed the dominion of the world.

The Campo Santo is a gallery surrounding an oblong square, consisting on one side of a dead wall, ornamented in the interior with fresco paintings of Giotto, Memmi, and others of the earliest masters, and on the other of a wall pierced with gothic windows, which, though beautiful and rich in design and workmanship, are without either frames

or glass. Along the walls of this edifice are ranged tombs of the middle ages, of the sternest and most prosperous days of the republic ; sarcophagi of Roman, Grecian and Etruscan origin, and some modern monuments more beautiful, because in a state of perfect preservation. This noble gallery is both flagged and built of white marble : within the enclosure which it forms, is deposited the sacred earth from which the cemetery takes its name, brought from the holy land in the time of the crusades, by fifty Pisan galleys. This was once the common burial-place of the city. At present a special permission from government, rarely granted, is necessary to obtain the privilege of lying in this consecrated spot. The quantity of marble, and above all, of marble pillars, employed in these buildings, is truly astonishing. They are supposed to be the plunder of Sardinia, Corsica, Naples and Sicily, and the fruit of Pisan victories. These noble monuments of the magnificence of Pisa, were erected in the eleventh century.

I left Pisa without much regret, as it was productive only of melancholy associations, and contained but few objects of curiosity. As to the character of the inhabitants, I can say but little, except that I found them deserving of their ancient title of *traditore*. Our *vetturino* was a *traditore*, our inn-keeper and valet, the very boy that brushed our boots deserved the same appropriate appellation. From Pisa to Florence, the road lies through the valley of the Arno, the garden of Tuscany. It was indeed rich and beautiful beyond description, fruitful in grain and vines and olives, thickly sown with hamlets and villages, and affording support to a population which in any other region would be redundant. Along the road the whole female world seemed to be employed in making straw hats, a manufacture the centre of which is Lastra, a walled town not far from Florence. As we approached the capital of Tuscany, the villas increased both in number and magnificence. One I particu-

larly remember on the right just before we reached the city, which had a front of fifteen windows, and a height in the centre of three stories above the basement. At length, towards sunset the city of Florence burst upon our view, surrounded by the Appenines and divided by the Arno. Immediately upon entering it, I perceived that the streets were broad and paved with large flag-stones closely united, that the buildings were large and peculiarly massive, that the Arno was traversed by four bridges, the beautiful Ponte della Trinitá, and the picturesque and house-covered Ponte Vecchio among the number; and that the Lung' Arno was far better built, and presented a nobler prospect than that of Pisa. More dear, however, than all that I beheld, were the classic and romantic associations of the scene. Here Cæsar's chosen soldiers had been colonized. Here had been the seat of Cosmo, and of Lorenzo, the merchant princes of Florence, and fathers of their country. Here had been the resort of learned Greeks, the scenes of the revival of letters, the city of Dante and Petrarch, of Boccaccio and Machiavelli, the seat of the Italian muses, the Athens of the modern world.

LETTER V.

THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE—BUSTS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS—
VENUS DE MEDICIS—APOLLINO—THE REMOULEUR—DANCING FAUN—
PAINTINGS IN THE TRIBUNE—TUSCAN SCHOOL—DUTCH, FLEMISH, AND
FRENCH SCHOOLS—HALL OF BAROCCIO.

THE gallery of Florence is contained in the third story of a building appropriated to the public offices, and connected with the ancient palace of the municipality. It occupies two parallel corridors, of four hundred and thirty feet each in length by eleven in breadth and twenty in height, connected by a third ninety-seven feet long, and of eighteen or twenty rooms adjacent. It is the most ancient, as it is one of the most considerable collections in Europe. Founded by Cosmo, the father of his country, and greatly increased by Lorenzo the magnificent, it continued to be the pride of the princes of the house of Medici, even until the extinction of their line. It was reserved, however, for the grand duke Leopold, the second prince of the house of Austria, and undoubtedly one of the greatest sovereigns of his time, not only to increase the collection, but, separating it from his patrimony, to declare it the property of the state. As well as the other collections of Italy, it was robbed by the French of many of *its* brightest ornaments, though some were preserved by *being* sent to Palermo. On the downfall of Bonaparte, *however*, the plundered monuments of art were

universally restored, and the gallery of Florence is at the present moment richer than ever.

It is entered by a double vestibule, in the first of which are placed busts of the founders in porphyry and marble, stationed there, as the guide quaintly remarked, as if to do the honors of reception. In the second there is, among others, a remarkably fine statue of Augustus, with one arm extended, in the act of haranguing the people. The earnest attitude and impressive expression of the features are excellent, and the Roman costume was never more richly and gracefully exhibited. In statues of the Roman emperors, the gallery is poor when compared with the Louvre ; but on the other hand, it is far richer in busts. Those of Augustus and Agrippa mark, by their excellence, the golden period of Roman art. Those of Antonia, the daughter of Mark Antony, and of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, are fine representations of the old Roman matron ; a dignified and noble character, of which they were the sole representatives in their degenerate days. A bust of Nero in his childhood, is animated and beautiful ; but it is far surpassed by the intelligent and interesting traits of a similar portrait of Annius Verus, the son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at the age of seven years. This bust is one of the most true and lively imitations of nature that I have ever seen in marble. The bust of Otho has been celebrated by Winckelman as the best preserved from ancient times—I would not presume to dissent from his authority ; but for my own part, I require something pleasing and interesting beyond mere execution, and cannot admire any portrait of stupidity apparently amounting almost to fatuity. One of the busts of Faustina, the wife of Antoninus Pius, is remarkable for its perfect preservation and beautiful execution. It looks, in both respects, as if it had come fresh from the hand of Canova. The expression is not that only of haughty beauty, but of a spirit which defies the censures of the world. It corresponds,

therefore, admirably with her character. This correspondence I cannot find in the great majority of the Roman busts, although there are connoisseurs so skilful as to discover that the marble exhibits the peculiar paleness which overspread the face of Caligula, and, from preconceived opinions, to identify in their busts the character of every Roman emperor.

The great ornament of the Florentine gallery, as it is one of the two most exquisite remains of Grecian genius, is the celebrated *Venus de Medicis*. It is placed in a separate apartment, called the tribune, surrounded by a few selected specimens of every thing most valuable in ancient and modern art. On entering this appropriate temple of the goddess and fixing my eyes upon her image, which stands full in front, I was struck and absorbed by a sense of the beautiful, such as I had never before experienced. She is, in truth, the very goddess of love, just issued fresh and innocent from the foam of the ocean. Proudly conscious of her charms, yet apparently ashamed of their display, she stands with head averted and hands disposed to hide her native nakedness. Surely never was the line of grace so exemplified, as in her faultless outline; never was the beau ideal so combined with nature, as in her perfect form; ease and gracefulness were never so united, as in her matchless attitude. The execution of the statue is exquisitely delicate; and yet so free is the style of the artist that the head especially, appears rather the immediate offspring of thought, than the elaborated work of the chisel. This perfect statue is the work of Cleomenes of Athens, as is inscribed upon the base; the writing, indeed, is of the fifteenth century, but is said to have been copied from the genuine base which was broken. This is rendered probable by the fact that, if the restorers of the base had been allowed to choose their author, they would have taken the name of some more celebrated sculptor, of Phidias, or Praxiteles. It was found at Tivoli, in the villa Adriani, broken across the neck, the

body, the thighs, and the legs. The whole of the right arm, and the left below the elbow, were lost. These parts are restorations, made, however, with great skill and effect. The statue is of the height of four English feet, eleven inches, and four lines. It was brought to Florence in 1680, under the reign of Cosmo III.

The Apollo, which is placed near the Venus, might well be pronounced, by the resemblance of the style, to be the work of the same artist. It is called Apollino by the Italians, both from its diminutive size, (it is only four English feet and a half in height,) and as a term of endearment. Such, indeed, is the grace of its attitude, the delicacy and beauty of its form, the agreeableness of its expression, and the excellence of its execution, that it must necessarily become a favourite with every one capable of appreciating these attributes. It stands in a careless attitude of repose, the elbow of the left arm resting on the trunk of a tree, and the right laid upon the back part of the head.

The Rotateur, Remouleur, Arrotino, or Espion, under all which names the statue has been called, is placed in the same apartment. It is now supposed to be the Scythian slave, whom Apollo commanded to flay Marsyas. He is looking up towards his victim with an expression of stupid and savage brutality, while his brawny form is gathered into a heap, in order that he may sharpen his knife upon a stone which lies at his feet. This statue is chiefly valuable from its fine execution, and exact imitation of nature. The same may be said of the group of the two wrestlers, one of whom has prostrated his enemy, and holds him down by force and by the weight of his superincumbent body. Both are on their knees, with legs intertwined. The expression of the countenance of the victor is that of determination and of triumph; that of the vanquished is one of renewed effort, of continued hostility, and unbounded mortification. It is a most expressive group. Expression characterizes every

limb and nerve and feature of the dancing Faun, which is the sole remaining statue selected as worthy of this sacred spot. A part of the credit of this is due, however, to a modern artist. *Michael Angelo* restored the lost head in such perfect consistency with the attitude of the original, and with the antique style in general, that it is hardly possible to believe that it ever has been mutilated.

The paintings arranged around the walls of the tribune, are by the greatest masters of the art. A holy family, by *Michael Angelo*, if not the most beautiful, is at least the most curious, from the great rarity of his paintings in oil. The authenticity of this seems settled beyond a doubt. It was painted for a Florentine gentleman, *Agnolo Doni*. He complained of the price fixed upon it, which was seventy crowns. The haughty artist immediately doubled his demand, which the unfortunate objector paid at once, for fear he should rise still further. In this picture one is not to look for grace, or the beau ideal. All is nature, strongly though not rudely expressed. *Joseph* is seated on a step. The *Virgin* is placed upon the ground, between his knees. She is lifting the infant Saviour over her left shoulder, whom the reputed father receives with pleasure. It is a fine domestic scene, spoiled however in some degree, by the introduction of a number of figures in the background just issuing from the bath. I can conceive no object for this addition, unless in the painter's desire of exhibiting his extraordinary skill in representing the anatomy of the naked human form. But surely it was enough to satisfy even his aspiring mind that he had succeeded so inimitably, in this respect, in the arms of *Joseph* and *Mary*, and the whole person of the infant Saviour. The head of *Joseph* for form, for resemblance of nature, for expression, is inimitably fine. In spite of the hard and distinct outline, which injures the relief of the remainder of the picture, and which seemed to me to indicate the author to be rather a sculptor than a painter, this head, overcoming

this grand difficulty, stands out, in my opinion, as one of the noblest of the monuments of art.

There is one of the pictures of Perugino here, in which the same hard outline is not counterbalanced by similar excellencies. A portrait in the earliest style of his pupil, Raphael, is liable to the same objection, though in the highest degree lovely and expressive. The second style of Raphael is represented by two Holy Families ; one of which, the earlier too in date, called, I believe, the *Madonna of the Linnet*, from a bird which St. John holds in his hand, appears to me, whatever its style may be, one of the most beautiful creations of its author. I have never seen, it would be impossible to imagine, a countenance where a noble simplicity, a placid dignity, a speaking tenderness, and a divine amiability and beauty, are more strikingly united than in that of his Madonna. In his third style, we have the St. John in the wilderness, and the Fornarina. The first is a picture of the Baptist in his boyhood, seated in a rocky cave, and pointing to a red cross illuminated by a supernatural glory. The light shed from this upon his pointing hand, the expressive beauty of his countenance and form, the perfect execution and complete relief of the whole figure, are, indeed, worthy of the most accomplished of artists. But in what terms shall I speak of the Fornarina, that lovely picture which charms and fascinates all the world ? It is a simple portrait of his mistress. But though the subject was unworthy, the picture bears no voluptuous trace of criminal and licentious passion. The most pleasing beauty, the most redundant health, the most abounding good nature (according to Addison the first principle of beauty,) are the sole materials with which the enchanter works upon the heart of the spectator. The one deposited here is only a copy of the original work at Rome, but it is a copy by Raphael himself. An admirable portrait of Pope Julius the second, as fresh as

if it had come from his hand but yesterday, closes this interesting series of the works of the greatest of painters.

Guido is represented here by a Madonna, which appeared to me faded from its original beauty : Leonardo da Vinci by an Herodias, whose authenticity is doubtful ; and Annibal Caracci by a recumbent Bacchante, with her back turned on the spectator, which it is evident cannot be very interesting, however excellent as a specimen of art. His brother Lewis, more fortunate in his subject, claims our admiration for the united softness and brilliancy with which he has treated the interview of Eliezer and Rebecca ; the seducing smile of the former, and the retiring beauty of the latter, are beyond all praise. The holy family of Paul Veronese, in which St. Catharine is also introduced, is admirable in composition, and in drapery inimitable—that of Parmigianino, for grace and beauty, for the exquisite tenderness with which the infant Saviour and his precursor caress each other, is exquisite—that of Correggio, representing the flight into Egypt, is excellent for its dignity, relief, and coloring. That of Andrea del Sarto claims a more particular description, if for nothing else, because it is accounted the chef d'œuvre of that eminent artist. The Virgin is standing on a pedestal, with the infant Saviour in her arms. On the left stands St. John the Evangelist, and on the right St. Francis. The composition is skilful and harmonious, the coloring vigorous and transparent, and the lights and shades are disposed with the most admirable skill. Indeed, the whole execution is such as almost to entitle the painter to his well known appellation of *Andrea senza errori*. One error, however, I thought that I discovered in the disposition of a shade which descends on the left side of the mouth, so as to give it an authoritative, and almost scornful expression. Another deficiency, and that not in execution only, I must still object to this artist, a lamentable want of expression : in my eyes the worst defect of a painter.

The Madonna and child of Giulio Romano is in the true style of his master, with the exception that the head of the former has more of worldly and almost Roman nobleness, and less of the meekness, the grace, the Christian dignity, appropriate to the character. The Virgin worshipping upon her knees the infant Saviour, who lies extended on a part of the drapery which falls from her head, is an admirable mixture of the love of the mother to her child, and the veneration of a creature towards the Son of God. It is the work of Correggio. I am afraid of objecting to such a picture from such a hand; but I would only ask, of those more capable of judging, whether the chin be not so long as to deform the countenance of the Madonna. But I have too long forgotten my favorite, Guercino: his Endymion sleeping is beautiful, but his Samian Sybil is delightful. No withered hag presents herself under this character; but a female, young, lovely and splendidly attired, her turbaned head thrown back in an attitude of inspiration, and her hands resting on a book. The style of the picture is grand and free, the coloring strong and vigorous, and the relief such as almost to mislead the imagination.

I cannot leave the tribune without noticing the two naked Venuses of Titian. It would be treason at once to art and to virtue: to virtue, because every honest mind, at whatever risk of being accused of prudery, should express its disgust at a style not only voluptuous but meretricious: to art, because unfortunately these works, especially the one on the right of the Venus de Medicis, must ever attract the admiration of every spectator. She is called by many the rival of her sculptured sister. But in chasteness, in grace, in ideal beauty, she is far her inferior. The chief excellence of the picture in fact appears to me, (aside from the lascivious expression of the features, which constitutes a very doubtful merit,) to be the wonderful relief produced without the aid

of a dark background, upon a naked body reclining on white linen, and illuminated by a strong light in every part.

From the tribune you enter on the left the Tuscan school, where, in the first hall, you encounter a multitude of small pictures, the finest of which appeared to me the Magdalen, reclined and reading in her grot, by Cristofano Allori, a head of St. Lucia by Carlo Dolce, and a diminutive St. Francis receiving the stigmata, by Cigoli. The first, particularly, was delightful, as a soft and perfect exhibition of feminine beauty and devotion. In the second hall are a number of large paintings by some of the greatest masters of the school. The descent of Christ into hades, to deliver the souls of the faithful, is considered as the masterpiece of Angiolo Bronzino. The attitude of our Saviour, somewhat inclined, to assist the aged Abraham in his ascent, is at once animated and dignified. The head is truly divine. The expression of the patriarch is fraught with lively joy at the fulfilment of that promise so long anticipated, and the coming of that Saviour so long desired. The same feeling enlivens the countenances of all around him. On the other side of the Saviour are placed Adam and Eve; the former regarding with deep interest the successive ascent of his posterity, and the latter standing by with downcast eyes, a model of feminine beauty, modesty and grace. Over the countenances of both, however, is cast a pensive shade, as if they even now recalled the memory of their crime, and thought of others of their descendants not to be found among the approaching army of the blessed. In the foreground is a mother holding with her left hand a child, who has already issued into upper air, and with her right apparently drawing towards her another, who does not yet appear. The women and children of the piece, with one exception, are lovely creations of the pencil: the composition is admirable, the expression true to nature, the coloring fresh and vivid, and the relief

magical. This last is produced, like the relief of Titian, without any strong contrasts or dark grounds.

The stoning of Stephen, by Cigoli, is a masterly performance. The principal group is composed of only four figures. The martyr has fallen on his knée, bleeding, from a wound in the forehead. One of his executioners on his right, has set one foot upon the body of his victim, and, holding a stone in his right hand, pushes away with his left a brother ruffian, who, with a fragment of rock uplifted in both hands, seems likely to attain the honor of giving the final and fatal blow. Further towards his left, a third has seized the shoulder of the sufferer, and attempts to drag him over on his back. The opening of the heavens is dimly seen in the upper part of the picture; and in the distance Saul, seated on the vestments of his persecuting countrymen, receives the cloak of one who is about to join the murderous group. Both in the composition and in the execution there is great force and nature, though it is inferior, in both these particulars, to the picture on the same subject by Giulio Romano and Raphael, in San Stefano's, at Genoa.

The Visitation, by Albertinelli, is well worthy of examination for the meek expression of the Virgin, and the ardent respect depicted in the countenance of Elizabeth. The history of the Sacrifice of Isaac, by Alessandro Allori, is not only a fine painting, but is curious from its representing the various scenes in that extraordinary transaction, beginning with the departure from the house, (which, by the by, is full in sight after three days' journey,) and ending with the sacrifice of the lamb after its appearance. The paintings of Ghirlandaio, here exhibited, are interesting as being those of the master of Michael Angelo. There is also a large picture by Frate Bartolomeo della Porta, a Dominican friar, in which the drawing and shading only are completed; no colors are put on. It represents the Virgin seated on a throne with the infant Jesus on her lap, and John the

Baptist standing at her knee, surrounded by saints of the same order with the painter. Elizabeth is seated behind the Virgin, but still higher. The composition of the piece is admirable; and so far as can be judged of so unfinished a performance, its expression is grand and characteristic. The pensive dignity of the Virgin, and the self-congratulating expression of *Elizabeth*, are strongly marked. One cannot but regret that this great master did not live to complete a design so promising. A somewhat similar outline exists here of the Adoration of the Magi, by Leonardo da Vinci, yet so blurred and blotted that nothing but the name of the author could induce one to look on it with interest. A portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself, is the last picture that I shall mention in this department. Both as a work of art, and an illustration of the character of the man, it is invaluable. There is a cold sternness and haughty fierceness, combined with strong intellectual expression, which corresponds exactly with the abandoned and reckless life of the author.

From the other side of the tribune you enter into the Dutch school, and pass from thence into the Flemish, and afterwards into the French. Comparatively speaking, there is nothing here worthy of observation, if you except one or two pictures of Dow and Mieris in the first, of Claude and Teniers in the second, and of Grimoux, Mignard, and Poussin in the third. In the last, however, there are two beautiful antique statues, one of Venus, and the other of a young man, both in the same attitude. They seem to be examining their feet, as if they had been wounded by a thorn. Pain is the prevailing expression of the female, and scrutinizing examination that of the male. On the subject of the last, connoisseurs are not agreed.

The hall of Baroccio is the next that is remarkable for the paintings which it contains. The artist from whom it takes its name, was the most laborious of painters. Having

formed his design, he made a cartoon of the size of the painting, after which he drew his outline on canvass : this he shaded before putting on any colors ; for the sake of perfecting his chiaroscuro he made images of plaster or wax. All his figures he painted from nature, and all his draperies from a model. He imitated at first *Titian*, afterwards *Raphael*, and finally *Correggio*. In the style of the last, is the great painting that adorns this hall, which is commonly called the *Madonna del Popolo*. It represents the *Madonna* in the sky praying to her son, who is also seated in the clouds, to bless the rich who have been in the habit of giving alms to the poor. Below, on the right of the spectator, are placed the poor in various attitudes, one playing on a sort of hand organ, &c ; and on the left are ranged the rich, a mother and her children, among others, of singular beauty, all regarding with intense interest the appearance in the heavens. The coloring of this picture is brilliant, the foreshortening excellent, and the relief in general fine ; but there is a want of unity in the design, and of force and dignity in the expression. A picture by *Annibal Caracci* of a man with a monkey on his shoulders, though grotesque in design, is admirable for truth and expression. Two pictures of half-length figures, by *Caravaggio* ; the one of *Jesus* disputing in the temple with the doctors, and the other of the *Pharisee* showing the piece of money to our Lord, are in the usual expressive, though gloomy, style of their author. The *Pharisee* in the latter as an exhibition of demoniac malice, and the *Saviour* in the former as the representative of youthful wisdom, are peculiarly striking. Between these two pictures are two of a directly opposite character, the *Magdalen* of *Carlo Dolce*, and the *Madonna* of *Sassoferrato*. They are both nearly half-lengths. The former is represented with her head bent back, her eyes cast upward, and her arms crossed upon her bosom, one of them still holding the sacred vase of ointment. Her lips apart,

her eyes just brightened with the moisture of a tear, the deep and earnest, yet calm expression of devotion which marks her features, speak to every heart, of love and penitential intercourse with heaven. The magic beauty of the features, which still is not ideal but copied after nature, the transparent coloring of the complexion, and the exquisite fineness of the execution, add not a little to the general effect. The artist himself seems to have fallen in love with his performance, for he has repeated the same face with a slight change in the expression, in this Magdalen and in the St. Lucia above mentioned. The Madonna of Sassoferato, though similar, is yet inferior in fineness of execution ; but it is perhaps even superior in design and expression. She is grieving with clasped hands for the death of her son ; meekness and humility characterize every feature. The softness of her tear-worn eye is irresistible. Her costume is perfectly plain and simple. A blue veil is thrown over her head, heightening, if possible, the pale beauty of her countenance. In this same apartment there is a large picture by Carlo Dolce, of the Madonna appearing in the sky to St. Clovis while engaged in prayer. The head of the saint is exquisite, but the composition of the piece, and even the perspective, is bad. The author excelled only in heads.

LETTER VI.

CONTINUATION OF THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE—HALL OF INSCRIPTIONS
—THE TWO HALLS OF PORTRAITS—CABINET OF MODERN BRONZES—
CABINET OF ANTIQUES—HALLS OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL—HALL OF
NIOBE—ENGRAVINGS—COINS, MEDALS, INTAGLIOS, VASES.

IN the hall of inscriptions, which is the next southward from that of Baroccio in the Florentine gallery, there is a valuable collection of interesting remains of antiquity, arranged in fourteen classes by the celebrated Lanzi. Around the walls are placed busts of distinguished Greeks and Romans, for the most part antique. By far the finest, however, is by a modern. I allude to the Brutus of Michael Angelo; a work which, though only rough hewn, is one of the sublimest productions of the chisel. The noble contour of the head, the lofty and determined expression of the features, the dignity of the expanded chest, and the arrangement of the loose and voluminous drapery which surrounds it, are incomparable. Above this is placed a grotesque mask representing a satyr, the first work of the immortal Florentine. It was executed at the age of fifteen, and exhibits admirably the strong and original genius of the artist. In addition to the inscriptions and busts, there are in this and the adjoining apartments a multitude of bas-reliefs detached, and sarcophagi of the very finest description. The great ornament, however, of the last apartment is the celebrated statue of the Hermaphrodite, beautiful indeed in execution, but, from its subject, comparatively uninteresting.

An adjoining door admits you into a long and narrow entry, which apparently leads into some distant quarter of the building. Its walls, on both sides, are covered with beautiful reliefs by modern artists, among which the mighty genius of Michael Angelo again displays itself pre-eminent. Upon a round medallion is exhibited the Madonna, seated in an easy attitude, with the infant Jesus standing at her knee. The face of the mother is lovely, that of the child is delightful. The piece is so unfinished that the Baptist, who is placed behind the Virgin, is but dimly seen, and the marble throughout is comparatively rough : yet such is the excellence of the composition and the strength of the expression, that one might with pleasure gaze on it for hours. After this, its mighty author cannot be accused of a deficiency in ease and grace and beauty.

Near this are the two halls containing the portraits of eminent painters, of every age and nation, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Giulio Romano, and Baroccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, the whole family of the Caracci, with Dominichino, Albano, Guercino, and Guido, Rubens, and Van Dyck, and Van der Werf, and Mieris, Angelica Kauffman, and a host of others. In the middle of this hall is the celebrated vase of the Villa Medici. It is about six feet in height, besides the wooden pedestal on which it rests, and presents in bas-relief, on its circumference, an interesting point in the history of Iphigenia. The daughter of Agamemnon is seated at the base of the altar, before the statue of Diana, with head bowed and countenance expressive of grief. On one side of the altar stands Achilles, praying the goddess to accept the offering ; on the other Ulysses, in an appropriate attitude of grave contemplation. Behind Achilles is placed Menelaus, who looks on with attention, and with a countenance expressive of grief ; a feeling marked even to anguish in the features of the father, who succeeds, and whose head is covered to

the brow with a veil. Between the last and Ulysses are Chalcas and Talthybius, and a third figure, the design of which is not known. The exquisite shape of the vase, its fine material, but above all the expression and composition of its sculpture, conspire to give it an inestimable value.

The cabinet of modern bronzes is peculiarly interesting. Florence is the city of Ghiberti and Cellini, and the place in which John of Bologna studied and executed his greatest works. Opportunity was, therefore, not wanting to make this one of the finest collections in the world. It is said, in fact, to be so. The Mercury of John of Bologna would go far of itself to justify the assertion. It is considerably smaller than life. The messenger of the gods appears in the act of flying, one foot resting on the breath of a zephyr, and the other uplifted in the air. The right arm is extended upwards, and the left rests upon his side, holding the caduceus. The breath of the zephyr is represented in bronze proceeding from the mouth of a head in very high relief, and is the sole support of the statue. The grace and ease of the attitude, the marvellous lightness of the position, and the fine proportions of the body and limbs, entitle this work to all its celebrity. So thoroughly has the attitude been studied, that from whatever point it is viewed it appears always equally admirable. The bust of Cosmo I. by Cellini, was esteemed by himself one of his best works. It is admirable, both for expression and workmanship. The sacrifice of Isaac by Ghiberti is interesting, not only from its excellence, but from its history. It was the successful specimen on the trial of skill, instituted by the republic of Florence, when the doors of the Baptistry were about to be put in commission; those celebrated doors which, executed afterwards by the youthful artist, were declared by Michael Angelo to be worthy of opening into paradise. These three works, among many that are admirable, are perhaps the most so.

From this cabinet an open passage leads you into that of

antique bronzes. In cases around the walls are deposited small images of gods, and vessels and instruments of the Greeks and Romans. Among the most interesting of these, is a series of Etruscan gods, ascending from the stiff and angular and grotesque style of Egypt, to all the grace, ease, and nature of Grecian art. A Roman eagle, about the size of a robin, purporting to have been the standard of the twenty-fourth legion, gratified me not a little. A number of engravings on silver, called Nielli, are preserved here, resembling the modern copperplate. It was from works in this style, in which he himself excelled, that Finiguerra conceived the idea of communicating an impression to paper, and multiplying copies.

In the middle of this hall are placed some of the most curious remains of antiquity—statues of bronze, some of them with Etruscan inscriptions, and belonging to the art of that ancient and interesting people. The first in value is one, called by Winkelman the pretended Haruspex, and admitted by him, from the style of the art and the Etruscan inscription on the border of its robe, to be genuine. It is now generally supposed to be a portrait of one of the magistrates of Etruria, who with the title of Lucumones, were elected yearly by the people. It was found near lake Thrasymenus. From the inscription, his name is supposed to have been Metello or Metellino. He is habited like a Roman senator, except that his toga is less ample. He is in the attitude of addressing the people, with one arm extended. His position is easy, natural, and expressive; his countenance is remarkably earnest. I was struck with a considerable resemblance, in these particulars, to the statue of Augustus in the vestibule of the gallery. The statue of the Chimera, with a lion's head on its neck, a goat's head proceeding from its back, and a tail terminated by a serpent's head, is also undoubtedly Etruscan. It is executed with great spirit and force. The Idol, as it is called, or statue of Mercury, was

found at Pesaro, on the borders of the Adriatic. From this fact Winkelman infers that it is Greek, as Pesaro was a Grecian colony. Others, however, are of a different opinion, arguing among other things, from the total absence of the beau ideal. All however agree, that it is one of the most beautiful bronzes of antiquity. The authenticity of the Minerva, found at Arezzo, is also doubted by Winkelman. Its head is fine, but the rest of the statue has been very much damaged by fire.

The statues in the open corridor are numerous, and some of them worthy of a place in the tribune. The statue of Urania restored for a Geometry, is exquisitely executed, especially in its drapery. The Venus Genitrice is of full and beautiful proportions, covered with a garment which admirably resembles a light veil. A small Hercules, supposed to be a copy of that of Glycon, is wonderfully expressive of strength in repose. The Cupid who threatens the gods themselves with his bow, is alive with mischief. The Bacchus, leaning upon Ampelos, is one of the most graceful of groups. The Mercury, resting one arm on the trunk of a tree in an attitude of repose, is beautiful. There is a youthful roundness about the form and features, and a perfection of proportion in the whole. The Venus Anadyomene, though a small statue, is one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity: her limbs are gathered under her in a sitting attitude, and her hands placed in somewhat the same position with those of the Venus de Medicis: her face is mirthful and malicious.

At the extreme end of the gallery there are a number of modern statues, the finest of which are two Bacchuses, one by Michael Angelo, and the other by Sansovino. The former crowned with ivy and vine leaves, and holding in one raised hand a cup, and in the other, which hangs by his side, bunches of grapes, can hardly keep himself upright for drunkenness. The expression in his face is a true and

powerful copy after nature, bespeaking in a wonderful degree, the animal exultation of the state in which he is plunged. The mischievous young Satyr, who is eating his grapes behind, is represented with great spirit. The smaller Bacchus of Sansovino, is the very god of joy ; with one limb advanced, with raised countenance and uplifted cup, he seems rushing to mingle in the drunken revel : not yet intoxicated, like the Bacchus of Michael Angelo, the smile upon his countenance is brighter, more human, and more inspiring.

The halls of the Venetian school are entered by the first door in the western corridor. In the first is an admirable group of portraits, by Jacques Da Ponte, called the Bassano, of himself and two brothers, with their wives and two children, playing on various musical instruments, Titian and his wife attentively looking on. In skilfulness of arrangement, in truth of coloring, in characteristic expression, this piece has seldom been surpassed. A Madonna of Titian, holding her son in a standing posture on her lap, and surrounded by a cloud of seraphims, possesses great excellence of coloring, but none of expression. This painter seems to me never to succeed in female figures where a voluptuous expression is inadmissible. In the second apartment is the Flora of Titian, which derives its name from the flowers placed in the right hand. The left supports a white garment, which falls so as to disclose the shoulder and part of the bosom. The exquisite coloring, the soft expression, the attractive beauty of this piece, place it deservedly among the most admired of his productions. It is nearly a half-length. The Crucifixion, by Paul Veronese, is a noble composition, containing a great number of figures on a scale much smaller than life. The time of the action is during the elevation of the cross, when it is almost fixed in its socket. On the extreme left is the group of the three Marys and St. John just mounting the last ascent. The head of the mother is covered by a dark

mantle, and her back is towards the spectator. She is supported by St. John. The Magdalen is pressing on before, but turns her head with a distracted air, as if divided between the sufferings of the mother and the son. The multitudes who surround the cross on foot and horseback, are grouped with great effect and without confusion. There is an admirable variety and force in their expression. The collection in both the apartments is composed for the most part of portraits, for which the Venetian school is justly celebrated. Here are the works in this department of Titian himself, of Morone, second only to his master, of the vigorous Giorgione, the finished Palma, the graceful Bordone, of Pordenone the competitor, and of Tintoretto, at once the scholar and the rival of Titian; of Paul Veronese, and Bassano, and Sebastian del Piombo, who at one time contested the palm with Raphael himself. In all these portraits there is a relief, a character, a verisimilitude, an excellence of coloring both in complexion and drapery, which bring them very near to the perfection of art.

The hall of Niobe, constructed expressly to contain Niobe and her children assaulted by the offspring of Latona, is next northward to that of Baroccio. The statues are now arranged round the room, without any attempt to group them. They were probably originally intended to adorn the frontispiece of a temple. They are supposed to be the same of which Pliny speaks, and are generally attributed either to Scopas or Praxiteles. Winkelman is rather in favor of the former author. Niobe and her children are seen in the midst of the consternation created by the attack of Apollo and Diana with their deadly arrows. Some are flying; some are veiling their eyes and faces from the threatened danger; some are wounded, and unable to go farther; one has sunk down on his knees, and is falling forward on his face in the agonies of death; and another lies extended on his back, with a wound yawning in his breast,

already dead. The youngest of the group flies to her mother for protection, and falls between her knees. The mother embraces her with one arm, and with the other is drawing over her own shoulder a part of her drapery, as if to shield her child from the fatal and unerring shafts. All are filled with confusion and dismay: all express that indescribable feeling which takes possession of the mind at the prospect of sudden death in the hey-day of youth and hope. The statues differ widely in merit, but that of the mother is, by general consent, the finest of them all. In the fable she is said to have been converted into stone by the sudden extinction of her race. It would seem as if this very statue must be Niobe herself, and not the work of art. So much nobleness and dignity were never so united with such intensity of feeling. The execution of the statues is in the noblest style of Grecian art; simple, grand, and free.

Having already occupied so long a time with the description of the gallery, I can only mention in addition that the collection of twenty-seven thousand engravings illustrating the whole progress of the art; the cabinet of coins and medals, cameos and intaglios; the depository of precious stones cut into the form of vases, cups, heads, &c. and adorned with bas-reliefs in the most exquisite style of art; are well worthy of examination and of study. Here are medals and coins of various kinds, of Alexander the great, of the Athenian state, and of the Roman republic. I do not pretend to much antiquarian taste, still less to antiquarian knowledge; but I can never look upon these monuments of the olden time, entering as they did into the constant and familiar use of men of other days, consecrated as they have been by the touch of a hero or a poet whom I have been accustomed to admire and love, without emotion.

The pictures in the open gallery are chiefly valuable as illustrations of the progress of the art, though some of them in any other country than Italy, would be regarded as de-

serving of all admiration. The same may be said of the fresco paintings of the ceiling of the corridors, which mark three different periods of the Florentine school. These last, however, are inferior in merit to many of the oil paintings beneath them.

LETTER VII.

FLORENCE CONTINUED--THE PALACE PITTI--PICTURES IN ITS SIX CHAMBERS--STATE APARTMENTS--VENUS OF CANOVA--GARDEN OF BOBOLI--MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY--ANATOMICAL PREPARATIONS IN WAX

THE Palace Pitti is at present the principal residence of the Grand Duke. It was built originally by one of the family, whose name it bears, in the days of the republic and sold by his grandson to the Sovereign. It has been enlarged from time to time by successive princes, so that it is now one of the most extensive palaces in Europe. The front is, on the first story above the basement, twenty-three windows in length. Its central part of fourteen windows, rises another story higher. A balcony, the only ornament of the front, is carried along the whole series of windows in both stages, and also along the roof. At right angles to the front, at each of its extremities, is a portico of nine arcades, which adds greatly to the effect of the building. The whole front is of rustic bossage, and entirely devoid of columns. The characteristic of this style is its appearance of great solidity, a characteristic exhibited in this extensive building with magnificent effect. In the rear, the central part of the

building is continued around a quadrangle, forming in its interior a noble court, one hundred and fifty feet in length by one hundred and twenty in breadth. The palace is here of three stories, and, including the cornice, one hundred and five feet in height. A range of open galleries runs round the court, pierced by arcades, against the supports of which are placed columns in half-relief, of three different orders; rustic Doric in the first, rustic Ionic in the second, and rustic Corinthian in the third story. This mixture of the rustic and Greek styles cannot be defended on any general principle, yet its effect here is to give the architecture a lightness, in which it must otherwise have been lamentably deficient. The court is closed in the rear by a wall bearing statues in its niches, and opening into a circular grot containing a fine fountain surrounded by statues and emblematic figures. The vaulted roof of this grot supports a terrace, on which is another highly ornamented fountain.

The gallery of the Palace Pitti, besides two vestibules, the hall of the guards and the hall of niches, all adorned with antique statues, occupies six successive rooms on the second story of the palace. These are the chief repositories of the gallery. But many works of art, among others the *Venus of Canova*, are contained in separate apartments. The chambers of the gallery, properly so called, have their vaulted ceilings painted in fresco by Peter of Cortona and his scholars, and in one instance by a modern artist, Sabbatelli.

The most remarkable pictures in the first apartment are two landscapes by Rubens, a man holding a mask by *Salvator Rosa*, hunters returned from the chase and exhibiting their game by Giovanni da San Giovanni, and a fine characteristic group on a less dark ground than usual by Caravaggio, of a young gipsy telling his fortune to a peasant, who in the midst of his delight forgets to guard his pockets, which an old woman behind is in the act of plundering.

The second apartment contains two holy families by Andrea del Sarto and Giulio Romano, and two Pieties by the same Andrea and Fra Bartolomeo. The Holy Family of Sarto is one of the most beautiful of his works. Mary is seated low, with Jesus on her lap—he is leaning towards St. John, who is presented by his mother. The drapery of this piece, the design, the composition, the relief, the execution, are all so exquisite, that were it inspired with a soul, it would rank very high among the productions of art; but as it is, it is inferior to the picture of the same subject by Giulio Romano, whose Virgin is the very personification of simple dignity and maternal love. The Holy Family of Pordenone, the contemporary and rival of Titian, is well worthy of attention for its Venetian coloring, and the great force and freedom which its pencil exhibits. The Piety of Andrea del Sarto, is a large picture of seven figures. It represents the dead body of Jesus, sustained in a sitting posture by St. John. The left arm is held by the mother, who fixedly regards its livid complexion and stiffened muscles; one foot reposes on the lap of the kneeling Magdalen, whose clasped hands and constrained posture are intended to express her grief. Behind kneels the other Mary. At the right hand of St. John, and partly concealed by the body of the Saviour, stands St. Peter gravely contemplating the group, his arm folded in his voluminous robe, a dignified figure with a noble and venerable head: on the other side is placed the Apostle James. The same subject is treated by Fra Bartolomeo with far less mechanical skill, but infinitely greater power, both of composition and expression. The group consists of only four, a number sufficient for the subject, and not numerous enough to distract the attention: the dead body of the Saviour is supported in a half reclining posture by the beloved disciple. The Virgin with one hand holds an arm, and with the other clasps the drooping head, to which she approaches her own with an expression of anguish and of love. The

feet of the Saviour are embraced by the Magdalen, in whose prostrate form and face are powerfully delineated the utter abandonment of hopeless and passionate grief. The conception of the Madonna of del Sarto, is comparatively frigid. Would a mother, on such an occasion, be engaged in gazing at an arm? In his Magdalen there is constraint of face and form, and but very little natural exhibition of feeling. On the contrary, the whole of the rival picture is animated, and alive with intense expression. In the same apartment are two full-length Madonnas of Murillo, which did not appear to me equal to those in the Louvre; and a naked and voluptuous Magdalen by Titian, which resembles more the wanton than the penitent. There is also a portrait here by Guido, which seems to breathe: its black and piercing eyes appear actually to examine the spectator.

In the third apartment is deposited the Madonna della Soggiola of Raphael, which bears away the palm of beauty from all the productions of the art. It is known to all the world, through the medium of the finest engravings. But how can an engraving convey that exquisite taste in the selection, that delightful harmony in the disposition of colors? how can any hand, inferior to that of the great master, trace those graceful outlines, arrange those natural and meaning attitudes, or communicate that beaming of maternal love; that glow of adoration which animates the features of the infant John; that tranquil and benignant, that dignified though childish expression of the babe of Bethlehem? The inclination of the mother's head, just touching that of her child, the close embrace with which she holds him to her bosom, the youthful beauty of her features, but above all, their expression, which speaks more than volumes, and which all can comprehend and feel who ever knew a mother's love, entitle this celebrated work to all the praises that have been lavished on it so abundantly. Its composition is perfect, its

design is perfect, its relief is perfect, its expression is perfect: every thing about it is faultless and divine.

On the opposite wall is a Holy Family by the same author, called *dell'impannata*, from a paper window in the background. The Virgin is standing, and apparently receiving her son from the aged Elizabeth. Beside and behind the latter, is another female whose features and attitude are exquisitely beautiful and graceful. She touches the infant Saviour under the arm and provokes a smile, the most joyous and expressive of infantile glee. In the opposite corner St. John is seated, enjoying the contemplation of the group. The picture is a delightful one, though wanting, perhaps, a little in the usual magic ease of its author. Beside it is placed the Judith of Cristofano Allori, the son of the Bronzino, and one of the most celebrated artists of the school of Florence. She is just issuing from the chamber of death, holding a sword in her extended right hand, and with her left grasping by the locks the dripping head of Holofernes. Her majestic form, her dark-haired beauty, her spirited attitude, the fierce expression which is seated on her full lip and in her large black eye, are admirably adapted to the subject. Her drapery is perhaps too rich and beautiful; her damasked robe of yellow silks, the white sash tied around her waist and falling gracefully in front, the blue mantle, lined with red, which flows from her shoulders, are so exquisitely painted as almost to distract attention from the more essential parts of the picture. How does it diminish our pleasure in looking at this beautiful performance, when we learn that it was painted to give a lesson to a termagant mistress! Her portrait appears in Judith, and his own in the head of Holofernes. Her mother looks on in the character of Abra. In this apartment is also a noble St. Peter, by Lanfranco of the Bolognese school, the pupil of Annibal Caracci. The apostle kneels on one knee, and looks to heaven with penitence and grief. The attitude and expression are grand and im-

posing, the lights and shades are disposed in masses, and the figure stands out in wonderful relief. The painter has here exemplified, what he was accustomed to say of his own style, that he painted only in part, leaving to the air to do the rest. His picture is best seen at a distance. The St. Peter of Carlo Dolce, seated and lamenting his crime, is in a style remarkably contrasted. Soft in expression, and exquisitely fine in execution, it claims the palm for beauty, while it yields the preference for strength. The gigantic St. Mark, of the Frate Bartolomeo, is grand and noble, but far too colossal for its situation.

Over the door of the fourth apartment is the Conspiracy of Cataline, by Salvator Rosa, a picture as dark as the transaction which it represents. On the foreground, and full in the light, stands the chief of the ruffian band. With his right hand he receives the hand and faith of an accessory, and with his left he is lifting from the table, which stands between them, the horrid cup intended to consecrate their evil union. The head of Cataline is the beau-ideal of an accomplished, abandoned, and desperate villain : the action is most striking and impressive, and the gloomy faces which peer forth from the obscurity of the background, are admirably characteristic of the leaders of a dark design. On the opposite wall are two battle-pieces by the same author, better preserved than that of the Louvre, but marked by the same general characteristics. On his canvass, armed warriors mingle in the shock of combat, beneath a frowning sky, at the foot of some inaccessible and craggy mountain, hard by some ruined temple, with perhaps the troubled ocean near at hand, deepening the horrors of the landscape by a fight at sea. All is gloom, and terror, and fierce action. He was wont to bury himself in the craggy wilds of the Appenines, to study the gloomy picturesque. His figures are expressive and energetic, at times even to exaggeration ; but his style is nevertheless impressive, wonderful, sometimes sublime.

Below the Conspiracy is one of the very few oil paintings of Michael Angelo. It is a very close, but not confused, group of the three Fates, represented at half-length; their fantastic costumes, their thin and deeply-lined countenances, their stern and inexorable expression, are admirably adapted to the subject. The withered lips of the one who holds the distaff are apart, exhibiting her almost toothless jaw; the middle one, who spins, is looking round, as if to remind the third of her duty; this last cuts the thread of life with an unrelenting satisfaction which is absolutely thrilling. Everything about the picture is original, grand, and supernatural. The outline is less hard than that of the Holy Family in the gallery of Florence.

The principal ornament of the fifth apartment is the dispute of the four holy Doctors, by Andrea del Sarto. In this I found some portion at least of that expression, the absence of which I had so much lamented in the works of this master. On the extreme left of the spectator stands the one who is speaking. He disputes eagerly, with one arm extended. Next him is placed a young man, who listens with an air of approbation, and seems to agree with him in sentiment. The third regards the speaker with an eye of hostility and contradiction; while the fourth, with knit brow, seemed to me contemptuously affecting an air of not comprehending his adversary, while at the same time he is seeking for arguments to refute him. In the foreground, two figures, one male and the other female, are placed upon their knees listening to the dispute, introduced, it would seem, merely to fill up the picture. In this, as in all the paintings of del Sarto, there is a marvellous skill and beauty of execution superior to that of almost any other painter. A Holy Family of Parmeggiano possesses exquisite grace. The limbs, however, (an ordinary fault of this painter,) are too long. A Madonna, seated on a throne, is interesting as a specimen of the first style of Raphael; and a Piety of Perugino is

curious as an illustration of the style of his master. In this last the Madonna is seated formally in a chair; on her left, about two feet distant, the Magdalen is placed in another; on the other side, at an equal distance, kneels St. John, supporting the head of the dead body of our Saviour, which is extended stiffly across the laps of the two women. This hall is also adorned by a beautiful half-length of Cleopatra, by Guido, looking upward, and applying the asp to her bosom.

In the sixth apartment are two large pictures of the Assumption, by Andrea del Sarto, which possess no peculiar interest. Here, and throughout all the rooms, are scattered a number of portraits by Raphael and Titian, invaluable in their own department of art, but not admitting a particular description. After concluding your examination of the pictures, you are conducted back to the hall of niches, and from thence into a magnificent suite of state apartments, hung with silk, and ornamented with fresco paintings, chandeliers, rich tables of pietra dura, and beautiful vases of porcelain and alabaster. In the bedchamber of the late Grand Duke is placed an exquisite Madonna, by Carlo Dolce, above a sort of prayer-desk and vase for holy water.

At the end of these apartments is a small octagonal room surmounted by a cupola, in the midst of which is placed the Venus of Canova. At first sight the impression is unfavorable, from the comparison which the mind immediately institutes between her and her antique sister. She stands inclined in a modest attitude, her head turned aside, and one hand folded in a loose mantle, suddenly assumed and held partially before her for the purpose of concealment: the other hand is laid upon her bosom on the outside of the garment. Her precise height I could not discover, though it was obviously considerably greater than that of the Venus de Medici: the attitude is exquisitely graceful, the execution inimitably fine. The flesh seems as if it would yield to the

pressure of the finger. Yet, notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the advantage of perfect preservation, this admirable statue must yield in grace, beauty, proportion and expression, to its Grecian rival. There is, too, a soul which inspires, an atmosphere of loveliness which surrounds the latter, to which the modern artist, skilful as he is, has not attained.

Behind the Palace Pitti is the garden of Boboli, an extensive enclosure on hilly ground. The nature of the surface affords one great advantage, that of variety. It is laid out in squares and circles and ellipses and triangles, in a regular and formal manner, and is richly ornamented with temples, sheets of water, and statues. Its greatest ornament, however, is its prospect. From its highest quarters you may see immediately below you the city of Florence, with its domes and towers; around, the classic heights of Fiesole and other surrounding highlands, surmounted by castles, villages, and churches; before you, the valley of the Arno, extending as far as the eye can reach, so covered with houses as to seem one immense continued village, and bounding the horizon to the right, until even they are lost in distance, the lofty and varied ridges of the Apennines.

Not far from the Palace Pitti is the building which contains the Museum of Natural History. Here are assembled an excellent observatory, admirably provided with instruments; a most extensive cabinet of fossils and minerals, occupying eight rooms, and containing some of the rarest and most beautiful specimens in the world; fine collections in conchology, entomology, and ornithology; and botanic specimens, dried and imitated in wax, sufficient to fill three apartments, besides a large botanic garden communicating with that of Boboli.

The great ornament, however, of this institution, and that in which it surpasses every other in the world, is the collection of anatomical preparations in wax. These were made

under the patronage of the grand duke Leopold, and the direction of the celebrated Fontana. They are arranged in glass cases around the walls, and through the centre of no less than fifteen apartments. Above each is placed a facsimile drawing, enabling the student more easily to identify every part. From its extent, one may easily imagine that the human body, and each part of it, internal and external, is presented in every state of dissection. The accuracy and minuteness of the imitations is surprising. Every vein and nerve and fibre seem to be preserved. This collection, so admirable for instruction, and formerly frequented by the professor and his students, is now barred against them. A single person may examine it as much as he pleases ; but, as a means of academical illustration, it is utterly useless. Under the regency of the queen of Etruria, professors of anatomy, astronomy, mineralogy, and botany, were appointed and paid by government. Their lectures are now suppressed from fear of injuring Pisa. The most curious part of this collection, to one unskilled in anatomy, is a work by Michael Zummo, a Sicilian, a modeller in wax before the time of Fontana, in the reign of Cosmo III. It is the history of the plague, represented by figures about six inches in length, and contained in three glass cases. I could not look upon it long enough to understand, if there be any, the stages of the history. One of the cases seemed to me to represent the open street of a city, and the other two the charnel houses of the dead. In the first, a whole family are piled one upon another in different stages of decay ; hard by, a mother and her infant are expiring ; from a door on one side, a man who was bringing out the dead, himself falls backward from an attack of the disease ; further off, bodies in various stages of decay lie scattered round. The horrid truth of appearance and expression, with which all this is represented, is revolting to the heart. What shall be said then of the other cases, where skulls lie round like pebbles, where the carcass is ex-

posed half denuded of its putrefying flesh, where the worm preys upon the cheek of youth, and the tarantula feasts upon the bosom of beauty, and the rat drags out the bowels of the dead to gorge his monstrous appetite ! We admire the talent of the author, but we wonder and shudder at its strange perversion.

LETTER VIII.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—PALAZZO CORSINI—POESIA OF CARLO DOLCE—PALACE MOZZI ; ITS GARDENS—RICCARDI PALACE—FRESCOES OF LUCA GIORDANO—ACADEMY OF ARTS—CASTS—PAINTINGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF THE FLORENTINE SCHOOL—SHOP OF RAPHAEL MORGHEN—FIESOLE—CONVENT OF FRANCISCANS—VIEW FROM THE PLATFORM OF THE CONVENT.

THE Palazzo Corsini is an extensive edifice erected around a quadrangle, and fronting on the river : the basement story in rustic bossage, so common in Florentine palaces. I went there principally to view the celebrated Poesia of Carlo Dolce, said to be his masterpiece. It is a female bust crowned with laurel, with flowing hair and a blue mantle drawn around her shoulders, spangled with stars. The face is not modelled after the beau ideal ; but is rather prominent, with a large eye and full expressive lip. The execution of the piece is wonderful—the golden shine of her light brown hair, the dewy softness of her large dark eye, the transparent complexion of her pensive cheek, even the water of the jewel which serves to clasp her mantle, captivate the attention and charm the taste. Strength, however, is, in my opi-

nion, wanting in the expression. The goddess is refined and imaginative, but not inspired. The finest picture, perhaps, in this gallery, and the best that I have seen of its author in Florence, is a half-length of Lucretia killing herself, by Guido. The dagger is fixed in her bosom ; the hand that grasps it tightly, and the arm with swollen veins, are admirably copied after nature, and expressive of energy in living action. The noble countenance of the violated matron is pervaded by the determination not to live dishonored ; while the intense, though calm anguish of the turning eye, indicates that the fatal poniard has already reached her heart. Passion and suffering speak in every line and feature ; and yet a divine beauty is preserved, which adds unspeakably to the interest of the picture.

I visited the palace Mozzi principally with a view of seeing the celebrated painting by Benvenuti, called the Oath of the Saxons, or the night after the battle of Jena, in which are introduced portraits of Napoleon, Bessières, Berthier, Murat, Ney, and Soult, taken from the life during a two years' sojourn of the author at Paris. Being detained by the absence of the *custode*, I was invited to walk into the garden, and was amply repaid for the delay. The garden runs back to the ancient rampart of Florence, and, rising on a hill-side, affords an ample view of the city, the surrounding heights, and the valley of the Arno, towards both the north and the south. On the right, upon a lofty eminence, were seen the church and fortress of San Miniato ; before us rose the cone of Fiesole, and the extensive palaces of Nevi and Borghese glittered in the sun ; beneath lay the domes of San Lorenzo and the cathedral, the tower of the ancient palace, and the multitudinous roofs of Florence ; eastward, the Arno wound its sinuous course among the hills, adorned with airy palaces and clustered villages ; westward, the valley widened into a broader expanse of population ; while, bounding the horizon, summit piled on summit, pierced here and there by

valleys, now crowned with snow and now with verdure, rose on every side the everlasting barrier of the mountains.

The Riccardi palace was built by Cosmo de Medicis in 1430, sold by Ferdinand II. to the noble family of Riccardi, and re-purchased by the government in 1814. It is now occupied, in part by some of the public offices, and in part by the general-in-chief of the Archducal troops. In the older parts of the palace the rooms, though preserved for use, are dismantled of their ornaments. Still, while passing through them, I could not but remember that here was once the dwelling-place of Cosmo and Lorenzo, the refuge of the learned Greeks who fled from Constantinople on its fall, the birth-place and the cradle of modern literature. We were shown a chapel beautifully painted in fresco by Gozzoli, with a Glory, a Nativity, and an Epiphany. Some of the angels in the first are particularly beautiful. In a gallery of the same palace adjoining the library is an admirable fresco by Luca Giordano. It is painted on the vaulted ceiling of an apartment about seventy-five feet long by twenty-five in breadth, and represents the vicissitudes of human life through the medium of various mythological emblems. It commences with the cave of Eternity, before whose doors the fates are weaving the web of human life, and within whose portal the grim image of Time is dimly seen. Next comes a noble representation of Temperance, attended by her sister virtues Sobriety, Tranquillity, and Religion, and having under her feet Envy, upon whose bosom a serpent feeds, and Famine leaning on a wolf. To this succeeds a history of Adonis wounded to death, sustained by nymphs of the train of Diana. The goddess stands at some distance indicating, by her attitude and expression, pity and regret. Further on comes Neptune, drawn by four horses magnificently painted. But I cannot pause to describe the various scenes of this extensive painting. The crouching figure of Fear and the representation of Constancy, under

the form of Mutius holding his hand in the fire, are peculiarly worthy of attention. Triptolemus and his oxen, Ceres engaged in sowing corn, the rape of Proserpine and the consternation of her companions, the infernal regions to which she is about to be borne, are delineated with a force, a facility, and a glowing richness, which must extort the admiration of every observer. All these subjects are painted on the sides of the vault. On its roof is the apotheosis of a number of the Medicean family: in the centre and at one end Apollo urging the chariot of Day, attended by the Seasons and preceded by Aurora, before whom Night and Morpheus retire; and at the other Diana, with Twilight for her harbinger, driving her car drawn slowly on by oxen, with head enveloped in the dim orb of the watery moon. Taking it altogether, considering its variety, its composition, its expression, its gorgeous coloring, its relief, foreshortening, the beauty of its forms, the excellence of its landscapes, this admirable painting is one of the most interesting objects to be seen even at Florence. The Riccardian library found in the same palace contains twenty-six thousand printed books, and about three thousand six hundred manuscripts, among which are many curious and beautiful.

The Academy of Arts contains an extensive collection of casts from all of the first statues in the world, and an interesting series of paintings illustrative of the history of the Florentine school, commencing with the Greek painters who introduced the art into Italy. It goes on to Cimabue, Giotto and Orcagna; from thence to Fra Angelico whose painting of the crucifixion exhibits much saintlike expression in the heads; thence to Fra Phillippo, Lippi and Castagna; next to Ghirlandaio, the master of Michael Angelo, whose Virgin and St. Joseph in the nativity are admirable for his time; then to da Credi and Perugino the instructor of Raphael, whose *Pietà* is manifestly in some respects the original of the celebrated picture by Andrea del Sarto in the Palace

Pitti. After these a vast improvement is perceptible in the works of the last named painter. His life forms indeed the golden era of Florentine art. None of his successors, Albertinelli, Vasari, the Allori, Cigoli, or Rosselli, whose works are also here exhibited,* (the Christ saving St. Peter from drowning by Cigoli among the number) have equalled this almost self-taught and self-improved prodigy. I must not omit, however, the works of Fra Bartolomeo, the contemporary and friend of Raphael, whose various styles from crudeness to almost perfection, are here exhibited. He is worthy of being the compatriot of Sarto, and in genius was even his superior.

The shop of Raphael Morghen contains only his engravings, which are all to be seen elsewhere. He himself is seldom there. It is a curious fact that his engravings are sold here dearer than in America: the Madonna della Seggiola, for example, costing twelve dollars, and a proof-print twenty-eight dollars. All objects of art, indeed, are more costly to strangers than to natives, to an unjust and offensive degree.

To-day I have been to Fiesole, situated on the summit of a lofty hill, about two miles and a half from Florence. This place is now only a small village. It was formerly one of the twelve cities of Etruria, and was afterwards colonized by Sylla with his veteran soldiers. The conspirator Catiline drew from hence a numerous reinforcement to his ruffian army. It maintained its independence until late in the dark ages, when it was finally conquered and demolished by the victorious Florentines. Remains are to be seen of the ancient walls of the city, composed of stones, which are some of them ten feet long. An arch is still standing, which was probably one of the places of entrance. A part of the seats and walls of an amphitheatre has also been opened, together with the entrance to a suite of vaulted subterranean chambers, eighteen in number, which were attached to it. The cathedral of Fiesole is remarkable for nothing but its antiquity and its lofty tower; but the church of San Alessandro,

a little higher on the mountain, is curious as being the oldest christian temple in Tuscany, having been built in the sixth century, and as containing sixteen columns of Cissolino marble with Ionic capitals and bases of Parian marble. These are beautiful monuments of architecture, and doubtless owe their origin to Roman times and hands. The convent of Franciscans, which crowns the summit of the mountain and occupies the site of the ancient citadel, is celebrated as the retreat of Picus of Mirandola, and the occasional resort of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Politian, and other learned men.

Interesting, however, as are all these recollections, they are far surpassed by the glorious view of nature from the platform of the convent. At your very feet lies Florence captive, as my guide expressed it with the tongue and in the spirit of a genuine Tuscan, among the surrounding hills. Beyond, an ocean of mountains, wave rising above wave, extends before you in long perspective. On the right, towards the northwest, are seen the spires of Prato and Pistoia, the long plain in which they are seated, and the bounding heights. Westward stretches the valley of the Arno, rich in cultivation, and sending up ten thousand smokes to heaven. On the left arise the distant mountains of Arezzo, and a little in the rear, the snow-clad summits of the far-famed solitudes of Vallombrosa. Around this splendid scene are scattered in every part, churches and palaces and villas, in rich profusion; and through it the silver Arno winds its devious course, now hiding itself, and now appearing, until it is finally lost at both extremities among the distant mountains. The glories of an Italian sun, and the soft mistiness of an Italian atmosphere, the mellow tones of the far-distant bells of the Duomo, the near chirping of the first birds of spring, the indescribable ringing sound which seems to accompany the bursting of nature into life, combined with all this magnificence of scenery, and all these ancient recollections, to charm and to absorb my every sense.

LETTER IX.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO—WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO—CHAPEL OF THE MEDICI—LAURENTIAN LIBRARY—CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE—MAUSOLEUM OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND OTHER MONUMENTS—PAINTINGS—CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA—CHURCH OF SAN MARCO—THE CATHEDRAL ; ITS CAMPANILE ; ITS BAPTISTERY.

THE church of San Lorenzo, founded on the site of a christian temple consecrated in the fourth century by Ambrose, bishop of Milan, was erected by Brunellesco in 1425. Its exterior architecture is in no wise remarkable, except for the greatness of the dome which surmounts the chapel of the Medici, and the unfinished state of its principal façade, which is nothing more than a rough wall of stone and mortar. The interior is in the form of a Latin cross, and is traversed by two rows of stone columns of the Corinthian order, separating the nave from the aisles. From column to column are thrown arches, which sustain the roof of the nave. The flat roof of the nave is sculptured in wood. The cupola, which is situated above the junction of the cross, is painted in fresco. The architecture is exceedingly light, too light perhaps for the extent and apparent massiveness of the building.

The principal objects of curiosity, are to be found in the new sacristy, or chapel of the tombs, and in the chapel of the Medici. The former was designed by Michael Angelo, and is filled with his works. It is about thirty-five feet square, and is surmounted by a lofty cupola, the vault of

which is ornamented only by rich though plain moulding. On your right, as you enter from the church, is the tomb of Julian de Medici, duke de Nemours, and brother of Leo X. In a niche above the sarcophagus is seated the form of the deceased, clad in a military habit. On the top of the sarcophagus, their feet extending beyond and below it, recline the celebrated statues of Day and Night. The latter is a fine female figure, in a recumbent attitude, with head bowed as if in sleep, and attended by the owl and a fantastic mask, to denote apparently the visions of the night. The oblivion of sleep is most powerfully delineated. On the other side also reclines Day, in the form of a Hercules, with one arm under him as if about to rise. Every limb is active, every muscle is in a state of tension. Gigantic strength and the capacity for energetic action, are finely contrasted with the feminine forms and calm repose of Night. Opposite is a similar tomb, from the same great hand, to Lorenzo de Medici, duke of Urbino, and father of Alexander the first duke of Florence. I should prefer this to the other : the posture of the deceased combines, in a most wonderful degree, ease and grace with dignity and nobleness. The emblematic statues below, are Morning and Twilight. The latter is a male form, reclining in a pensive attitude of meditation, more slender and less prodigiously powerful than his brother Day ; his posture has also more of ease and nature. Twilight was easily shaped into an image of a melancholy character : but how should the artist adapt the cheerful morning to adorn a tomb ? The genius of Michael Angelo easily overcame this difficulty. His Morning is a female, just awaking out of sleep. The painful expression natural in such a moment is not yet dispelled, and the languor of imperfect life reigns throughout her members. Many parts of these statues are left in an unfinished state. The heads of Day, and of Twilight especially, are quite rough. Such is the case with almost all the statues of this artist. Con-

ceiving greatly and with extraordinary inspiration, he seems to have grudged the labor of the chisel, and to have been disappointed that his impetuous will could not create without its intervention. As the mechanical process unwillingly proceeded, and failed to equal the glowing image which existed in his mind, we can easily imagine how his fiery spirit was vexed, and why he abandoned it at length in disgust or in despair.

After viewing this noble monument of art, we proceeded to the far inferior, though more celebrated, chapel of the Medici. It is the prolongation of the dome above mentioned, and is one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height by eighty-nine in breadth, and of an octagonal form. Though commenced in 1604, under Ferdinand I. it is even now far from being completed. The chevalier Benvenuti is now engaged in painting the vault in fresco. The high altar which is to be composed of lapis lazuli, rock crystal, jasper, &c. exists only in a wooden model, and the incrustation of the walls is not completed up to the springing of the dome. Still, unfinished as it is, it is the most gorgeous temple that I have ever seen. The walls are incrustated with the richest marbles, with pilasters and vast urns of jasper. The sarcophagi are composed of oriental and Egyptian granite. A series of the coats of arms of all the cities of Tuscany is ranged around, composed of lapis lazuli and jasper, and oriental alabaster and mother of pearl, and coral and cornelian, which rich materials are also profusely employed in other ornaments upon the walls. This gorgeous mausoleum was intended for the family of the Medici after their assumption of the ducal crown. The bones of Lorenzo the Magnificent are deposited in the old sacristy, in a rich bronze and porphyry sarcophagus; and those of Cosmo, the father of his country, rest beneath a plain stone about the centre of the church, without a mausoleum.

They needed none. The remembrance of his patriotic virtues is itself imperishable.

Attached to the church of San Lorenzo is the edifice, planned by Michael Angelo, but, like every thing in Florence, left unfinished, which contains the celebrated Laurentian Library. The hall is about one hundred and forty-three feet long by thirty-five broad. Two ranges of desks crossing the apartment are divided by a longitudinal aisle. Upon these desks, and on shelves under them, are placed the manuscripts, bound in the old-fashioned style, and fastened with brazen clasps. Each individual volume is chained to its shelf. We were shown the most curious of the collection : a Virgil, in octavo, copied in the third century, and corrected in the fifth by the Consul Asterius ; the famous copy of the Pandects of Justinian, in folio, written in the sixth century, and found by the Pisans at Amalfi, the re-production of which probably gave rise, though the fact is disputed, to the re-establishment of the Roman law ; a missal, beautifully illuminated with fine paintings of the crucifixion, &c. by one of the school of Ghirlandaio ; a Tacitus of the eleventh century ; an old Ptolemy, with maps, exceedingly curious from their strange representations of the countries of the earth ; a folio Homer of the fifteenth century, with the text in black, and a Greek paraphrase, interlined in red ink ; a Dante, copied a little after the time of its author, and illustrated in the margin with fantastic drawings of the scenes described by the poet ; a Horace, in octavo, of the eleventh century, once the property of Petrarch, and containing some of his own writing ; a Decameron, copied by Manelli, a friend of the author, nine years after the death of the latter, which soon became the original by the accidental destruction of the autograph of Boccaccio. Besides these legitimate objects of curiosity, we saw, standing on the same case which contained the Virgil and the Pandects, a dried finger, stolen from the corpse of Galileo about the time of his interment. It is preserved

in a small vase of rock crystal. The taste which sought, and that which preserves, a monument such as this, are alike disgusting and contemptible. The Laurentian Library was founded by Lorenzo the Magnificent, who employed agents in every country to collect manuscripts. The present building was commenced by Clement VII. and finished under Cosmo I. In the year 1808 it contained more than six thousand volumes. At that period the convents were suppressed, and the library received their literary spoils, which have not been restored, though the convents have been re-established. The present Grand Duke is engaged in erecting a new apartment adjacent, in which is to be deposited a collection of *editiones principes*.

The church of Santa Croce is one of the largest and most curious in Florence. It is built in the form of a cross, being four hundred and thirty feet in length, and one hundred and twenty-five in breadth. The nave is supported by large octagonal columns, with capitals, which belong to no order. The church, both within and without, has been left unfinished for five hundred years. The lofty roof of the nave, in its whole extent, presents to the astonished spectator the bare and intricate beams of a garret. The side chapels are not formed in alcoves, but are constituted each by two fine Corinthian columns placed against the wall, and enclosing a picture and an altar. Between these, on each side of the nave, are arranged the tombs for which this edifice is so deservedly celebrated. I shall mention only a few of the most interesting.

The mausoleum of Michael Angelo is a marble sarcophagus, raised upon an oblong platform of the same material, and surmounted by the bust of the deceased. Seated on the platform are three fine emblematic statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in various attitudes, alike expressive of that grief with which they are supposed to mourn their favorite. The tomb of Alfieri is also a sar-

cophagus, bearing a bust of the deceased in bas-relief, and elevated upon two huge elliptic bases of marble. A colossal statue of Italy, clad in flowing drapery, leans upon his coffin, and bows her castellated head in lamentation for her modern pride. This tomb is the work of Canova, and is well worthy of his fame, though not, I believe, admired by the Florentines. The inscription, besides that of the illustrious poet, preserves the name of his supposed wife, the Countess of Albany, the widow of the last of the Stuarts. The monument to Machiavelli was raised two hundred and sixty years after his death, by a society of Florentines, with the permission of the Grand Duke Leopold. It is, like the rest, a sarcophagus raised upon a platform. Upon the top of the sarcophagus reclines a statue of Justice, holding in one hand a medallion bearing a bust of the deceased, and leaning with the other on the balance and the sword. The mausoleum of Galileo resembles the others in its general form; but on the top of the sarcophagus is a half-length statue of the philosopher; and standing at each end are statues of Geometry and Astronomy, lamenting his undeserved persecutions and untimely death. There are, also, monuments to the poet Filicaja, to Lanzi the connoisseur, to the theologian Lami, the historian Bruni, the statesman Signorini, and a host besides. All these tombs are of marble, and adorned with the finest sculpture by Ricci and others, the best artists of their day. Besides these specimens of sculpture, there are five fine statues in marble, by Francavilla, in the chapel of the Nicolini, one of which is that of Moses holding the book of the law; and in the chapel of the Medici, two curious statues, and a bas-relief in white earthen, by Luca della Rabbia. In paintings this church is as rich as in sculpture. In the convent attached to it the tribunal of the inquisition was formerly established. I confess that as I walked through its cloister, the genius of the place seemed still to pervade its gloomy precincts, inspiring awe and horror.

In the church of Santa Croce, and in the sister church of San Lorenzo, lie, each in his "narrow house," the pride and boast of Florence. In these two churches are gathered together the dust of her wisest statesmen, her ablest captains, her profoundest scholars, her sublimest artists, her inspired poets. But genius, and learning, and wisdom, and valor, and power, were not enough to save them from the stroke of the universal destroyer. Yet there is something composing in their placid rest. The starts of ambition disturb them not: they are insensible to the stings of jealousy and the pangs of disappointment. Cares more corroding than the worm, like it, prey not upon dust. Like them we shall one day repose in the bosom of our common mother: like theirs, though in some more sequestered spot, shall be our rest.

The church of the Annunziata is one of the richest in Florence. Its vestibule, adorned by the tomb and by the paintings of Andrea del Sarto, its silver altar surmounted by a head of Christ by the same great master, its sculptured chaplets, its numerous pictures, its gilded roof and glorious cupola painted in fresco by Franceschini, give it a just claim to this distinction. It is connected with the convent of the Servites, in whose cloister, in a semicircular space upon the wall over the door which leads into the church, is the celebrated Madonna del Sacco. It is well known to have been painted by Andrea while he remained in refuge in this convent, to which he had fled after the commission of a murder. Being painted in fresco and exposed to the open air in this court or cloister, with no other protection than is afforded by its situation on the inner wall of the arcade, it is now very much defaced: yet sufficient traces of exquisite finish, of extraordinary ease, grace, and beauty remain, to justify its high reputation, and amply to reward the pains of the visitor. The Madonna is seated on the ground with the infant Jesus on her lap, and Joseph reclines in the distance on a sack engaged in reading. From this sack the

picture takes its name. It is said to have been filled with grain, the stipulated pay of the painter.

The church of San Marco is principally remarkable for the monument of Politiano, which consists in a piece of marble about a foot square, with the trifling epitaph, "Here lies Angelo Politiano who [a new thing] had one head and three tongues." Such is the inscription of the greatest scholar of his day, and of one who, had he been content to write in his native tongue, would have been one of the first poets of Italy.

The cathedral is one of the great boasts of Florence. It is a vast edifice, built in the form of a cross, and entirely incrustcd, except at one end, with black, white, and red marble, very beautifully and symmetrically arranged in panels. This end is left unfinished, covered merely with rough plaster. The interior extent of the church is about four hundred and seventy by two hundred and eighty feet; the height of the dome to the lantern two hundred and seventy-six feet. The roof is supported by two rows of square or octagonal columns. Those which support the dome are about twenty feet in thickness. The pavement of the nave, composed of marbles of different colors, was in part designed by Michael Angelo. There are no side chapels, and the walls, except those of the dome, are left perfectly plain. This is painted in fresco. It is octagon in its form, and one hundred and fifty feet in breadth from one angle to another. In breadth it surpasses St. Peter's itself, and being constructed first, claims, in the opinion of the Florentines, the palm. It was raised by Brunellesco. Immediately beneath the dome is a choir of a similar shape and almost equal extent, enclosed by a superb railing, on whose marble base, adorned with eighty bas-reliefs by the most eminent masters, rise a succession of Ionic columns crowned by an entablature surmounted by a balustrade. On the altar of this choir is extended at full-length a dead Christ of colossal size, his

head resting on the knee of the kneeling mother, a noble work of art by Bandinelli. In the rear of the same altar is the last work of Michael Angelo left unfinished at his death, of a dead Christ supported by Joseph of Arimathea. Such is the general darkness of the church, and the peculiar obscurity of the spot where it is placed, that it cannot be seen to any advantage. At some distance from the choir, on the northern wall of the church, is a very ancient picture of Dante, dressed in a long red gown, and holding a book in his hand. This stiff and defaced picture is the only monument which Florence has raised to her most illustrious poet; and of this it is doubted whether it be an authentic portrait. True the republic once endeavoured to obtain his bones, but the citizens of Ravenna, faithful to their trust and to the indignation of the poet against his ungrateful country, steadily refused to resign them.

But to leave particulars. What, it may be asked, is the effect of the whole building upon the mind? It is grand and magnificent beyond description. Singular as it would seem, you are more impressed with the idea of vastness beneath its lofty roof and swelling dome, than beneath the very canopy of heaven. Under the dome especially, you shrink into yourself, and realize that you indeed are nothing. You feel that you are in the temple of the living God. The lofty vault, the long extended aisle, the aspiring column, the far perspective and the dim religious light, conspire to produce a feeling which, if it be not devotion, bears to it at least a strong analogy. My companions happened to withdraw for a few moments. I was thus left alone to compare myself with the vast masses and the lofty heights around me; or, still more humiliating task, to consider my little being in immediate contact with the idea, inevitably brought to mind, of that Immense Essence for whom even this stupendous temple is an insufficient dwelling-place. I felt oppressed

by the grandeur, and dazzled by the vividness of the conception.

The campanile, or belfry, is a beautiful square tower, about two hundred and sixty feet in height and one hundred and eighty in circumference, incrustated in the same way with the church, but entirely detached from it. The baptistery, which is also a separate building, a few yards west of the church, is a sort of octagonal pavilion, constructed in the seventh century by the Lombards, but since incrustated with marble, furnished with bronze doors, and adorned within and without with statues. The beautiful granite columns of the interior were placed there, however, by the Lombards, though doubtless themselves of a still older date. The marble incrustation of the exterior is not to be compared in beauty to that of the church and campanile. The great ornament however of the baptistery is, its bronze doors ; of these there are three, the one towards the south, of inferior merit, by Andrea Pisano, and those on the east and north by Ghiberti, divided into panels, representing, in exquisite bas-reliefs, various scripture histories. The eastern one is the most beautiful. On each side is placed a porphyry column. Between the two is suspended a massive chain, a trophy of the ancient wars with Pisa. It is a part of the chain drawn across the now vanished port of the latter.

LETTER X.

FLORENCE CONTINUED—ARCHITECTURE OF FLORENCE—PUBLIC SQUARES, AND THEIR STATUES—PONTE VECCHIO—FLORENTINE NOBILITY—MORALS—CARNIVAL—HUMANITY OF THE FLORENTINES—MASKERS—THE GRAND DUKE—THE CASSINA—THE POGGIO IMPERIALE—FAMILY OF THE GRAND DUKE.

THE streets of Florence are in general broad, and paved with smooth flag-stones, joined together with as much nicety as the floor of a church. The Lung 'Arno is in general well built, and the Via Larga is, beyond a doubt, one of the noblest streets in Europe. The architecture of the palaces is entirely Tuscan, and speaks sensibly of an era, when the nobles were obliged, from the frequency of popular tumults, to make their dwellings castles. The windows are very high from the ground, the small openings on the basement scarcely deserve the name, and are strongly barred with iron. The bridges, especially the Ponte della Trinità, are very beautiful. The span of its arches is long, their curve slight, and the construction at once light and solid. The public squares are more or less ornamented with porticos and statues. The place of Santa Maria Novella is very extensive, and surrounded on two sides by porticos, a third being formed by the marble front of the church. The place of the Grand Duke is bordered by the ancient palace, the noble portico of the Lodge of the Lanzi, and other public and private edifices. Its great ornament, however, is its statues. On the steps of the old palace are placed, on one side of the door, the David

of Michael Angelo, apparently looking towards his gigantic enemy with indignant resolution, and searching for the proper place to strike : and on the other, the Hercules of Bandinelli, standing with triumphant ease over the prostrate Cacus. Both these statues are of marble, and of colossal size. At the end of the palace is a fountain surrounded by various deities of the sea, with Neptune standing in the midst, and further on, an equestrian statue by John of Bologna, of the grand duke Cosmo I. Under the porticos of the Loggia dei Lanzi are placed the beautiful bronze statue of Perseus by Benvenuti Cellini, and the superb marble group, consisting of three figures hewn from a single block, by John of Bologna, representing the rape of the Sabines. At the end of the Ponte Vecchio, which crosses the river a little below the square of the grand duke, is placed what may, perhaps, be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of the last mentioned artist, the celebrated group in marble of Hercules killing the Centaur. The hero stands astride of the horse-body of the Centaur, which is crushed almost to the earth. The human body of the monster is bent backward by one nervous arm of the victor, who with the other uplifts his fatal club to give the final blow. It is impossible to conceive a finer representation of violent action than is given in the attitudes, the anatomy, and the expression of this admirable group. It has now been recently scraped white, having been for a long time previous covered with a thick, though unequal, coat of black, from exposure to the weather. Such is generally the case, both in Italy and France. Many of the finest statues of the Tuilleries are thus deformed ; and the Neptune, especially of the place of the Grand Duke, is not only blackened, but is actually mouldering.

The Florentine nobility, most of them, let lodgings in their own palaces. I was shown a suite of apartments in one, consisting of five rooms, two of which were very large, the walls hung with rich silk and the ceilings beautifully painted

in fresco, which together with very good furniture and a substantial breakfast and dinner service, were offered for ten pauls a day. The same illustrious body sell their wine by the bottle, or rather flask, at their own palace gates. A small opening is generally found beside the door, or on one side, just large enough to insert a flask, where for ten cents you may obtain about two bottles of the best ordinary wine of the country. Female virtue, I am told, is almost unknown among them. The detestable practice of *cicisbeismo*, whose mere appearance is an outrage upon decency, prevails. The only pretext which an intelligent Florentine (when taxed in my presence on the subject) could find to veil the character of his fair countrywomen was, the delicacy with which they conduct their intrigues !

The exhibitions of the Carnival are too silly and vapid to be either amusing or ridiculous. Every Sunday and Thursday, which are the grand *jours de fête*, the whole city turns out upon the banks of the Arno to gaze at a few men, dressed as women, in gowns which show their pantaloons and boots below ; a few women, dressed in Turkish habits, and betraying their sex by their size and awkwardness of movement ; a few harlequins, with wooden swords and smutty faces ; a few gentlemen, of the old school, with laced coats and big wigs, who with monotonous insipidity strut to and fro, with hats under their arms, and without uttering a single word. The greater part of the maskers wear long black silk habits, with a hood to cover the head, and a black mask on the face, called dominos, a mere cover for intrigue. Amid this motley crowd you may yawn for hours, without seeing any thing to excite a cordial smile. No scintillation of wit, not even a flash of low humor, lightens, for a moment, on the preposterous dulness of the scene. The appearance of the higher ranks (not that they never mingle in disguise with the vulgar crowd) is made in carriages. In these they pursue, at a snail pace, a regulated

round through the streets called the Corso, at the imminent risk of breaking both their vehicles and their necks. It seems to me, that the people themselves are not interested in these silly exhibitions. The multitude around me, generally seemed as ready to yawn as myself. But in the absence of all healthful excitement, finding the necessity of mere amusement, and yet despairing of its genuine attainment, they are content to retain this usage of their ancestors; though the gaiety, humor, ingenuity, and wit, which once animated these modern saturnalia, have taken their leave with the virtues and institutions of other days.

But if the vivacity of the Florentines is departed, their proverbial humanity still survives. No people can be more universally courteous and kind, and more cordially charitable and benevolent. What laws and taxes have not effected in the other countries of Europe, spontaneous charity has almost done in Florence. It has almost banished beggars from her streets. Numerous receptacles for the poor, and sick, and maimed, for helpless age and deserted infancy, have been founded, and are supported by the contributions of the benevolent. One noble association, which has existed for five hundred years, and is unparalleled in the history of the world, deserves peculiar commendation. You meet, occasionally, in the streets of Florence, a procession, consisting of about twelve persons, clothed in long black garments, and conveying, in a covered litter, some neglected child of misery to the hospital of the society. Beneath the enveloping hoods of their habits, you might often, I am told, find the first noblemen of Florence. The institution is called the Misericordia, and commands the universal esteem and veneration of the citizens. When its members pass, in the performance of their blessed function, every head bows before them. Such is the constraining influence of virtue, even among a corrupt people, and in a degenerate age.

The Florentines are exceedingly fond of spectacles. A

population of eighty thousand supports, during Carnival, no less than six theatres, besides innumerable shows of an inferior cast. On the last Thursday, and the last three days of the Carnival, the masks are stirring from morning till night. Under the arcades of the Uffizi is the principal rendezvous. Here single masks are to be found of every description: Turks, Jews, shepherds, sailors, &c. and groups of nuns, fishermen, devils, and every other character which is either pleasing and magnificent, or grotesque and ludicrous. The only piece of wit, however, that I saw, was played off at the expense of the English, whom the Florentines are said most cordially to dislike. It was a man under the semblance of a woman, about six feet high, with an immense paper bonnet, which made him or her about two feet higher, leaning heavily upon the arms of two gentlemen, rolling from side to side as she walked, and frequently addressing those whom she met in a tone so high and loud as to be absolutely screaming. In the evening, at the Pergola, I saw the Grand Duke. He seemed to me the plainest dressed man in the room. He is about thirty, tall and slender, his hair long behind, of a swarthy complexion, and melancholy countenance. He is said to be a man of taste and learning, splendid in his mode of living, though not in his own person, and munificent with regard to public institutions. The Corso, on Thursday, is also peculiarly splendid—if footmen and postillions, covered with gold and silver, and two, four, or six beautiful horses in rich trappings, can make it so.

The Cascina, which signifies literally a place to keep cows, is a farm belonging to the Grand Duke, without the walls, on the banks of the Arno. It is the fashionable place of resort in carriages on every pleasant day, between two and five in the afternoon in winter, and still later in summer. It is very extensive, more than a mile long, and is laid out in walks, bordered by hedges and shaded by forest trees. Even

at this season (February 27) it presented a brilliant scene, frequented as it was by splendid equipages and richly-dressed fashionables, who had alighted to walk. Its own were, however, far superior to these merely adventitious attractions. The fine trunks of its trees, encompassed by parasites, its judicious ornaments, its natural growth of shrubs and trees, its neighboring Arno, and surrounding mountains, gave it a charm entirely independent of, and superior to, the artificial one of fashion. In the midst of this delightful region is situated one of the palaces of the Arch Duke, called the Cascina. It is merely a larger and more respectable sort of farmhouse, built of brick, and covered in part with stucco.

Another of the country residences of the Grand Duke is the Poggio Imperiale, situated on a gentle eminence about a mile from the Porta Romana, and approached for the whole distance by an avenue lined on both sides with the tall cypress and the evergreen holm. It is a palace of considerable extent, built around a quadrangle, and ornamented within with beautiful specimens of the fine arts. In the court is a fine statue of Adonis by Michael Angelo, wounded by the boar and extended on his back in the agonies of death. The expression of the face is strong and painful to behold, combining the utmost suffering with the utmost beauty. The vaults of the apartments within are beautifully painted in fresco by Rosselli, Poccetti, Gherardini, and del Moro, and some of the walls by Benvenuti and other modern artists. In the dining hall are a number of fine statues; among others a diminutive Apollo, which my guide assured me was really by Phidias. Whoever the author was, the statue is wonderfully graceful, and its head expressively majestic. The great ornament, however, of the palace, in my eyes, is to be found in the chapel, where is an altar-piece executed in bas-relief by Thorwaldsen. The subject, according to the information of the guide, is St. Peter

receiving the keys. It is manifestly, however, the commandment of our Lord to the chief of the Apostles to feed his sheep: the mistake originated from the mere fact of St. Peter holding the keys, without which he is never represented. The bas-relief contains twelve figures; our Lord and the eleven Apostles, all that remained after the apostacy of Judas. In the centre is the risen Saviour; a figure full of majesty, a countenance impressed with godlike dignity and tenderness. One hand is extended towards St. Peter, another is directed towards one or two sheep who appear indistinctly in the background. At his left kneels the chief of the Apostles, with that eager and devoted and yet humble look with which he would be likely, after having once fallen through presumption, to exclaim, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." The artist seems to have entered into the very soul of the Apostle, to have rightly conceived, and strongly expressed the state of his humbled and still ardent mind. Behind St. Peter stands the beloved disciple, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, coinciding, though with less fire, yet with more devoted and self-abandoning tenderness, in the words uttered by his fellow Apostle. The rest are ranged on either side, one with folded arms, another leaning on his staff, all varied in their attitudes and in their expression, yet all deeply attentive, and as it were absorbed in the interest of the scene before them. While Thorwaldsen lives, sculpture must be acknowledged to survive in its noblest and most affecting form, in its most chaste and classic purity.

On each side of the Porta Romana is an inscription; the one recording the visit of Charles V. and his reception at the palace of the Medici, (now the palace Riccardi,) and the other a visit of Leo X. on occasion of which the walls were levelled to give him passage. In Florence every thing around you speaks of great and celebrated men. The Porta San Gallo, however, records a visit of Frederic IV. of

Denmark, a man only known as a king ; a miserable distinction.

To-day I went to the chapel of the Grand Duke in the Palace Pitti to hear mass. Such music I never heard before. The orchestra and choir are both perfect, and the latter is said to contain the best male singer in Italy. The Grand Duke himself was present with his sister and the Duchess Dowager, the sister of his wife. The latter is a noble looking woman of about thirty-five, with prominent and almost Grecian features. The sister is very plain, (indeed she is deformed,) but very sensible. She is said to be even consulted in the government.

To-day the Carnival increased greatly in brilliance. The whole population of the city seemed to be abroad in masks, and those who could not afford them, were content to paint their faces and turn their coats wrong side outwards. The Corso was far more splendid than before. An increased number of horses and footmen, an increased glare of liveries and gilding, an increased crowd within and throng without, served to render still more vain and empty this empty round of vanity. The last day of the Carnival is Tuesday. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, are its most brilliant days.

LETTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—LAST DAY OF THE CARNIVAL—PEASANTRY—THEATRES—VALLEY OF CHIANA—AREZZO—CASTIGLIONE—CORTONA—VIEW FROM THE ORATORY OF ST. MARGARET—LAKE THRASYMENUS—PERUGIA—THE TIBER—SPELLO—TREBIA—THE CLITUMNUS—SPOLETO—PASSAGE OF MONTE SOMMA—FALLS OF THE VELINO—THE NERA—CIVITA CASTELLANA—FLAMINIAN, ÆMILIAN, AND CASSIAN WAY—THE CAMPAGNA ; CAUSE OF ITS INSALUBRITY—ARRIVAL AT ROME

I COULD have lingered for years at Florence, and it was with deep regret that I found myself obliged to abandon for ever, this, as one of her own poets has called her, the great queen-city of Etruria. I looked for the last time, almost with tears, upon those crowded mansions, the receptacles of art, the birthplaces of great men ; upon the mountains which environ the seat of the Tuscan muse ; upon those “blessed valleys through which the Arno glides from wave to wave with lordly step ;” and upon those “beautiful sojourns,” which the same poet celebrates as the chosen residence of the Graces, and as containing within themselves an abridgment of all the beauties of nature.

Taking the road to Arezzo, we were soon buried among the hills, from whose sides, however, we still had frequent glimpses of the swelling dome of the cathedral and its surrounding towers ; but in the course of two hours we lost sight of them for ever. We found the Arno again, it is true, at Incisa, but diminished of course in interest as well as size. From hence to Monte Varchi, where we passed the night, we travelled through the upper valley of the Arno, remarkable for its fossil remains, and the picturesqueness of its sur

rounding mountains. The day was a fine one ; the aspect of nature was glorious. The men (*it was now the last day but one of the carnival*) were cheerfully engaged in labor, anticipating no doubt the pleasures of the evening—the women sat before their doors in the sun, industriously twirling the distaff, dressed in their holiday attire, and inspired as it seemed with rustic glee : how much more natural, more interesting, thought I, this simple show of gladness than the masked buffoonery of Florence. My admiration of the simplicity of rural pleasures was, however, a good deal staggered on being advised in the evening at my inn to go to the Festa di Ballo, where the prima donna of the theatre, who was *giovane e bella*, would mingle in the dance. A prima donna and a theatre, in a town of, I suppose, from three to four thousand inhabitants !

In the morning we left Monte Varchi, and having crossed the Arno twice, finally left it. The country was hilly, and singularly formed in many places into huge banks of clay, seamed by the rain, and presenting appearances the most fantastic. At length we crossed the Chiana, and entered on the valley to which it gives name. This beautiful and fertile region extends from hence even beyond Cortona. It is called the granary of Tuscany. In the midst of the plain, and reclining as it were on the side of an eminence, lies Arezzo, the birthplace of Petrarch. His parents were Florentines, and were here only for a season at the time of his birth. We were shown the house where he was born, a plain two-story building, about forty feet wide, and distinguished by a marble tablet fixed in the wall, containing an appropriate inscription. I confess I looked with reverence upon the spot where one of the most philosophic, elegant, and sometimes spirited of poets, first drew breath. I could not, also, but remember, that this house might be regarded as one of the cradles of ~~modern~~ learning, of which Petrarch was among the earliest and most conspicuous revivers. Such associations

as these, though not of the most animating sort, are yet of a sufficiently interesting character to afford a deep, though tranquil, enjoyment to the mind. Arezzo is a well-built town, containing a fine cathedral and a number of other public buildings, and counting about ten thousand inhabitants.

From hence we proceeded through the valley already mentioned to Castiglione, a town situated on a steep and almost precipitous eminence, and fortified by a double rampart, one above the other ; the lower built into and supporting the very side of the hill. The platform of the lower rampart must command a very extensive view over the valley ; but when I reached it, it had become so dark, that very little was visible, except here and there a distant illumination made to celebrate the last night of the carnival. Immediately around us bonfires blazed in every direction, the report of guns was to be heard on all sides, and boys were to be seen rushing to and fro with lighted torches, as if in the madness of a bacchanalian revel. Here, too, there was a Festa di Ballo and a theatre. Of this latter mode of amusement, the Italians seem far more fond than even their French neighbors. With a drama miserably poor, they yet, it is said, constantly fill with crowds their almost innumerable theatres. The price is so trifling, that I could not at first imagine how they were supported. Ten cents purchase you admission to the best place of the best theatre in Florence, the opera alone excepted. This extraordinary cheapness was, however, in part explained by what I was told by an Italian friend. He affirmed that the greater number of the actors derive only a part of their subsistence from the stage ; and that the hero of the night may frequently be seen next day officiating in his shop, his sword exchanged for a yard-stick, or perhaps for a razor.

From Castiglione we pursued our way southward early in the morning, still through the valley of Chiana, which

seemed to grow more beautiful as we advanced. About a mile before we arrived at the little village of Camuscia, we left our carriage and took the road leading up to Cortona. This ancient Etruscan city, formerly known as Corytus, is situated on a steep and lofty hill, the ascent to which from the plain is about a mile in length. The walls which surround it, and the view from its summit, are the principal objects worthy of attention. In parts the old wall is in a perfect state of preservation, to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground. It is there composed of huge blocks of gray stone, generally from six to ten feet long by three in height, and of enormous thickness, placed one upon another, without either mortar or cement. Their age and their endurance are, however, more remarkable than even their size : the alternations of heat and cold, for three thousand years, in many places, have not mouldered their firm consistence. Storms have beaten against them, invasions have assaulted them, alike in vain. The violence of man, and of the elements, has failed to make any perceptible impression.

The view from the platform of the ancient oratory of St. Margaret, on the very summit of the hill, is truly magnificent. Westward, the beautiful valley of Chiana lies before you, opening long vistas to the north and south. In the northwest, San Savino rears its head, and below and beyond are seen the distant mountains of Sienna. In the southwest, the volcanic summits of Radicofani, and the loftier cone and wider base of Santa Fiora, and the more distant peak of Monte Alcinò, successively attract the eye as it moves towards the north. On this side of Santa Fiora, the pointed hill of Monte Pulciano, crowned with its village, catches the attention; and further south the town of Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, the seat of king Porsenna, one of the most formidable enemies of infant Rome. Turning towards the south, what is that noble sheet of water which lies below you, concealed in part from view by a projecting range of

mountains? It bears a name of many recollections. It witnessed the fall of fifteen thousand Romans; the victory of the daring Carthaginian—I need hardly name the lake of Thrasymenus. The mists which rise even now from its surface, rose only more thickly on the day of the consul's fall. The eternal mountains which surround it are still the same.

A mile and a half south of Cortona is the little village of Ossaia, which may be distinguished by its containing the last custom-house in Tuscany. It is supposed by some that the battle took place in its vicinity, from the quantity of bones that have been found beneath the soil. This fact, however, would prove no more, even supposing these to be the bones of Romans, than that as many men were killed here as there have been found skeletons; and it may be readily supposed that some flying party was massacred upon the spot. The field of battle is more generally supposed, from the description of Polybius, and from tradition, to have been somewhere between the first custom-house in the Roman territories, on Mount Gualandro, a considerable eminence which shelves gently down to the borders of the lake, and the bold promontory of Passignano, which almost juts into it. The plain between these two points is about four miles long, narrow, semicircular in form, and environed by steep and lofty heights. In the midst of this plain Hannibal encamped with the *élite* of his army, while with his light troops he occupied the recesses of the mountains. Flaminius, entering by the western pass, (that of Mount Gualandro,) plunged rashly into the snare. Hurrying onward to attack his open enemy, he found himself suddenly surrounded. The mists closed in upon him, with the bands of the advancing Carthaginians, and he and his army perished as if by the blow of an unseen and irresistible destiny. The precise spot on which the battle raged, can scarcely be determined. Eustace says that it took place on the banks of a stream, called the

Sanguinetto, which every peasant and postillion pointed at in his time with a species of horror. For my own part, I could not prevail on them to tell me which of the three that cross the indicated plain, this might be. Indeed, all the stupid creatures, and I asked at least a dozen, pretended that Sanguinetto was not a stream, but a place, as nearly as I could discover from their repeated directions, on a rising ground near the base of the mountains, about a mile beyond Monte Gualandro. The precise spot must, from the nature of the case, always remain a subject of doubt. It is at least certain, however, that the Carthaginian had scanned, with his wary and patient eye, all these heights, and examined all these passes, and studied all their advantages. And at any rate it is enough to revive our recollections, and to thrill our hearts, that the ground at least is still the same ; that it was within the barrier of these everlasting mountains ; that it was upon the borders of this abiding lake that a victory was achieved which had almost given another color to the destinies of Rome : a victory which crowned with glory the greatest general of his own, or perhaps of any other age, and rewarded with success an enterprise the most daring, the most difficult, the most skilfully conducted of any upon record, either in ancient or modern times. The scenery of the lake is as beautiful as its recollections are animating. Ten miles in length by six in breadth, it presents a fine expanse of water, surrounded on every side but one by highlands of beautifully varied outlines, which now plunge boldly into the lake, and now retire in narrow valleys, or spacious amphitheatres. The surface is dotted with three islands, the largest of which is picturesquely crowned with a village and a church. Towards the west, it opens upon the plain, and the more distant mountains.

From the lake Thrasymenus, now called the lake Perugia, the road leads to the city of Perugia over a succession of hills, frequently adorned with antique towers and castles.

The last named city is seated on the summit of a steep and lofty hill, and contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants. It is chiefly remarkable as having been the birth-place of Perugino, the master of Raphael, and the seat of his school. It still retains a great many of his pictures, which we had not time to examine, in consequence of the lateness of our arrival. We were lodged here in a palace. The walls and vault of our saloon were painted in fresco, our beds were surmounted by silken canopies, and the walls of our bedrooms hung with the same rich material. We feasted, however, nothing but our eyes; were obliged to tread upon cold uncovered brick floors; paid exorbitantly for wretched entertainment, and were cheated in receiving our change from the servant, finding, as our vetturino expressed it, the master a robber and the waiter a rogue. After descending the hill and passing the rich plain of Perugia, which is watered by the Tiber, we crossed that river, a large and rapid, and to me, even here, a sacred stream. Of its exact breadth I could not well judge, in consequence of its being somewhat enlarged by dams, both above and below the bridge. From hence we passed onward over hill and dale to Assisi, the birth-place of St. Francis, situated in a long stripe upon the side of a hill, crowned at the summit with an extensive castellated citadel, and adorned near its base with a magnificent convent of Franciscans. The principal façade of this extensive edifice appeared to me, at a distance, to be of rich architecture, and at least four hundred feet in length. A fitting residence for a community of beggars by profession!

A continuation of the plain leads the traveller to Spello, which is also situated on a hill. Its walls are overgrown with ivy, and its houses seem mouldering with age. It looked old enough, indeed, almost to justify by its appearance its title to be considered a Roman colony, a title conspicuously recorded over its furthest gate. In the delightful valley of Spoleto, the first place we came to was Foligno,

an ill-built but populous and industrious city, seated, unlike most of its neighbors, in the plain. From hence we passed to Trevi, the ancient Trebia, perched at the roadside on the very top of a sharp precipitous hill. The object of choosing such sites for almost all the cities of this region, must have been obviously defence,—a characteristic this of iron times, and of a warlike race. To the inhabitants such sites must be exceedingly inconvenient; to the traveller, however, they afford objects the most picturesque and imposing.

Not far from Trebia we came upon the banks of the Clitumnus, a pure and gentle stream, now called Le Vene, from the singularity of its sources, which gush from the very base of the mountain. Upon its banks, not far from its sources and near the roadside, but fronting towards the river, is a small Roman temple in a fine state of preservation, called by Eustace the temple of Clitumnus, and by the people of the neighborhood a temple of Diana. ~~Nothing seemed to me remaining to indicate its original design, as its~~
 fane is now occupied by a christian altar. It is about twenty feet by twelve in its dimensions, and consists of a cella and a portico, supported by two pilasters and four columns. The capitals, though different from each other, should all, I think, be called composite. The shafts are also various. The pilasters are fluted; two of the pillars are surrounded by a spiral line, and two of them are covered with an imitation of scales. Below is a sort of cellar, which bears on the surface of one of the huge blocks which form its roof, the inscription, "T. Septimius Plebius," the name, doubtless, of its long-forgotten founder. Upon the banks of the Clitumnus were fed, during the ages of victorious Rome, the white victims employed to consecrate the triumphs of her heroes.

During our whole journey, more especially after passing the boundaries of Tuscany, we had been besieged wherever we stopped by beggars, and even pursued while on the road with the most vexatious importunities. In the valley of

Spoletto, beggary assumed a new and rather more interesting form. More than once we were followed by two or three children in a body, who sung, in a very touching manner, simple and affecting words appealing to the compassion of the stranger. At the termination of the plain, on the side of a hill, lies Spoleto, a city principally remarkable for having repulsed Hannibal when he attacked it flushed with victory, after the battle of Thrasymenus. The "insignis fuga" of the Carthaginian is recorded on an ancient gateway, which now stands near the centre of the town. From Spoleto we commenced almost immediately the passage of Monte Somma, which is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the ocean. We did not cross it at its highest point, yet the view in our rear was most extensive and beautiful, commanding the whole valley, and the distant towers of Foligno. Having descended, we entered a narrow gorge which winds among the mountains, along the dry bed of a torrent, and continues for about ten miles. The pass is very narrow, frequently, I should think, not more than one hundred and fifty yards in width; the mountains are high and picturesque, in one place broken and precipitous, and in another, covered with eternal verdure. It is this constant occurrence of mountains, with intervals of rich plains and frequent rivers, that gives to Italian scenery, in part at least, its extraordinary charm. This fact I realized completely, when breaking from the gloomy pass in which we had been so long engaged, the delicious vale of Terni opened on our view. Traversed by the Nera and its branches, surrounded by mountains of the most varied and interesting character, and luxuriant with the richest vegetation, it presented beauties attractive in themselves, and rendered more striking by the contrast. The town of Terni lies between the Nera and one of its branches, and was hence called Interamna by the Romans. From hence you ascend by carriages provided at the post-house, the price of which is regulated by the govern-

ment, to the celebrated falls of the Velino, or Caduta delle Marmore. The ride is most romantically and wildly beautiful. It is an almost continual ascent for four or five miles, passing by the side of precipitous descents, overlooking the rich vale below, commanding long vistas through the mountains, and affording a distant prospect of some of the loftiest summits of the Appenines.

You are first introduced to the waters of the Velino, just above the fall, where foaming and tumbling along, they rush with desperate and reckless haste to their inevitable destiny. Next you are led to a projecting eminence opposite the cascade, from whence you see the stream rolling on "like an eternity" in an unbroken fall, bursting into foam which surrounds it like a mantle, and plunging into the deep abyss that rises to meet it at its coming in thick clouds of vapour. From below, you gain a more comprehensive view, which embraces, not only the principal fall, partly hidden however by a projecting rock, but also two or three minor cascades of little importance in themselves, but adding not a little, when taken in connexion, to the grandeur of the whole. The height of the fall is about two hundred feet, the breadth of the stream above, about thirty, and its depth immediately beside the bank from three to four. The fall is an artificial one. It is an opening made as an outlet to the waters of the lake of Luco, which, receiving those of the Velino, frequently flooded the neighboring valley of Rieti to an inconvenient and dangerous extent. This fact would detract no doubt from the interest of the scene, were there any appearances of art. But every such appearance has been removed by the hand of time, and the advantages of the situation. Besides, there is enough to compensate for the objection in the fact, that the opening ~~was~~ made by Curius Dentatus the conqueror of Pyrrhus—~~a fact~~ which, carrying us back to the earlier and purer ages

of the Roman republic, unites the moral to the physical sublime.

Around the neighborhood of the fall, and along the river and the lake above, are found in great abundance caverns adorned with stalactites and incrustations of lime in various beautiful and fantastic forms. A really great evil and serious drawback upon the pleasure of visiting the fall, is the crowd by whom you are surrounded, one presenting a mineral, another throwing a stone or stick into the chasm and demanding a compensation, a third desiring to be remembered for opening a gate, and a fourth claiming a remuneration for admitting you into a wretched building, from which you see the fall, all entreating you to leave something with them as a token, and addressing you uniformly as 'your excellency' to enhance the price of their attendance. These are a sort of insects that swarm around you in every public place in Italy; and not only drain your blood, but inflame the wound and unfit you for enjoyment. If, like the fox in the fable, you brush off one set, whom you have at least partly satisfied, another swarm succeeds, more hungry and insatiable still.

Narni is a town situated on the descent of a steep hill near the banks of the Nera. It is remarkable for the remains of a Roman bridge, the middle arch of which had a span of eighty-five feet. The road beyond is most romantic. It is suspended for a considerable distance over an abyss, through whose bottom flows the turbid and rapid Nera. Following the windings of the stream, you are presented at every turn with views of a character the most wild and picturesque, mountains now bare and rugged and now clothed with verdure, here frowning near at hand and there diminishing in distance, deep ravines and projecting masses of rock and tremendous precipices. Not far from Ottricoli, you again cross the Tiber, here a noble stream flowing through a broad and fertile valley, and at the same time

leaving Umbria, enter the Sabine territory. What associations were there in that name! But the name was all. This ancient people, the early rivals and afterwards alternately the fast allies and the determined enemies of infant Rome, have left nothing else to commemorate their existence; even their fame has been absorbed in the blaze of Roman glory—"ignotis perierunt mortibus illi." The bridge by which we crossed the Tiber was originally constructed by Augustus, and rebuilt by Sixtus V. From hence we pursued our way through a hilly region, rendered interesting by the view of the distant summits of Soracte, (now St. Oresti,) in itself a beautiful solitary mountain, and remarkable from having found a place in the immortal verse of Virgil and of Horace.

Cività Castellana is very beautifully situated on a rock, precipitous on every side; rendered so in part by art, but principally by the deep gorge of the Triglia. An inscription over one of the public offices reads thus, "Leonis X. Pont. Max. in Veios liberalitate." And was this Veii—Veii, which, like Troy, had stood a ten years' siege, only less celebrated than that of Ilium, "caruit quia vate sacro?" The inhabitants claim this honor for their city, and are supported by some antiquaries in their pretensions; but the general opinion assigns the site of Veii to Monte Masivo, a considerable eminence on the left hand of the road, about twelve miles from Rome. Perhaps then this was Fescennium, or Falerii, once besieged by Camillus, and signalized by his generosity and the punishment of a traitor. At any rate, amidst all these doubts one fact at least was certain, that we were now in a region inhabited of old by some of those small but warlike tribes, whose indomitable spirit exercised the heroism of the early Romans, and admirably prepared them for more distant enterprises and wider conquests.

From Cività Castellana our road lay through an undu-

lating country, clothed with trees, and crowded with cattle, which seemed to derive from the scanty herbage nothing more than barely enough to sustain life. It was at a short distance from this town that we first saw any very obvious traces of the old Roman roads. We had been travelling on the Flaminian way, but found it for the most part covered with soil. The Æmilian way, on the contrary, which we took shortly after leaving Città Castellana, exhibited completely its original appearance. The pavement was just wide enough for two carriages to pass with ease, and was composed of small flat stones, about four inches square, the outer row on each side being, however, much larger. Beyond Monte Rosi, we came upon the Cassian way, and again entered the Flaminian, about two miles from Rome. These roads are, indeed, enduring monuments of the greatness of the people by whom they were established. When we reflect that from the Roman forum, the centre of the sovereignty of the Roman people, they ran east, west, north, and south, not only through Italy, but through distant provinces ; and when we consider the solidity of their construction, which has enabled them to defy the vicissitudes of the seasons for two thousand years, we shall cease to exult in our own superior attention to convenience and utility.

From Monte Rosi to Buccano, the country exhibits every appearance of having been formerly volcanic. Lava is in some places abundant. From an eminence just beyond Buccano, I caught my first view of Rome, then about twenty miles distant. As the dome of St. Peter's opened on my eyes, and the seven hills arose in a low ridge on the southern horizon, I was ready to cry out with the poet,

“ Ecce l' invitta croce !
Ecce gli augusti colli !”

And with him I was ready to complain,

*" Troppo, ah! troppo, in amore
Dure son le dimore :
Il passo è troppo tardo ;
L'alma volì colà tutta in un guardo."*

But as space and time refuse annihilation, I was obliged to wait the slow progress of a vetturino through the uninteresting regions of the Campagna, upon which we had now entered. Instead of being a plain, as I had formerly imagined, it is a constant succession of short steep hills, separated by narrow valleys, well adapted to the collection and retention of stagnant pools. These are not permitted to run off into the Tiber, by the peculiar conformation of the ground. The hills are not parallel, but cross, and meet each other in every direction and at every angle. This appears to me, to be one of the chief causes of the unhealthiness of the region. The soil is naturally good, but is very little cultivated. It is principally employed as pasturage, and for the production of hay. No signs of habitation are to be seen, until very near the Tiber ; but one miserable post-house, and no edifices, except ruined aqueducts and an ancient tomb.

From the heights we frequently caught views of the distant city. With the intensest curiosity, I as often inquired with myself : Where is the everlasting Colosseum ? Where is Trajan's column ? Where is Adrian's mausoleum ? Where is the Pantheon of Agrippa ? Where, above all, is the summit of the Capitol ? But as I approached nearer and still nearer, my impatience diminished, and then ceased. I was willing to pause and recollect myself. Nay, memories of the past came crowding so thick upon my mind, that I even wished for a delay. I wished to picture to myself the old magnificence of the marble city, the centre of all riches, the mistress of the world. I wished to call up before me that long line of heroes, whose awful and venerable shades seemed still to linger around those hallowed precincts. I

wished to imagine Cicero in the forum, or the senate-house, and to assemble before me the circle of Mæcenas,

———“ Animæ quales neque candidiores

Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.”—*Hor. Sat. V. b. 1.*

and with the concentrated inspiration of all these glowing thoughts, to enter Rome in a state of mind adapted to her ancient glories, and acceptable to the genius of the place. At length, after descending a hill, whose garden walls were buttressed with broken columns, cornices, and capitals, all of marble, we came upon the Tiber and the Ponte Molle, formerly the Pons Milvius, a part of whose ancient construction still remains. It was upon this bridge that the ambassadors of the Allobroges were arrested, by order of Cicero, for their participation in the conspiracy of Catiline; and it was in its immediate vicinity that the first christian emperor, with far inferior forces, triumphed over the tyrant Maxentius. Here, two miles from Rome, we came again on the Flaminian way, which leads between the Marian and Pincian mounts to the Porta Flaminia, now the Porta del Popolo. As if to remind us that we were approaching the grand repository of both ancient and modern art, we saw upon the plastered walls of the vineyards as we rode along, sketches of warriors, on foot and on horseback, made apparently with coal, and executed with a spirit and correctness truly wonderful. At last we passed the gate, and entered the Piazza del Popolo—a vestibule worthy of its temple. Its great extent, its striking fountains adorned with marble statues, its noble obelisk, its beautiful twin churches, the fine buildings by which it is surrounded, the long vistas opened by its three diverging streets, present a spectacle unparalleled, unless in Rome itself. .

LETTER XII.

ROME; ITS ANTIQUITIES—THE CAPITOL—VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE PALACE OF THE SENATOR—TEMPLE OF JUPITER TONANS—OF FORTUNE—OF CONCORD—MAMERTINE AND TULLIAN PRISON—THE FORUM—ARCH OF SEVERUS—COLUMN OF PHOCAS—TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA—OF ROMULUS AND REMUS—BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE—TEMPLE OF VENUS AND ROME—ARCH OF TITUS.

MY first object, on arriving at Rome, was dictated, not only by the order of chronology, but by that of interest. There is an attraction about the antiquities of Rome which appeals alike to the recollections of youth and the maturer knowledge of manhood; which derives itself not only from those striking feats of prowess and of patriotism which adorn the annals of her history, but from the splendor of her literature, the justice of her laws, and the comprehensive liberality and wisdom of her policy; and, which adds to all these high associations, the melancholy charm of greatness passed away, and magnificence in ruins. I hastened therefore at once to the Capitol, disregarding for the time every thing modern that I passed upon the way. The first object which met my eyes, on ascending its steps, was a bronze equestrian statue, so instinct with life and motion, that it seemed to be advancing upon me. It proved to be the statue of Marcus Aurelius, the last of the Romans, brought from the place where it was found, near St. John Lateran, to adorn the quadrangular court formed by the three modern buildings of the Capitol. The emperor is seated on his horse,

with his right hand extended, the palm downwards, in a posture and with an air truly imperial. The graceful ease of his position, the imposing dignity of his action, and the grave nobleness of his features, are those of one accustomed and entitled to command; who, with the power, also has the will to confer signal benefits upon his people. The form of the horse is admirable, his attitude spirited, and his movement is a prodigy of art.

But let me hasten from this work, however worthy of attention, and from the modern Campidoglio, unworthy as it is of the genius of Michael Angelo, and of the majesty of the place, to dearer recollections. There upon that eminence, towards the north, now crowned by the miserable church of Ara Cœli, once stood the temple of Capitoline Jove, the sanctuary of the tutelary deity of Rome; the shrine to which the senate, when they sent forth the consul to war, led him to invoke the protection of the gods; the spot to which the triumphal pomp conducted him when he returned victorious—the depository of the spoils of all the world—the most magnificent fane of the magnificent mother of empires.* Before me on the site of the Palace of the Senator, (a mere shadow of that once venerable name) stood formerly the Tabularium, which contained the laws, inscribed on bronze, and all the authentic archives of the senate. On another eminence towards the south, arose the towers of the citadel, the centre of the Roman power; and oftentimes, in her infant years, the last hope and refuge of the state. Here stood the humble shed of Romulus, and here the temple of Feretrian Jove, the honored receptacle of the Spolia Opima. On one side, its defence was formed by the Tarpeian precipice, from which Manlius was thrown, and which is still seventy feet in height, notwithstanding the diminution of the hill and the filling up of the valley below. Of the glories of the Capitol nothing now remains. Its fortress and its temples have crumbled into dust. A small portion of the wall, built into

the very side of the hill, and composed of huge blocks of stone, alone is seen beneath the Tabularium and in the vicinity of the Tarpeian rock.

After examining even these remains with reverence, I hastened to ascend the tower of the Palace of the Senator, to gain a comprehensive view of ancient Rome. Its site is but little occupied by the modern city, which is built to the north of it upon the Campus Martius and along the banks of the Tiber. But looking southward from this tower, the magnificence of the ancient city burst upon me even in her ruins. Upon the very descent of the Capitoline hill two temples reared their broken colonnades. A few steps further lay the arch of Severus, and the pillar of Phocas. At the distance of a pistol-shot were seen on one side three solitary columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and on the other the whole front of that of Antoninus and Faustina: a little to the right of the former the Palatine Mount, covered with its imperial ruins, and sheltering by its side the circular temple of Vesta: below, the ruined arches of the Basilica of Constantine; and almost opposite, the arch of Titus; still further down, the arch of the first christian emperor; and near it, closing the long vista, the immense masses and towering arcades of the everlasting Colosseum. In the distance, on the right, arose the long-extended walls of the baths of Caracalla; and on the left, the less obvious remains of the baths of Titus. Between and around them, in every direction, were scattered piles of ruins. What a spectacle was this! The Capitol, the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars! Places venerated and beloved, even from my boyish years, do I now indeed behold you! Yes—for before me rise the seven hills, to bear witness to your reality, to assure me that I am indeed in Rome. On the right, springs up the Aventine; below me lies the Palatine; and beyond, separated by a narrow interval, the Celian; a little to the left of the Flavian Amphitheatre, rises the Esquiline, crowned with

the double dome and spire of Santa Maria Maggiore ; on the extreme left is seen the Quirinal, loaded with the vast pile of the papal palace : the Viminal must be looked for between the two last mentioned. Still one more is wanting—it lies beneath my feet—I stand on the Capitoline. Were other evidences wanting, in the south are seen the Alban hills, and in the west the Latian mountains ; northward, Soracte lifts his honored head ; around me stretches the Campagna, and beneath me winds the Tiber. .

From the contemplation of this splendid and animating scene, I turned away to take a nearer view of objects calculated to awaken strong and varied emotions. Descending by the same route taken by the ancient Clivus Sacer, which, commencing at the arch of Severus, led up to the Intermontium, and thence to the temple of Capitoline Jove, I first observed close under the Tabularium, the three Corinthian columns which formed an angle of the temple of Jupiter Tonans. They are of white marble, fluted, of beautiful proportions, and continue to support a rich though light and appropriate frieze. This temple was erected by Augustus, in memory of his deliverance from a thunderbolt, which fell near his litter while in Spain. At right angles to that of Jupiter Tonans, is seen the temple of Fortune. It retains its whole front of six granite columns, with one of the lateral columns at each end. The capitals are of marble, and their order is a bad Ionic. The intercolumniations and the bases are besides perceptibly different one from another. These facts, and the inscription on the frontispiece, which purports that it was restored by the senate after having been consumed by fire, have led to the conclusion that the present edifice must have been as late nearly as the time of Constantine. More interesting by far are the ruins of the temple of Concord, which are found on the other side of that of Jupiter Tonans. True, not a column is left standing ; the foundations alone are visible, opened by recent excavations.

But it was erected by Camillus in the early days of the Republic, and distinguished by the assembling of the senate, called hither by their consul in the perilous days of the conspiracy of Catiline.

From viewing these remains, I passed to the Mamertine and Tullian prison, so called from having been erected by Ancus Marcius, and enlarged by Servius Tullius. Its two subterranean dungeons still remain, one below the other, beneath the church of San Giuseppe de Falignani. Their vaults and sides are built of masses of hewn stone, about six feet by two and a half. Their endurance therefore is not wonderful. The upper is quadrangular, about twenty-five feet by eighteen, and the lower elliptical, about eighteen feet in its longer axis, and little more than six feet high. They are now reached by steps of modern construction. Formerly the prisoners were lowered into them through openings still remaining in the vault. In these gloomy recesses Jugurtha died of famine, and Lentulus and Cethegus, the accomplices of Catiline, were strangled by the orders of Cicero. Nor are all its records those of the punishment of guilt. In the lower prison is still shown a fountain said to have been miraculously brought out of the rock by St. Peter while confined here, in order to baptize his two keepers. Unfortunately, I could not give full credit to the legend, as it appears to me exceedingly doubtful whether the chief of the Apostles ever was in Rome.

Having thus examined every thing worthy of notice on the descent of the Capitoline Mount, I proceeded to trace the limits of the Forum. It lay, we are informed, between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, in which direction it extended farthest, being of an oblong shape. At the northeastern angle stood the arch of Septimius Severus, which still remains entire, an obvious landmark. Through the central arch of this passed the Via Sacra, which, running southward, issued from the forum beneath the arch of Fabius, that is

supposed to have stood near the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, constituting the southeastern limit. The southwestern angle was occupied by the temple of Vesta, now the church of St. Theodore, and the northwestern was somewhere near the church della Consolazione. Thus had I before my eyes the limits of that place the most celebrated, not only in Rome, but in all the world ; whether we consider its external magnificence, its interesting monuments, or the great transactions of which it was the theatre. Lined with marble temples and with public edifices of similar construction, and adorned with colonnades and statues, with triumphal arches and commemorative pillars, it must have presented a spectacle worthy of its public uses and the splendid majesty of Rome. Here was the pillar of Duilius ; here was the Horatian pile, rich with the spoils of the Curiatii ; and here was the column of the immortal Julius ; here were the Rostra, the Comitia, the Curia, respectively the seats of Roman eloquence, of Roman liberty, and of Roman wisdom. From the first the people were addressed on various occasions ; from hence the voice of Cicero had thundered, and here his mutilated head was afterwards exposed as if in mockery. In the second, the elections of the people anciently took place. In the third, were held the meetings of the senate, that venerable body mistaken by the fierce barbarians for the tutelary deities of Rome, whose destinies it indeed directed, I had almost said controlled—the most august council, the most splendid aristocracy on earth.

The remains properly belonging to the forum are but few. The arch of Severus, though defaced, is still entire. Its level, like that of the forum, is in general fifteen feet below the present one, and is attained by descending into an excavation, where you may tread upon the ancient pavement of the sacred way. Its bas-reliefs show manifest signs of an age when art had far degenerated from its former perfection.

still it is a rich and imposing monument, resembling in its form those of a better age. The column of Phocas is a beautiful specimen of the fluted Corinthian. It is more than four feet in diameter and forty in height. Its pedestal was formerly buried in the earth. The celebrated Visconti had written a volume on the temple to which he supposed it to belong, and drawn out in full the plan of the building, when, by excavations made under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire, the pedestal with its inscription was discovered; from which it appeared that the column was erected in honor of the emperor Phocas by Smaragdus exarch of Italy, A. D. 608. Its fine proportions and execution have led to the conjecture that it was borrowed from some other and earlier monument. South of this pillar three solitary columns are seen, the sole remains of the magnificent temple of Castor and Pollux. Of the senate house, a little to the southwest, three walls of considerable height are still standing, despoiled of their surrounding colonnade, and of their marble covering. Still further to the west is the church of St. Theodore, which still preserves the circular form, though not the ancient walls of the temple of Vesta, where the Palladium was kept, the supposed safeguard of the state, and where the privileged virgins were set to watch the sacred fire that burnt before the shrine of the goddess. These are the principal remains of the forum; which have most of them been from time to time the subjects of dispute, but are now pretty well ascertained to be what I have stated them.

Just beyond the forum, and near the Via Sacra, are the remains of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, consisting of the ten columns of the portico, with two of the lateral columns, all of which still support the entablature. The inscription on the front bears the name of the emperor and his spouse, to whom it was erected. The columns are Corinthian fluted, fourteen feet in circumference, and including

the bases and capitals, upwards of forty feet in height. On the side frieze are beautifully sculptured, in bas-relief, griffins, and candelabra, and other architectural ornaments. Next comes the temple of Romulus and Remus, of which the circular cella still remains, and two of the columns of the pronaos, one without a capital, half buried in the earth. A few steps further is one of the sides of the Basilica of Constantine, consisting of three alcoves with door-ways in the partition-wall, surmounted by as many noble arches, the middle having in the rear a circular wall, constituting what is called a tribune. In order to complete the building, it would be necessary to erect a corresponding side, at some distance, and to connect the two by an arched roof, under which should be the nave. This would give you the form of the ancient basilica ; a building employed sometimes as an exchange, and sometimes as a hall for the administration of justice. Its plan was afterwards adopted for the christian church. Indeed, many of the ancient basilicæ were, after christianity became prevalent, employed as places of public worship. These ruins were formerly supposed to be those of the temple of Peace ; but their form is utterly at war with such a supposition.

Near at hand succeed the ruins of the temple of Venus and Rome, constructed by Adrian, on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. On an area five hundred feet long by three hundred wide, was raised a double portico of granite columns, three feet and a half in diameter. Within this external portico, which served only as an enclosure, was the temple itself, three hundred and thirty-three feet long by one hundred and sixty wide. It had two fronts, each adorned by a double row of Corinthian columns fluted, composed of Parian marble, and six feet in diameter. A single row of similar columns ran along the sides. The exterior of the cella, or rather cellæ, (for it was divided into two to accommodate the two goddesses to whom it was dedicated,) was clothed with

enormous slabs of Parian marble, with which the portico was also paved, the roof being covered with bronze. Within, the cellæ were adorned with columns of porphyry : the stuccoed vaults were gilded ; the walls were faced with giallo antico and serpentine, which also composed the pavement. Of all this magnificence, there now remain only fragments of marble and granite columns, scattered round in every direction, broken shafts, dismounted capitals, and battered cornices. Besides these, there are some substructions revealed by excavation, and the central part of the partition wall between the cellæ, which still exhibits the stuccoed niches in which stood the deities, Rome and Venus, as we might expect to find them, back to back.

Nearly opposite these ruins, on the other side of the sacred way just under the Palatine, stands the arch of Titus, the most beautiful which now remains. From the sign of apotheosis, which appears under the arch, and which consists in a bas-relief, representing him at half-length, supported by an eagle that, with spread wings, seems bearing him to heaven, and from the title Divus applied to him in the inscription, it would seem that this arch was raised to Titus after his premature and lamented death. It was ornamented on each side with four fluted half-columns, of the composite order, two of which alone now remain on the side towards the Colosseum. It is pierced only by a single arch, on each side of the curve of which is a winged victory, beautifully represented in bas-relief. On the face under the arch are two bas-reliefs, one of Titus, sitting in his triumphal car, drawn by four spirited horses, which are led onward by a female figure representing Rome. He is crowned by a victory, suspended in air ; behind him is seen a part of the triumphal pomp. Opposite to this is another bas-relief, containing another part of the same procession—Hebrew prisoners led along in chains, and even bearing the sacred vessels of the temple of Jerusalem, among which the golden can-

dlestick is at once distinguished from its singularity of form. The same subject is continued on the frieze. These bas-reliefs, though mutilated, exhibit great force and freedom, as well as fineness of execution, and are said to be among the best remains of Roman sculpture. The arch was falling to ruins, when it was restored in plain travertine stone by Pius VII., to whose judicious and enlightened efforts the antiquities of Rome are much indebted, both for their preservation and development.

Beyond, in the square before the Flavian amphitheatre, there has been found by excavations, a remnant of the Meta Sudans, formerly at once a limit to four different quarters of the city, and a fountain. It arose in the form of a cone, and spouted water from its summit. From the double purpose which it served, it plainly derived its name. About ten feet of its elevation still remain.

LETTER XIII.

ROME—THE COLOSSEUM; VIEW OF IT BY MOONLIGHT—THE PALATINE MOUNT—PALACE OF THE CÆSARS—BATHS OF LIVIA—RUINS IN THE VIGNA PALATINA—BATHS OF CARACALLA—SEPULCHRA SCIPI-
ONUM

THE Colosseum is surely the most majestic of ruins. Elliptical in form, more than sixteen hundred feet in circumference, and one hundred and sixty in height, it is pierced by three ranges of arches, one above another, whose narrow intervals are adorned with half-columns of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders respectively. Above, is a range of quadrangular windows and composite pilasters, surmounted by a light and appropriate cornice. This vast edifice is composed of tufa stone. One of the blocks which I observed more particularly, though in the third story and only of the ordinary size, measured at least eight feet in length by three in height, and four in thickness. The walls, however, are frequently faced internally with brick, which is also used in the arches that support the staircases, in the substructions of the seats, and in the walls of the ambulacra. The arena within is about three hundred feet long, by two hundred broad. Around the arena rises a wall, pierced by doorways, through which the gladiators and the wild beasts entered. This wall was called the Podium; and from this ascended the first range of seats, set apart for the emperor, his family and court, the senators, the magistrates, and (*prohi pudor* !) for

the vestal virgins. Above this, separated by a broad passage and a perpendicular wall, arose another range ; and still above, divided in like manner from the second, towered a third. Even beyond the top of this range there was a gallery, surrounding the whole edifice, adorned with columns, unprovided with seats, and appropriated to the populace. The seats were nothing more than a series of broad stone steps, none of which are now remaining. The foundations upon which they were laid are, however, still firm throughout almost the whole of the circumference. The various staircases survive only in part. Owing to this fact, and to their great number, it is next to impossible to ascertain, upon the spot, their exact arrangement ; an arrangement which rendered it easy for a child to find any given place in the cavea, and enabled the amphitheatre to discharge itself of its one hundred thousand spectators in the course of a few moments. I say its one hundred thousand spectators ; for though eighty-seven thousand only could be seated, there was room for twenty thousand more in the gallery above. There were as many walls around the amphitheatre as there were *meniana*, or ranges of seats, differing in height according to the height of the several ranges which they supported, and all pierced with arches corresponding with those of the external wall.

The external wall is demolished for about one-half of its circumference ; but the second still presents itself behind the breach, a new bulwark against the ravages of time. The effect produced by this peculiar architecture, by arches which multiply as you advance or retire, presenting themselves now obliquely and now full in front, here singly and there in long sweeping vistas, is wonderfully varied and imposing. It is rendered still more picturesque by its ruined state ; for not only do the fallen partitions and the broken staircases create a greater variety of outline, and open as it were the hidden recesses of the building to the investigation of the eye, but

the whole interior is overgrown with moss, with shrubs waving wildly in the wind, with vines twined gracefully around its crumbling arches, or hanging in natural festoons from its unequal walls; and even with the fresh though short-lived flower, a contrast at once both with its decay and its endurance. An additional effect is of course produced by the vastness of the fabric, and the massiveness of its construction, illustrating, as they do, the power of mechanics, the impress of mind on matter, and presenting an imposing instance of the wealth and the magnificence of ancient Rome.

The Colosseum is on these various accounts perhaps the best place to meditate upon the fallen city. As I stood upon the highest point to which I could ascend, and turned from the contemplation of its massive ruins to the view without, as I looked down upon the columns and arches of the forum and the sacred way, or regarded the mouldering walls which are scattered over the whole surface of the neighboring Palatine, or through the arches of the amphitheatre itself, and perceived towards the south nothing but scattered ruins, a region uninhabited; when I marked the desertion and silence of this most populous region of the ancient mistress of the world, I was ready to exclaim, the city doth indeed sit solitary! without, surrounded by a desert and an atmosphere of death, and covered within with the graves of her ancient magnificence. In vain I endeavored to call up before me the thronging multitude, the glittering pomp, the imperial pageant. In vain I endeavored to paint to my mind's eye the Roman form and step, the graceful habit of the "gens togata,"—the veiled matron and the stoled philosopher, the slave, the freedman and the artisan, and all the strange varieties of ancient life. The present impression was too strong, the stern reality of desolation too powerful, to afford any scope to the imagination.

Such, however, was not the case when I visited the Colos-

seum by moonlight. There is a spell, a magic influence in the rays of the planet of night, which releases the imagination from its usual restraints, and suffers and indeed excites it to recall the images of the past, and penetrate into the obscurity of the future. As I looked through the broken wall of the Colosseum upon the ruined palace of the Cæsars, I could picture to myself the splendid throng which waited on the Emperor in his progress hither from the imperial abode. I could see the anxious crowd arise to welcome him as he entered on the Podium. I could perceive the waving signal and the commencement of the games. I could see the lion burst roaring from his den, and soon despatched by his numerous and wary adversaries. I could see the gladiators enter the arena, and greet that audience to whom their mortal agonies were only an amusement. I could mark the progress of the fight between countrymen and friends, condemned to aim the sword at kindred bosoms. I could observe the failing strength of one at length desert him: he lies at the mercy of his adversary. The victor cannot follow the dictates of his heart—condemned to obey the decision of the mob, he stands with sword suspended, ready to sheathe it in its scabbard, or in the body of his unresisting opponent. Meantime the silent victim, scorning to ask for mercy, leans upon the earth, and feeling that life with him is near its close, transports himself in memory to the pleasant fields where it began,

“Thinks of his young barbarians all at play,
And of their Dacian mother.”

But the thumbs are turned downward, the signal of inexorable cruelty—his last dream is interrupted by the sword which penetrates his heart. The soul sickens as it turns away from scenes like these, enacted in an age of knowledge and refinement, and shudders at the monstrous mixture of

moral depravity with the elements, and not only these, but the actual development of moral greatness. I was glad to be recalled to existing realities. The increased grandeur of the edifice by this doubtful light, the death-like silence which pervaded these once crowded precincts, the melancholy hootings of the owl, that alone from time to time raised her boding voice among the ruins, the motionless stillness and the long-drawn breath of my companions, were all calculated to produce a powerful effect. Nothing, again, could be more picturesque than the varied effects of the moonlight: here pouring like a stream into some vaulted passage, through a single aperture in the roof, and there breaking on the darkness through successive arches; in one place shedding itself on the advancing partitions of the cavea, leaving the intervals in shadow, and in another, covering with a flood of silver radiance the broad and lofty surface of the external wall. I could have lingered here for hours, but was too soon disturbed by the ingress of a number of noisy Germans, who, so far from being awed into silence, began forthwith to sing in voices sufficiently coarse and discordant. Startled and disgusted at hearing their Teutonic jargon among the Flavian ruins, I rapidly departed.

In hastening to the Colosseum, I have passed the Palatine mount, which is on the right of the Via Sacra, before coming to this magnificent ruin. This hill was the original site of ancient Rome, the chosen seat of Romulus. In the days of the republic it was the residence of Cicero, of his friends Catullus and Crassus, his rival Hortensius, and his enemies Catiline and Clodius. Here also were the houses of the Gracchi, and of Mark Antony, one of the three masters of the world. It was principally distinguished, however, so far as relates to its architecture, by being the site of the palace of the Cæsars. The imperial edifice was commenced by Augustus, enlarged by Tiberius, again extended by Caligula, who also erected a bridge to connect the Palatine with the

Capitol. Nero was not content with the whole surface of the Palatine, though a mile and a quarter in circumference, but included within his palace the valley between it and the Celian and Esquiline, and a part of the Esquiline itself. This palace being burnt in the fire kindled by himself, he erected on its site his golden house, whose porticos alone were adorned with three thousand columns. By Vespasian and Titus parts of this palace were demolished, as being too magnificent even for the master of the world, and the materials converted to other uses. The Colosseum was actually built on a portion of its site. Even until the eighth century, parts of the imperial palace were habitable, though despoiled of their treasures; but now nothing exists entire—all is reduced to nearly undistinguishable ruins.

The Palatine is now divided into three parts: the Orti Farnesiani, overlooking the forum; the Vigna Palatina, occupying the central part; and the garden of the English College on the south. In the first are found remains of the houses of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, principally consisting of substructions, which seem to have supported the external porticos of the palace. These are chiefly low arches of enormous thickness. Near a modern casino, from which is a beautiful prospect, you may descend into two small subterranean chambers, called the baths of Livia. The gildings and frescoes of these chambers are in fine preservation. Some of the former, particularly, are as fresh as if put on only yesterday. The latter are situated on the high vault of the inner apartment, and are a good deal obliterated. The figures are, besides, very diminutive. Still, enough remains to show great skill in composition, and spirit in design. The two principal represent, the one a sacrifice, and the other a group of bacchanalians. In the Vigna Palatina are to be found three successive halls of the ground-floor of the house of Augustus; which, as far as concerns their form, are in a state of excellent preservation. They are circular, with lofty vaulted roofs. The

walls are pierced by four quadrangular recesses, separated from each other by as many niches. By the south side of the garden are the remains of a hippodrome, and from the terrace is a fine view of the Circus Maximus, which lie immediately below the hill, on the western side of it, and of the velabrum further north, distinguished by the quadrangular temple of Janus. In the gardens of the English College, however, are to be seen the most stupendous remains of the palace of the Cæsars. Along the side of the hill, where it still overlooks the Circus, rise three lofty walls running parallel to each other, pierced by tall arcades, and connected together within by massive arches. These are supposed to have been the open corridors, from which the emperors looked down upon the games. Upon the top, at least fifty feet from the ground, there is a level platform, on which fragments of the ancient pavement may be seen, and which is supposed to have been the floor of some one of the state apartments. However this may be, a magnificent view is here enjoyed of ruined Rome. Near at hand are the broken arches of the Aqua Claudia; below the Circus Maximus; towards the south the baths of Caracalla; and eastward still, the Colosseum. Over the desert plain are scattered fallen walls and ruined arches, whose purpose has passed away from the memory of man, and defies the ingenuity of antiquarian conjecture.

Descending from this elevation, I could not abandon the Palatine without going over it once more, and endeavoring to bring into some shape, the vast, indefinite, and confused ideas, which these ruins had excited, of the wealth, the power, and the magnificence of the ancient masters of the world. Modern palaces shrink into insignificance, in the comparison with what this must have been. Temples, and libraries, and halls of state, endless colonnades and stately porticos, the treasures of ancient art, and the spoil of kings and empires, crowded its vast circumference. Illustrated, besides, by

the virtues and talents of Augustus, Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines; and recalling the vices of such monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian—it could not but appeal strongly to every sentiment of approbation, and every feeling of disgust.

From the Palatine Mount I made the best of my way to the baths of Caracalla, which, as I have said before, lay full in sight. These edifices were not known under the republic. In its earlier and severer days, the waters of the Tiber were the only baths of the Romans. Convenience and propriety soon led, however, to their establishment in the houses of the rich; but it was not until the time of the emperors that they arrived at their full perfection. In those splendid though degenerate days, they contained every thing that could refresh the body, or delight and instruct the mind. Vapor baths and tepid apartments, cold and warm baths of water, large halls for athletic exercises, running, boxing, wrestling, the quoit, etc.; beautiful areas planted with trees and flowers, for the recreation of walking; exhedræ, where philosophers, orators, and poets declaimed, or read their works,

* * * * * “qui

Scripta foro recitent, sunt multj: quique lavantes:”

Hor. Sat. IV. lib. I.

pinacothecæ, adorned with the finest specimens of art, where artisans exposed their works for sale—were all included within their capacious limits.

Not the least of this species of edifices was that erected by Caracalla, in which one thousand six hundred persons could bathe at the same time. It was about eleven hundred feet square in its whole extent. A part of this space, however, was covered only by a ground floor. The main building, whose walls were upwards of forty feet in height, was about seven hundred feet long, and four hundred and fifty broad. The walls are still standing, though falling gradually

to decay. Antiquaries pretend to distinguish the various apartments; but they tread at every step upon disputed and uncertain ground. It was enough for me to find apartments of immense extent, and to mark the traces of former splendor in the fragments of granite, marble, and porphyry columns, which lay scattered around, in broken cornices and friezes, defaced stuccos, and dispersed mosaics—it was enough for me to mark the massive thickness of the wall, and the picturesque remains of ancient porticos—it was enough for me to know that such was the magnificence of the establishment, that three of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, the Hercules, the Flora, and the Toro Farnese, were found amidst its ruins: of the conjectures of the antiquary I was content to remain in ignorance. The ruins are not sufficiently distinct to communicate any certain knowledge of their original plan. This being out of the question, all that I wished to receive was the grand impression of the extent and magnificence of the edifice, and the wealth and splendor of the age. About the eighth part of a mile to the northwest of the main ruin is another, called by the peasants the Temple of Caracalla. Beneath it is a subterranean passage, communicating with the baths, and leading, our guide told us, a good deal farther. We pursued it for some distance, and found it arched, composed of large blocks of travertine, and interrupted by occasional halls, which were for the most part circular.

Issuing from these ruins upon the Appian way and into the valley of Egeria, and passing the point where the Latin way branches off to the left, we came to a vineyard, over the door of which was written SEPULCHRA SCIPIONUM. I expected to find here some doubtful and uncertain traces of the tomb of this illustrious family; but was agreeably disappointed on examination. We were led through a vaulted passage, opened in 1780, for the purpose of making a wine cellar, through the solid rock. By this means was this in-

teresting monument accidentally discovered. We descended through a winding passage, cut all the way through the solid rock, which made, I think, two circuits before arriving at the ancient door, that formerly fronted on a cross street, uniting the Appian and Latin ways. On the sides of the wall of this passage, into whose solid mass the sarcophagi were inserted, and sometimes in little cells adjoining, we found a number of funeral inscriptions, recording the names of various individuals of the family of Scipio, commencing with Scipio Barbatus an ancestor, (the great grandfather, I think,) of Africanus. A stranger who was accidentally present, and who seemed to be not too learned, asked after the monument of the elder Africanus. Alas ! he was buried far from that "ungrateful country," whose injustice he reproved so pungently in his well-known epitaph. Still, though the bones of the most distinguished were wanting, here were the remains of his nephew and his kindred ; here was the burial-place of the race of the Cornelii, the most illustrious family of ancient Rome. It is impossible to describe my sensations while poring over these old inscriptions, in this ancient vault. When my guide, pointing to one of them, articulated the name of Cornelia, I experienced a thrilling emotion, such as I never shall forget, and the words "*la madre dei Gracchi*," burst involuntarily from my lips. As a matter of course he assented ; but I have not yet been able to ascertain whether there are any substantial grounds for my unintended conjecture. The original inscriptions were carried away to the Vatican, where they are now preserved. Their places here are supplied by fac-similes in plaster. One scarcely knows whether to condemn or approve a course, which while it has secured with greater certainty the preservation of these ancient monuments, has at the same time violated the sanctuary of the dead ; and, by introducing what is new and fictitious, deprived even the sepulchre of the Scipios of some portion of its interest.

LETTER XIV.

ROME—ARCH OF JANUS QUADRIFRONS—CLOACA MAXIMA—TEMPLE OF VESTA ; OF FORTUNA VIRILIS—HOUSE OF RIENZI—PALATINE, FABRICIAN, AND SUBLICIAN BRIDGES—THEATRE OF MARCELLUS—MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS ; OF ADRIAN—WALL OF ROME—THE PANTHEON—FORUM OF TRAJAN—TRAJAN'S COLUMN—FORUM OF ANTONINUS PIUS—TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS—AQUEDUCTS OF ROME.

ANOTHER interesting succession of ruins may be found along or near the banks of the Tiber, by commencing with the arch of Janus Quadrifrons, a short distance southwest of the Roman Forum, going thence to the river, and afterwards following it to the bridge of Fabricius. The arch of Janus Quadrifrons is so called from its presenting four fronts, each pierced by an arcade which meet in the central vault. It is composed of large blocks of white marble, and is about seventy feet square. On each front is a double row of niches, one above another, the intervals between which were formerly filled with columns. The purpose of the building was to shelter the traffickers of the neighbouring Forum Boarium from the sun and rain. These convenient, and at the same time splendid edifices, were erected in every quarter of the city, and went by the name of Jani,—an apt illustration of the magnificence of ancient Rome. From its architecture it is conjectured to have been built during the reign of Septimius Severus. Perhaps it was gratitude for this act of imperial magnificence that induced the cattle merchants of the Forum to erect, a few yards off, their arch, dedicated to

that emperor, his wife, and two sons. It is by no means, however, an arch, notwithstanding its appellation—the opening being quadrangular. It is composed of white marble, and covered with bas-reliefs : even the pilasters which adorn it, have military ensigns, and the heads of Severus and Caracalla sculptured upon them. The spaces which originally contained the head of Geta are now vacant ; a striking memorial of his brother's crime. His figure has also been removed from a larger relief, in which Caracalla is still seen on the other side of an altar, in the act of sacrificing. The bas-reliefs are not well executed, and the architecture is overloaded with mean ornaments.

A few yards north of the Janus Quadrifrons, is to be seen the present commencement of the Cloaca Maxima. Its former commencement was in the Roman Forum, from whence it communicated with the Tiber, being about half a mile long. The part between this place and the river, constituting about one-half its length, is still in good preservation. The rest is entirely ruined. It is called Maxima, from its being the largest of the innumerable sewers which traversed every part of the city. It was built as early as the time of the Tarquins, after the manner of that age, of masses of hewn stone above four feet long, and nearly three feet wide and thick : besides this, it was bound at intervals of ten feet by ribs of the same massive construction. It is arched, and was originally twelve feet high : at present, however, even where it empties into the river, at least two-thirds of its height is filled up ; a fact which shows that even the bed of the Tiber has been raised. Still, however, it serves its original purpose, after a lapse of two thousand three hundred years, being yet the main conduit for the sewers of this part of the city.

Proceeding from this spot westward towards the river, on its very bank is found a circular temple of Vesta. The walls of its cella are composed of blocks of white marble, so

nicely joined that the wall seems almost of a single piece. Around the cella runs a peristyle of twenty marble columns of the Corinthian order, fluted. They are above two feet in diameter, and thirty high. The circumference of the peristyle is about one hundred and sixty feet. One of the columns is gone; the whole architrave is removed, and the place of the ancient roof is supplied by a modern one of tile, which inexpressibly deforms this beautiful building. A few yards to the north is found the temple of Fortuna Virilis, built by Servius Tullius, and afterwards restored in the days of the republic. It is one of the most ancient and beautiful remains in Rome. The whole fabric is erected on a basement, now disinterred. It is oblong in shape, composed of hewn stone, and surrounded by columns of the Ionic order, fluted; some of these are only half columns placed against the walls of the cella, and even the whole columns which formed the portico have that appearance, in consequence of the intercolumniations having been walled up when the building was converted into a church.

Northward a few paces from this, is a small house, one end of which is richly though untastefully ornamented with fragments of ancient architecture, in which lived, in the fourteenth century, the celebrated patriot and revolutionist Rienzi. This extraordinary man succeeded for a time in reviving the spirit of ancient liberty, and governed Rome for a season under the title of tribune. I think he met with the general fate of revolutionists. Opposite this house are the ruins of the Palatine bridge. It was built originally, in part at least, by Scipio Africanus, and afterwards repaired from time to time by emperors and popes until, in 1598, a great part of it was swept away by an inundation; since which it has never been repaired. Three arches, however, still remain attached to the other bank. Passing northward from hence along the river you soon meet with the Fabrician bridge, of one lofty arch, but very narrow, (the passage

for carriages being not more than nine feet wide) which connects the main land with the island of the Tiber. It is the most ancient bridge that remains entire, having been erected in the year of Rome, 690. On the island is a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew, which is built upon the site, and preserves many of the granite columns of the temple of Æsculapius. With the temple and the island are connected two of the legends of ancient Rome. From the island you pass into the region *Transtiberina* by the bridge of Gratian, a contemporary in the empire with Valentinian and Valens.

Following the river in its winding, you soon arrive at the modern port of Rome, a long quay enclosed by the buildings of the custom-house. From this spot you see on the opposite bank the Aventine with its ruins, and below, the remains of the ancient *navalia* where merchandise was landed. A little north you perceive the three surviving piers of the Sublician bridge, now almost level with the surface of the water : it was built of wood by Ancus Marcius, constructed in stone under Augustus, repaired by Antoninus Pius, and finally destroyed by an inundation under the pontificate of Adrian I. Here you find yourself upon a spot adapted to recall the loftiest recollections. You are standing on the site of the camp of king Porsenna, illustrated by the constancy of the youthful Mutius. You look upon the bridge which Cocles alone defended against the rushing host of the Etrurians. You cannot be far from the very spot where the hostage Clelia, at the head of her companions, swam the Tiber amid a shower of darts, rather than go into captivity in a foreign land. At no great distance by issuing from the modern *Porta Portense*, you may enter the *Prati Quinctii*, the farm of Cincinnatus ! These are names indeed to stir the blood and quicken its motion in every pulse. How every American especially should love the memory of that incorruptible dictator, so like his own venerated Washington ! How should every manly bosom thrill at the name of the

noble Clelia, and the self-devoted Cocles ! How must every mind admire, even though it should be compelled to disapprove, the wild heroism of the youthful Scævola, so like that of the aborigines of our own country !

Retracing my steps and crossing the Fabrician bridge, I found, a little to the west, the stupendous remains of a theatre dedicated by Augustus to his nephew, that beloved and lamented Marcellus, to whom Virgil paid in his immortal verse so fine a compliment, and one so affecting to his imperial uncle. Nearly the whole of its semicircular wall is still standing, and consists of two stories of arcades with Doric and Ionic half columns in the intervals, and two stories of windows still above. Employed at first as a fortress and afterwards as a habitation, its arcades have been walled up. It is conjectured that there was a third range of columns around the third story, as in the Colosseum ; but of these no traces remain. It was semicircular in form, three hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and would accommodate thirty thousand persons : an enormous edifice this for the exertion of the human voice ; yet so constructed as to render it, we are told, easily audible throughout.

A short distance north of this are the remains of the Portico of Octavia, erected by the same emperor, and called after the name of his sister. It was originally a double colonnade, quadrangular in form, and consisting of two hundred and seventy marble pillars of the Corinthian order. Its purpose was similar to that of the Jani, it being intended to shelter the masters of the world from the rain and sun. Indeed we might infer from Horace that the porticos constituted an ordinary lounge,

——“*quum lectulus aut me
Porticus exceperit.*”—*Hor. Sat. IV. lib. 1.*

Of the magnificence of this portico, one can judge from the three or four beautiful fluted Corinthian columns which

remain buried as it were in the brick walls of a fish market, and from the fact that the *Venus de Medicis* was found among its ruins.

Of the mausoleum of Augustus in the Campus Martius, once an enormous mass, nothing now remains but a part of its exterior circular wall, shown in the stables of the bulls exhibited upon the neighboring amphitheatre. This is itself erected on the ruins of the imperial tomb, and is raised by them a number of feet above the level of the street. Bull fights are still exhibited here in the months of July and August; and serve to keep in memory the inhuman sports of the Romans, as well as the name of their first emperor.

The mausoleum of Adrian was built in rivalry of that of Augustus, and was considered, even in the most splendid days of Rome, as her most splendid monument. On a solid basement two hundred and fifty-three feet square, this emperor erected a round tower, which is even now one hundred and eighty-eight feet in diameter. The first story was surrounded by a Corinthian portico, with statues of exquisite workmanship in the intervals. The second was adorned by Ionic pilasters, with niches and statues between, and even on the highest cornice was a row of statues of the best period of the arts among the Romans. The whole exterior surface of the tower was clothed with Parian marble. Its roof was a magnificent dome surmounted by a brazen cone, shaped like that of the pine, and still to be seen in the garden of the Vatican. After the transfer of the seat of empire, all the monuments of Rome suffered from neglect. This however seems to have been preserved in its original beauty, until Honorius removed its columns to the Basilica of St. Paul's. Afterwards converted into a fortress by Belisarius, its statues were hurled from the walls on the besieging Goths, and all its ornaments defaced by the barbarian invaders. The Barberini Faun, one of the finest

remains of antiquity, was found in an excavation made in its ditch. From that time to this it has continued a fortress, the citadel of Rome, from which the shades of Adrian and the Antonines seem still to watch over the destinies of the ancient city. The more apparent guardian of the place is, however, the huge bronze statue of the Archangel Michael placed upon its roof, from which it takes the name of the castle of St. Angelo.

One of the most interesting antiquities of Rome is its ancient wall,† * * * *

The Pantheon is the most august and the most perfectly preserved of all the temples erected by the piety, the policy, or the magnificence of the ancient Romans to their fabled gods. It was built by Agrippa in the year 26 before the christian era, and was consecrated by him, according to Pliny, to Jupiter the avenger. According to Dion, the statues of Mars and Venus were also placed there; which probably led to its being improperly termed the Pantheon. Nor was it intended as a receptacle of the statues of great men. That of Julius Cæsar alone was admitted into its sacred precincts, as a fit companion for the gods themselves. The images of Agrippa and Augustus, by the express desire of the latter, were placed without, in the portico, in two niches beside the door of entrance. In the year 608 it was consecrated as a christian church, and dedicated to the Virgin and the Holy Martyrs. But even this could not protect it from spoliation. In 663 its bronze roof was carried off by Constant II. who was robbed of his prey by the Saracens, before it reached its destination. Even so lately as 1632, Urban

† Here is a blank in the original manuscript, which the writer possibly intended to fill up from his own recollections, assisted perhaps by consulting some of the Italian authors who have treated of the antiquities of their native country. If this was his purpose, it seems that his leisure did not allow him to carry it into effect.

VIII. took away the bronze beams which supported the roof of the portico, to cast statues for St. Peter's, and cannon for the castle of St. Angelo. He has recorded his shame in a pompous inscription, stuck against the walls of the church.

But although the portico has lost its ancient statues, and been deprived of its elevation of seven steps, by the accumulation of the soil in its vicinity, it is still a most noble and imposing object. It is one hundred and fifty palms in breadth and seventy in depth. It presents a front of eight granite columns, nearly seven palms in diameter, and fifty-six in height, surmounted by marble capitals of the Corinthian order, and supporting a pediment, whose breadth and height are adjusted so as exactly to produce an effect the most symmetrical and majestic. The sides of the portico are formed by two additional columns and a pilaster, within which again are two columns and a pilaster on each side, bounding the interior space. The temple itself, it is well known, is circular in form, being in fact the prolongation of a dome; and is built of brick, which was no doubt once covered with marble, or hidden by surrounding edifices. Its diameter is one hundred and ninety-four palms, exclusive of the thickness of the walls, which would add twenty-eight more. Its height from the pavement to the summit of the vault, is equal to the length of its internal diameter. It is lighted from above by a single circular aperture, in the centre of the vault, thirty-seven and a half palms in diameter. A bronze door of magnificent dimensions, admits you within the temple.

On entering, the mind is affected with an intensity of admiration, such as no other building can communicate. The breadth of the rotunda, the elevation of the dome, the rounded forms which every where meet the eye, and the rich simplicity which pervades the whole, concur in producing this impression. But it is mainly attributable to that peculiar unity, which pours at once the whole concentrated effect of the building on the mind. There is but one space, and

only a single light. There is nothing to distract the attention, or require investigation. All is seen, all is comprehended at a glance: All is felt in one delightful, almost convulsive, thrill of emotion. The pavement and the covering of the walls are of marble, divided into compartments; those on the wall being composed of the richest and most beautiful kinds. Columns also of the most precious marbles are ranged around the whole circumference, being attached in one way and another to the various altars. The vault of the dome is covered with stucco, indented with five ranges of casonetti. The ancient vault was covered with the same material, gilt, and not with bronze, as has sometimes been asserted. Beside the Pantheon formerly stood the baths of Agrippa, the first public baths erected at Rome. The sacristy of the church is supposed to be a part of them.

The forum of Trajan is generally supposed to have been, according to the testimony of historians, the most magnificent in Rome. Two thousand feet in length from north to south, and six hundred feet in breadth, it was crowded with temples and basilicas, erected in the best days of the arts. In the south was a square, surrounded by arcaded porticos, with a triumphal arch in the centre of its southern side. Next came the Appian Basilica, crossing the forum, adorned with every ornament that architecture could furnish, with the resources of the world at its command. The four rows of granite columns which divided the Basilica into five naves, are now disinterred, and placed upon their ancient bases. Though all broken, they still afford some traces of the ancient magnificence of the building. Before the Basilica, in a court seventy-six feet long and fifty-six wide, of which the Basilica formed one side and arched porticos the rest, was erected the celebrated Columna Trajana. According to its inscription, it was raised by the senate and the Roman people, to commemorate the height of the Quirinal Mount, where it had been removed in order to give place to the

forum, by their imperial master—a subject unworthy of the work. Afterwards, however, it served a nobler purpose, in receiving the ashes of this, undoubtedly one of the best and greatest of all the emperors. It is of the Doric order, composed of thirty-four pieces of white marble. It is placed upon a pedestal, twenty-two palms in height. The plinth is four palms high, the shaft and capital one hundred and thirty-one, the pedestal and base of the statue on the top twenty, and the statue itself sixteen and a half; making a total height of one hundred and ninety-three palms and a half, or one hundred and forty four feet and a quarter. The lower diameter of the shaft is sixteen palms and a half, and the upper fifteen. The only alteration which has been made in it, is the substitution of a bronze statue of St. Peter, for the fallen one of the emperor. It remains, therefore, its pedestal covered with trophies in bas-relief, and its shaft adorned with a spiral line of figures, twenty-seven inches in height, and two thousand five hundred in number, (without counting horses and military engines,) in all the varied attitudes of combat and submission. These commemorate Trajan's Dacian triumphs, and are well worthy of the events and of the man whom they celebrate. In composition, in design, in execution, they have always been considered *chef d'œuvres* of the art of sculpture, and have afforded to the most eminent artists, among others to Raphael himself, materials for study and for imitation. The column is now surrounded by an enclosed area, which is from ten to fifteen feet below the surrounding level, and constitutes about one-third of the ancient Forum. Here, as in the other excavations, you may tread with feelings of emotion on the identical pavement of the ancient city. The Forum, to the northward of the column, is supposed to have been occupied by a temple to Trajan, corresponding in plan to the Basilica, and to have been terminated by another square and another arch of triumph. On the east and west of the column were

situated the Latin and Greek departments of the Ulpian library.

In the forum of Antoninus Pius, now occupied in part by the Piazza Colonna, still stands the column erected to the memory of Marcus Aurelius, exactly resembling the column of Trajan, in size and construction, except that its shaft and capital are about eighteen inches lower, and half a palm thicker, and its pedestal considerably higher. The bas-reliefs celebrate the victories of Aurelius over the Marcomanni and other German tribes ; and, among other interesting objects, exhibit the Jupiter Pluvius, a remarkable attestation of the fact recorded of the aid obtained in the extremity of danger, by the christian soldiers of the thundering legion. In merit the bas-reliefs of this column are very far inferior to those on the column of Trajan. It is still, however, a magnificent monument, worthy of the times in which it was erected.

Not far from this column is a magnificent fragment of the temple of Antoninus Pius, consisting of eleven fluted white marble columns, still supporting their architrave, which belonged to one of the lateral porticos. The shafts are fluted, six palms in diameter, and fifty-eight in height. In the capitals the olive is substituted for the acanthus. These beautiful columns, however, lose much of their effect from being actually built into the brick walls of the Dogana.

The ruined aqueducts of ancient Rome are found scattered over the whole surface of the ancient city. The most interesting remains are to be found perhaps near the Porta Maggiore, and in various parts of the Celian Mount. These are indeed most interesting monuments of the useful ambition of a great though fallen people. In "the high and palmy state of Rome," there were no less than nine great aqueducts which rolled their floods into the city, running a course of from twelve to sixty-two miles. This was in the time of Nerva, according to the report of Frontinus, appointed by that emperor to inspect and repair these valuable works.

They were increased in number by succeeding emperors, and the names of many of the old ones are supposed to have been changed, producing such a confusion as to render it uncertain whether there were fourteen or twenty-two, or some one of the intermediate numbers, in the time of Procopius, A. D. 537. At the same period, (that of Nerva) the lakes or reservoirs, into which the water was received, are said to have been thirteen hundred in number; and the fountains were innumerable and beautifully ornamented.

The Porta Maggiore is, in fact, one of the arcades of the monument of the Aqua Claudia, erected by Claudius in the line of his aqueduct, in the shape of a triumphal arch, and afterwards taken into the wall of the city by Honorius. It is still an enormous mass, preserving the inscriptions of Claudius, who made, and of Titus and Vespasian who repaired, the aqueduct. This stupendous work conducted to Rome, in two canals, one above the other, the Anio Novus, from a distance of forty-three miles, with a course of sixty-two; and the Aqua Claudia, rising from two sources, the Cerulca and Curtia, thirty-eight miles from Rome, by a course of forty-five. These canals were borne along on arches for more than twenty miles, bestriding plains, and hills, and valleys, being sometimes raised to the enormous height of one hundred and twenty feet. Without the wall may be recognised the places where it was crossed by the Aqua Julia, brought by Agrippa by a fifteen miles course, from a distance of twelve miles; by the Aqua Tepula from the same neighborhood, which dates in the year 627 of Rome; and by the Aqua Marcia, which was brought from a distance of thirty-three miles, by a course of sixty, in the year 608. A few feet further to the left, and very near the ground, may be seen the passage of the Anio Vetus, taken from the river of that name twenty miles from Rome, and brought thither by a course of forty-three miles—a work conducted by Dentatus, who defrayed its expenses with the

spoils of Pyrrhus. The Aqua Virginis was brought by Agrippa to Rome, from eight miles distance, for the use of his baths, by a subterraneous conduit which still exists, having been repaired by Nicholas V. The Aqua Trajana was brought to Rome by Trajan, from the vicinity of the lake of Bracciano, twenty-five miles from Rome, and still pours its flood under the name of Aqua Paola, from Paul V. who repaired, and in part reconstructed its aqueduct. The Aqua Appia, the oldest in Rome, was brought by the censor Appius, a distance of eleven miles, in the year of the city 442. These were the principal aqueducts in ancient Rome, and their aggregate length was about three hundred miles. When we consider that they were subterraneous conduits, constructed with the utmost care, lined with cement, and always large enough to afford room for a man to work within; or else were carried above ground, on massive arches; we stand astonished at their magnitude, and at the enterprise and liberality which produced them.

LETTER XV.

ROME—EXPEDITION TO FRASCATI—EXCAVATIONS—VIEW FROM THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITADEL—EXPEDITION TO TIVOLI—LAKE OF THE FLOATING ISLANDS—THE ANIO—ADRIAN'S VILLA—CASCADE OF TIVOLI—TEMPLE OF VESTA—OF THE TIBURTINE SIBYL.

THE first expedition which I made into the environs of Rome, was to Frascati. Leaving the city by the gate of St. John, and taking a road nearly corresponding with the ancient Via Latina, we soon passed under an arch of the Aqua Felice, which runs sometimes parallel with, and sometimes on the very arches of, the Aqua Claudia. Continuing our route over the verdant but deserted plains of the Campagna, nothing met our eyes, save here and there a broken line of arches, or a ruined tomb. Still the distant mountains, in a wide extended semicircle, rose around us in all their purple majesty and varied beauty—still the Eternal City towered in our rear—still the recollections of her former glory accompanied us through this now deserted scene. As we approached the point of our destination, signs of cultivation began to appear, and we were shortly transported to a scene, whose rural beauty, pleasing in itself, was rendered exquisite by contrast. It was now near the close of April, and the trees, the fields, the gardens, were clad in the rejoicing livery of spring. Immediately before us rose the range of hills on which Frascati is seated, covered with picturesque villages, with pleasant groves, and splendid

palaces. Associating itself with the beauty and the fragrance and the cheerful sounds, which addressed themselves at once to all the nobler senses, came the fact connected with the greatest mind of Rome, and the tender remembrance of boyish scholarship, that here was the site of the ancient Tusculum.

The town of Frascati was built a considerable distance below the ancient city by the inhabitants of the latter, after their expulsion and the utter destruction of their former habitations by the Romans, so late as the twelfth century of the christian era. At Frascati we left our carriages, and mounted mules for the ascent of the hill. At some distance up, we came to the villa Rufinella, commanding a most extensive and beautiful prospect. It now belongs to the king of Sardinia, but was formerly inhabited by Lucien Buonaparte. It was in this villa that an attempt was made by a horde of brigands to carry him off, in order to extort a ransom. The prince having escaped into the woods, they took by mistake one of his inmates. It was also during his possession of this domain, that he caused excavations to be made, by which was discovered the true site of the ancient Tusculum, formerly placed, by some, three miles off in the neighborhood of Grotta Ferrata. It is singular that a city, inhabited in 1191, should have been so soon covered with earth, without any other cause than the decay of its own ruins, and the accumulation of loose soil, brought down by the rain, or transported by the wind.

Passing from this villa by a narrow path, leading upwards through lines of laurel, and for a considerable distance through a delicious grove, we soon arrived at the ruined city, placed upon the platform of one of those lofty hills which constitute the lower region of the Alban Mount. The streets with their former pavements of large flags are again exposed to the light of day. Two of them are pointed out by the guides as the Via Latina and the Via Labicana.

According to Sickler, however, neither of these passed through the city. The streets indicated may probably have led into these highways. A theatre has been excavated internally, the seats of which are perfectly preserved; a temple or two shown, entirely ruined; a reservoir whose piles still stand upright, the ancient wall built of large square stones; a subterraneous aqueduct, whose mouth, where it issues from the city, is preceded by a sort of chamber roofed with a Gothic arch; and a number of private houses, the names of whose owners have been discovered by inscriptions found among their ruins.

On a considerable eminence above the town stood the ancient citadel, from whose site you enjoy a view seldom paralleled in beauty and in interest. Eastward lie the mountains of the Acqui: on one of their lower eminences rises Palestrina, formerly Præneste, the seat of the *Sortes Prænestinæ*—on this side lies the camp of Pyrrhus—and nearer still the lake Regillus, celebrated for the defeat of the Tarquins under Posthumius; while close at hand is seen the eminence, anciently called *Mons Portius*, the seat and patrimony of the Catos. Looking in another direction towards the north, and leaving a little on the left the ruins of Gabii and the neighboring lake, in whose vicinity Tarquin, in answer to the embassy of his treacherous son, cut off the heads of the tallest poppies with his sword, your eye lights upon the ancient Tibur, now Tivoli, beautifully situated among the hills, and passes beyond into the country of the Sabines, backed by lofty mountains, within whose sheltering bosom lie *Mons Lucretilis*, the *Fanum Vacunæ*, and the cool Digentia flowing round the Sabine retreat of Horace. Beyond, a little to the west, Soracte lifts his triple head, and southwest from him lies Mount Musivo, the site of the ancient Veii. Behind these the Etrurian mountains extend towards the north in long perspective. Northwestward from the point where you are standing, lies the ancient

city, from connection with whose history the scene gains all its interest, and southwestward flows the Tiber, whose winding course you may trace even to the Tyrrhene sea, which bounds the whole horizon in the west. Southwest lie the plains of oldest Latium, and south the country of the Rutili, both bordering on the sea, recalling the recollection of the epic story of the good Latinus, and the fair Lavinia, and the pious Æneas, and the gallant Turnus robbed by a stranger both of his mistress and his life. Nearer at hand, but in the same general direction, lies Murino, beautifully situated, supposed to have derived its name from Licinius Murena, the client of Cicero. On the same ascending ridge, but higher up, is seen the modern village, called Rocca di Papa, founded indeed among the rocks. Just above it is a plain, distinctly visible, where once were pitched the tents of Hannibal, one of the last camps which he held in Italy. Beyond, towers the lofty summit of the Alban Mount, the seat of Jupiter Latialis, who from hence presided over the destinies of Rome. In the same ridge, with a low interval between, rise the sister heights of the cold Algidus.

Within the wide circumference, which I have thus briefly described, may be found the sites of no less than forty battles, fought, for the most part, when the only theatre of Roman valor was almost beneath the city's walls. Thus I had before my eyes the scenes, the names, most celebrated in the early history of Rome: scenes and names which recall the rise of the young republic through many a field of victory, and some too of disaster and defeat, to glory and to empire. It is a matter of doubt which of the two is most to be admired—the courage and the enterprise which achieved the former, or the fortitude which sustained and repaired the latter. But, for my own part, I am more moved by that steadfast nobleness which, even while Pyrrhus and Hannibal had pitched their tents, filled with victorious armies, within sight of Rome, refused to treat for peace upon any other

terms than that the victors should abandon the sacred soil of Italy.

Descending from the citadel, I hastened beyond the walls to scenes consecrated by other and more peaceful recollections. On the brow of the eminence overlooking the narrow and deep valley which separates the hill of Tusculum from the Alban summit, are found the ruins of Cicero's Tusculanum; that villa so distinguished by the productions of the orator, and by the learned society assembled within its walls. Here were written his *Questiones Tusculanæ*, and here was laid the scene of his *De Oratore*. I am aware, indeed, that general tradition has placed this celebrated seat three miles nearer Rome, at Grotta Ferrata, a convent of Greek monks; but no remains of an edifice are to be seen there, while here were found bricks inscribed with the name of Cicero, a fact which furnishes, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument. Perhaps, however, he had villas at both these places; a thing not without example in the possessions of the magnificent orator. He is well known to have had two or three in the neighborhood of Naples. In all he is said to have owned seventeen, which he himself has called somewhere, the very eyes of Italy. He must have been very wealthy: but to account for it, we should remember that he was the most eloquent man in Rome, employed by all her nobles, and even by tributary kings. On the descent from hence to Frascati, we visited a number of modern villas well worthy of their site, and returned before the fall of evening to Rome.

On the next day I visited Tivoli. Leaving Rome by the gate of S. Lorenzo, the ancient Porta Tiburtina, above whose low arch the inscription of Honorius is still preserved, we took the road nearly corresponding with the ancient Via Tiburtina, and in fact preserving in many places its actual pavement, formed as usual of large flag-stones. About four miles from Rome we crossed the Anio upon the Ponte Mam-

molo, supposed to have derived its name from the mother of Alexander Severus. Here we were again on ground suggesting a crowd of recollections. We had just left one of the camps of Hannibal; we had passed on both sides of the road, the fields of more than one mortal struggle. On our left arose Mons Sacer, whither the revolted people retired on that well known occasion when they could be brought back only by the ingenious eloquence of Menenius Agrippa, and the creation of the office of Tribunes. Between the Anio and the Tiber, which were about four miles apart, lay the ancient Fidenæ, the earliest rival of infant Rome. The plains in its vicinity, for three or four miles round, were the scenes both of the earliest and latest victories of ancient Rome; of the first, under the command of Romulus himself, after the rape of the Sabines; of the last, when the warlike eunuch routed and destroyed the hordes of Totila; and of many an intermediate conflict with the Fidenates, the Veientes, the Falisci, the people of Præneste, and the Gauls.

Proceeding on our way we arrived, about twelve miles from Rome, at the ruins of a very extensive castle of the middle ages, erected, perhaps, by some one of the barbarian conquerors of Rome; and a little farther on, the small and marshy lake de Tartari, which encrusts all the vegetables around it, reeds, herbs and plants, with a calcareous substance converting them to stone. A still more curious body of water, however, exists a mile or two farther on, now called the lake of the floating islands, formerly Lacus Herculis. It has an outlet crossing the road, and emptying its waters into the Anio or Taverone. The water is of a grayish blue, and exhales an odour so fetid with sulphur, that it is perceived at a considerable distance, and on the bridge which crosses the canal is hardly supportable; the lake itself is about a mile distant from the road. In the time of Kircher, two centuries ago, it was a mile in circumference: by the ancients it was placed upon the Via Tiburtina, which would

seem to imply a still greater extent : now it is not more than seven hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty wide, still retaining, however, the enormous depth of nearly two hundred feet. This diminution is doubtless owing to the formation of islands, such as may be now seen floating on its surface, from the scum of its sulphurous waters, united with dust and plants. These islands, in process of time, have attached themselves to the banks, and becoming gradually thicker and more firm, have finally constituted a part of them. A manifest proof of this is the hollow sound emitted to the tread, in the whole vicinity. In its neighborhood are still seen the ruins of the warm-baths, constructed by Agrippa, and frequented by Augustus. Here is placed, by some, the oracle of Faunus and the wood of Albunea, whither Latinus went to consult his deified progenitor respecting the omens which prevented the union of Turnus and Lavinia. These, however, are placed by others at the Solfatura of Altieri, about three miles north of Lavinium, within the boundaries of Latium Antiquissimum, the true kingdom of Latinus. Two miles hence we again passed the Anio by a picturesquely situated and constructed bridge, built by Plautius Lucanus. Near at hand is the sepulchre of the Plautian family, a circular tower, composed of large blocks of travertine stone, and surmounted anciently by a cornice, to which battlements were added, when it was converted into a fortress in the middle ages. It still preserves two of its ancient inscriptions.

Not far from hence the road turns off to the right, leading to Adrian's villa. This stupendous monument of Roman magnificence covered an extent of ground no less than seven miles in circumference. Here it was, according to Spartian, the design of the emperor to assemble every thing most beautiful that he had seen in the course of his travels through his wide extended empire. Accordingly, from Athens he

derived the Lyceum, the Academy, the Prytaneum, the Pœcile ; from Egypt the Canopus ; from Thessaly the vale of Tempe. Besides these, there were a Naumachia, a stadium, theatres, and porticos, and libraries, and temples, and baths, and royal palaces, and quarters for soldiers and for servants, constituting a city rather than a villa. One would not credit accounts apparently so fabulous, did not ruins sufficient remain to demonstrate the veracity of the ancient historians. The fate of this villa, after the death of its founder, cannot be distinctly traced. It doubtless shared in the devastations of the Campagna, by the Goths and Huns ; and subsequently even its ruins were not spared by more modern barbarians. We are assured that even so lately as the times of Martin V., in the middle of the fifteenth century, its statues and marbles were used for making lime ! Its site is now an extensive farm ; and its ruins are daily disappearing, under the labors of the cultivator.

On your first entrance you are shown the ruins of the Greek theatre and its adjoining portico ; next you are taken to the long wall, once ornamented with paintings, and decorated with a portico on each side the ancient Pœcile. Hence you pass by successively a ruined exhædra, formerly lined with porphyry ; a round edifice, paved with mosaic, probably a natatorium, and the extensive ruins of the library, overlooking the pleasant vale once honored with the name of Tempe. On the highest part of the hill you find the imposing ruins of the imperial palace ; not far off the quarters of the Prætorians, distributed in porticos of two or three stories high, now called Cento Camerelle, from the multitude of chambers which still exist ; and on the right, at some distance, the lofty broken arches of the baths. From hence you are taken to the long valley of the Canopus, terminated by a temple of Serapis, the enormous niches of which still in part survive : this place was identified by the multitude of Egyptian statues found in it. The ruins of the Academy

and Odeum, and the subterranean corridors of what is supposed to have been a factitious inferno, remain to be explored. I confess that I did not take much interest in identifying, particularly, these several ruins. It was enough for me to walk among their mouldering masses, and dream of their old magnificence—it was enough to stand upon some elevated point and admire the picturesque effect of lengthened lines, or separate groups of walls and arches, overgrown with the luxuriant lichen or funereal ivy—it was enough to compare the perished works of man with the reviving herbs and springing flowers, apparently so fragile, and from hence to lift the thoughts to the still more enduring nature of faith and virtue, the only attributes, the only works, the only possessions of humanity, which never die.

Two miles from the site of Adrian's villa, lies Tivoli, anciently Tiber, seated on one of the lower eminences of the Sabine mountains, and commanding a splendid view of the Roman Campagna and the distant city. Tivoli is celebrated for its cascade, its antique remains, and historic associations. Its cascade is formed by the Anio, which, after gliding along the gently descending ridge on which the town is situated, suddenly throws itself, in a double channel, down a deep and precipitous descent. The larger of these channels has a double fall: the upper, once perpendicular, has been converted since an inundation, which occurred in 1826 and did considerable damage, into an inclined plane, of course losing all its beauty by the change: the lower, which passes through an arched cavern into the grotto of Neptune, is still in its original state. The grotto of Neptune is a long narrow dell, not more than five hundred feet in breadth, surrounded at both sides and at one end by steep and rocky banks, probably one hundred and fifty feet in height, broken into every variety of form. Near the end of the dell, upon the left, one branch of the "præceps Anio" bursts suddenly from the rocky wall, and falls perpendicularly, breaking into spray.

From the other side its kindred waters rush to meet it, tumbling violently along the steep descent of the savage and craggy cavern which receives them from above. The mingled stream then rushes onward through the wild defile, overarched by a natural bridge, and lashing itself into foam against the interrupting rocks. The scene is picturesquely beautiful. I confess, however, that I could not share the strong admiration of the poet for this "*domus Albunæ resonantis*." I could not compare it, as he did, with "*Lacedæmon*," or the "*plain of rich Larissa*," with Argos or with Athens or Thessalian Tempe; but I have seen at Terni, and in many a region of my own land of rivers, scenes not only infinitely more grand, but far more wild and pleasing.

Passing the bridge above the fall, and pursuing the path around the natural amphitheatre formed by the neighboring hills, you gain a view of the Cascatelle, abstracted from the river for manufacturing purposes, and pouring their silver streams down the steep and verdant descent. Here you are also in the region chosen by the rich and noble Romans for their villas. Here was the retirement of Quintilius Varus, whose disasters in Germany disturbed even the sleep of Augustus. Its ruins are to be seen near the church of S. Maria di Quintiliolo. Here too was the villa of Tibullus, and that of his brother lyrist Catullus, now the convent of St. Angelo. Here too perhaps was the Tiburtine retreat of Horace, mentioned by Suetonius; though that is supposed by most antiquaries to be the same with his Sabine villa, about ten miles farther north. At any rate, here was the villa of his patron, in the vicinity of the town itself, overhanging a steep bank, and still surviving in a long line of arches. Not far distant were the residences of Manutius Plancus and the Pisos, all his friends. Through their means, therefore, he might easily enjoy these favorite scenes, though his slender means might not enable him to possess a seat among them.

The finest architectural ruin of Tivoli is a small circular

temple of Vesta, built in the time of Augustus, on the very brow of the hill which overlooks the cataract. It is composed of a circular cella, about twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a peristyle composed of eighteen columns, (ten of which remain) supporting a beautiful frieze and cornice. The columns are of travertine, of the Corinthian order, fluted, and about eighteen feet in height. The exquisite proportions, form, and execution of this building render it, though small, one of the finest remaining specimens of Roman architecture. It sits lightly on the summit of a rock, indeed a crown of beauty. Near it stands the quadrangular temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl; the four columns of whose portico have their intervals walled up, the edifice having been converted into the church of St. George. Having visited the villa d'Este, the noble halls and terraces of which are deserted, and the gardens, with their beautiful and multitudinous fountains, scarcely kept in repair, I returned to Rome, taking the same road by which I came.

LETTER XVI.

ROME—THE APPIAN WAY—ARCH OF DRUSUS—THE PORTA APPIA—CATA COMBS—VILLA OF MAXENTIUS—CIRCUS—SEPULCHRE OF CECILIA METELLA—FIELD OF THE HORATH—TEMPLE OF BACCHUS—FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA—BATHS OF TITUS—THE SETTE SALLE—TOMB OF CAIUS CESTUS.

My third expedition was on the Appian way. Passing once more through the Circus Maximus, and under the ruins of the Palatine Mount, and leaving on the right the immense masses of the baths of Caracalla, and on the left the sepulchre of the Scipios, I came shortly to the arch erected by the Roman senate and people to Drusus, the father of Nero. The arch itself, composed of travertine stone, and adorned on one side with two columns of African marble, is all that remains of this ancient monument. It was taken by Caracalla into the line of the aqueduct which he constructed for the supply of his baths. A few feet distant is the wall of the city and the gate of St. Sebastian, the ancient Porta Appia. This owes the towers which defend it, to Belisarius or Narses. From hence, entering on the Appian way, I crossed, about a quarter of a mile distant, the Almon, sacred to Cybele; and soon on both sides of the way passed among sepulchres in ruins, no longer preserving the memory of those whose dust they contained.

About a mile and a half from Rome I found the church of St. Sebastian, a plain, neat edifice, celebrated for nothing but for affording entrance into the most extensive catacombs

of ancient Rome. These are low and narrow passages, generally not more than six feet high by three wide, cut, not out of stone, but out of a species of earth, now called *pozzolana*, and anciently as now, used in the formation of the strongest cement. The search after this earth, and the great quantities of it that were used, are supposed to have led to these subterraneous excavations, which, winding round and branching off in every direction, are said to be no less than six miles in length. It was in these gloomy recesses that the primitive christians frequently took refuge from the rage of persecution—it was here that they performed the solemn rites of their religion. Many a rude niche, and ruder altar, still bear witness to that undaunted piety, which, even in these holes of the earth, preserved its confidence in God, its devotion to his service. Here they deposited the hallowed remains of their martyred brethren: oblong excavations of various sizes, closed with thin, large bricks, are still seen along the passages, the ancient depositories of the dead. According to the legend of the ecclesiastical historians, these catacombs contain the bodies of fourteen popes, and one hundred and seventy thousand martyrs. Abstracting what is fabulous from what is true, still enough is left to excite in the mind of one who walks through these funereal precincts, reflections the most solemn and exalting. What, indeed, is modern christianity compared with the pure and holy principle which actuated and sustained these primitive professors of our faith? What clearer evidence can we possess of their sincerity, and consequently of the reality of the miraculous proofs upon which they themselves professed to found their faith, than is furnished by this miserable refuge, scarce preferable to the grave itself; which they yet chose before all the joys of liberty, before all the luxuries of wealth, before all the allurements of the world, rather than to abandon their Redeemer and their God.

From this interesting scene, I went onward a short dis-

tance, and found upon the left the undistinguishable ruins of the villa of the tyrant and persecutor, Maxentius. At their termination is a large quadrangular enclosure, formed of brick walls about twelve feet high, around which, on the inside, formerly ran an arched portico, many of the piles of which are still standing. In the centre of the enclosure once rose a round temple with a portico similar to the Pantheon. It was raised upon a basement, so as to make it visible above the enclosure. This basement alone remains, exhibiting the vaulted square chamber under the portico with walls fourteen feet thick, and the circular chamber below the rotunda one hundred feet in diameter, with niches around the walls and an immense octagonal pile in the midst, supporting its low vaulted roof. It is probable that this building was erected as the mausoleum of Romulus, the son of Maxentius, to whom also was consecrated the neighboring circus. It is also likely that the building was employed to contain the statues of the gods, which it was customary to bear in procession in the Circensian pomp, and the instruments of sacrifice employed before the commencement of the games. This opinion is rendered probable by the existence of a gate in the enclosure, not far from that door of the circus into which the Circensian pomp was wont to enter.

The circus itself is better preserved than any similar edifice now in existence. It consists of an area about sixteen hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty wide, surrounded by walls against which were placed ranges of seats terminating below in a podium, as in the amphitheatres. In this circus there was but one range, consisting of ten steps above the podium. The wall consequently was low, as it appears at the present day. The steps are all removed, and only slight traces are to be seen of their foundations. The *pulvinare*, however, the place of the emperor, is still distinguishable, communicating with the villa. The wall

is preserved in almost its whole extent. At the western end are the carceres, consisting of arched passages, arranged not in a straight line, but in the segment of a circle, and terminated on each end by a high tower, whence musicians animated the horses and charioteers. Above the carceres, was a terrace appropriated to the higher classes. The spina of the circus was a platform eight hundred and thirty-seven feet long by twenty broad, and from two to five high, which divided the area into two unequal parts, that on the south through which the chariots ran first, being considerably the broader. To accommodate still more the starting of the chariots, the spina was drawn obliquely, leaving the widest opening near the carceres. Upon this spina were placed columns and statues, and in its centre an obelisk, removed by Innocent X. to the Piazza Navona. Such in appearance was the edifice where the degenerate Romans, forgetful of the public interests and even of political factions, entered, with all the spirit that was left them, into the contending factions of the circus, distinguished by the habits of the charioteers, into white, red, green, and blue. It may appear singular that the chariots could move and turn with ease in a space shaped like this. When we consider their form, it will appear still more difficult. One is preserved in the Vatican museum. The body, made of wood covered with thin plates of bronze, is a small car open behind, shaped like the bow of a boat, without the projection in the middle, and affording just room enough for one person to stand in. It is placed without springs upon two low wheels, which raise it about a foot and a half from the ground; the wheels themselves are scarcely more than three feet apart. One would really think that such a machine, drawn forward by two, three, or four furious horses at full speed, would be utterly unmanageable, especially in turning.

A short distance beyond these ruins is seen a magnificent sepulchre, raised according to its inscription to Cecilia Metella,

daughter of Q. Metellus Creticus, and wife of Crassus. It is a round tower, about ninety feet in diameter, resting upon a square basement. It is composed of masses of white travertine, generally about ten feet long, the size of which, however, is diminished to the eye by channels resembling divisions cut into them at intervals of about two feet, proportioning the apparent length better to the breadth. At the top, it is surmounted by a beautifully sculptured marble frieze. The most extraordinary part of it, however, is the thickness of the walls; they are actually above twenty-five feet thick, leaving in the centre a small circular chamber, which, running upwards in a conical form, terminates in a narrow round aperture. This monument dates in the last days of the republic, is the most rich and beautiful remaining of the sepulchral kind, and worthy of the enormous wealth of Crassus. Its beauty, however, is somewhat impaired by the additional wall and battlements placed on it in 1300, by the family of Cactani in a period of civil war. About two miles and a half beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella is a group of ruins called, I know not why, Roma Vecchia. They are in fact the remains of an extensive villa, erected about the time of Septimius Severus.

Far more interesting, however, than these traces of luxurious magnificence, were the remains in the vicinity of the enclosure of that field, the "Campus sacer Horatiorum," which witnessed the prowess and the triumph of the young Horatius. A long piece of one of the walls is still entire, composed of huge masses of stone, six feet by three, and the foundations of another are distinctly visible. Near where it probably bordered on the Appian way, are the remains of two tombs, one entirely covered by a mound of earth, from the centre of which a tower, apparently modern, rises, marking perhaps the spot where his two brothers less fortunate, but not less devoted, fell. I have forgotten to mention that from the very gate to Roma Vecchia, especially

in the neighborhood of the latter, the Appian way is lined with ruined sepulchres, round, conical, pyramidal, and square; approaching, but never quite equalling, that of Cecilia Metella in size. Their materials are generally brick, their state ruinous, their names almost universally unknown. The Appian way seems to have been the fashionable grave-yard of the Romans.

In returning, I took the *Strada della Caffarella*, which branches off from the Appian on the right near the tomb of Metella, and enters it again about half a mile from the gate. I did so in order to visit a number of objects of curiosity which lie in its vicinity. The first was a small brick temple of Bacchus, converted into a church. Eustace says, that in order to enlarge the church, the portico has been included, and its four beautiful Corinthian columns built into the wall. The fact is, that the church is not enlarged, as the front wall of the cella still remains. The wall was built between the columns to support the edifice. Within the church, the ancient stuccoes of the vault are still in part preserved. Within the portico is seen the circular altar, with a Greek inscription, signifying that it was dedicated to Bacchus by Apronian, probably the friend of Julian, beloved by the Apostate as a restorer of the old idolatry.

Below this temple, in a delightful valley, is found the fountain of Egeria, whither Numa came to receive the inspirations of his supernatural counsellor. It flows from two artificial conduits, inserted in the hill-side, beneath an ancient arch, overhung by the shade of luxuriant vines and venerable trees; a spot indeed adapted to the meditations of the sage, and the residence of the benignant Nymph. Why must we be told by the meddling antiquary, and half compelled to believe him, that this arch is, in fact, nothing more than a nymphæum erected to the river Almon, of which this fountain is the source? Choosing to believe the story which most suited my fancy, I drank of the water of this fountain

without remembering the river-god, but thinking only of Numa, the second, indeed the real founder of the Eternal City.

Ascending again the eminence above, I looked around, prepared for animating sights. I had just come from the tomb of the Horatii, and intoxicated myself at the fountain of Egeria. Hence I saw upon the Latin way the temple of Fortuna Muliebris, dedicated, with no light cause, to the fortune of women; for here it was that Veturia indeed saved Rome, but no less truly lost her son. "Near the Via Caffarella, in another direction, rose the temple dedicated to the Genius of Retreat, raised upon the spot where Hannibal, recalled by the necessities of his native city, at whose gates the youthful Scipio was thundering, bade farewell forever to the fertile plains of Italy, of whose fairest regions he had held possession for so many years. This latter temple I visited on my return. It is small, and built of brick, and exhibits nothing remarkable in its architecture. Antiquaries pretend that this temple does not agree exactly in situation with the site of that of the Deus Rediculus, described by Pliny the elder; but, at any rate, it does not differ more than a quarter of a mile, a matter wholly unimportant, as the army of Hannibal may have covered a greater space. From this temple I returned to Rome.

The baths of Titus were built upon the gardens of Nero, and had for their substruction a range of apartments constructed by the latter, for what purpose cannot be distinctly known. They were probably used, however, for enjoying the fragrance and freshness of the surrounding gardens. Of the baths, nothing is left except a few substructions added by Titus to the apartments already mentioned. These are curious, not only as having appertained to the golder house of Nero, but more especially for their remaining ornaments. The apartments yet subsisting are, a crypt portico, two corridors, and a number of lofty vaulted rooms.

receiving light and air from a large door, with a window immediately above it. The crypto portico is a long, high, narrow vaulted passage, with very thick walls, which received its light entirely from above. These edifices, from their form and the mode in which they were constructed and ventilated, preserved a cool temperature even in summer, and were intended as a refuge from the heat. Both this and the corridors have their vaults beautifully painted in fresco, in the manner now called Arabesque. Nothing can be more graceful and spirited than the figures, or more tasteful and rich than the subsidiary ornaments. These apartments were first opened about the time of Raphael, and he is known to have visited them often. There can be no doubt that the Arabesques of the Lodges, whose invention has been admired as a prodigy, were, in part at least, copied from these beautiful remains. It is pretended, indeed, by some, that the immortal artist, to conceal the theft, caused the chambers to be again filled up. This, however, is an obvious calumny, as they are known to have remained open in the times of the Caracci. Afterwards, however, they seem to have been forgotten, and gradually closed with earth. They were again partially cleared in 1746; but never completely excavated until the golden period, golden I mean for the antiquities of Rome, of French influence and authority. The Sette Salle, in the vicinity, are the remains of an ancient reservoir, which, though older than the times of Titus, probably served for the use of his baths. The lower story of the reservoir is filled up; the upper is open; it consists of a succession of nine communicating chambers, covered with cement, not to be compared in extent with the Cento Camerelle, nor in construction with the Piscina Ammirabile, on the promontory of Miseno.

The tomb of Caius Cestius is a pyramid, entirely encrusted with white marble, upwards of one hundred feet in height, and about ninety feet square at the base. Within

is a sepulchral apartment, sixteen feet long, twelve wide, and twelve and a half high ; the vault and walls of which are covered with paintings of victories, vases, and other ornaments, much damaged, however, by time. It was built in the time of Augustus, to the memory of the man whose name it bears, one of the *Septemviri Epulonum*, whose office it was to furnish banquets in the temples to the gods, on the occasion of any signal victory, or the expectation of an impending calamity. This sepulchre was made a part of the wall of the city by *Honotius*.

Below this ostentatious monument of the magnificence of the ancient city, lie the comparatively humble modern sepulchres of protestants who have died at Rome. A grave-yard is at all times a solemn and melancholy place. But to a stranger in a foreign land, the burial place of strangers is doubly gloomy. Here repose unhonored, save by the casual looks of passing travellers, the remains of those who died, perhaps without the care of friends, the tears of kindred, the consolations of religion ; without one pitying companion to receive the last request and transmit it safely to a distant home. May God deliver me, was my involuntary prayer, from such a fate.

Such were my feelings on my first visit to the tomb of *Caius Cestius*. My second was made in attendance on the body of a countryman.* He died without experiencing those privations to which I have alluded. He was richly blessed with all that friendship and kindred affection could furnish to alleviate his pains, to soothe his closing hours. He was sustained too by a still dearer friend, by an Almighty Father, to whom he had been taught to look with confidence and love. Still, he died in the prime of manhood ; he died in a foreign land. His sweet amenity of manners, his delightful vivacity of conversation, his liberal and manly spirit,

* The late John Hone, junior, Esquire.

his enlarged and cultivated understanding, were dearly prized by all who knew him, and promised to be hereafter, still more than they had always been, the ornament and blessing of the society in which he moved. But God's will be done. He took him to Himself. My last visit in Rome shall be to his grave.

LETTER XVII.

ROME—THE VATICAN—ST. PETER'S CHURCH ; ITS GENERAL ARCHITECTURAL EFFECT—THE NAVE AND CUPOLA—THE DEAD CHRIST OF MICHAEL ANGELO—CANOVA'S MONUMENT OF JAMES III. OF ENGLAND, AND OF CLEMENT XII.—BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER—ATMOSPHERE OF THE CHURCH—VIEW FROM THE DOME—PALACE OF THE VATICAN.

THE VATICAN !—I almost tremble at writing a name associated, like this, with all that is glorious in architecture, and all that is perfect in art. Any description that I can give, must fail in conveying to your mind an adequate conception of the grand reality. Yet as I have promised to describe to you the most remarkable objects which pass before me during my foreign tour, I will at least make the attempt. You cannot but admire my courage, perhaps by a severer judge it might be called audacity, when you remember that under the name of the Vatican* are included St. Peter's Church,

* The name is derived from the situation of the edifices in the ancient Campus Vaticanus, in which were the circus and gardens of Nero, the scene of the execution of the christian martyrs, who perished in the reign of this persecuting tyrant.

the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the rooms and lodges containing the frescos of Raphael, a picture gallery adorned with several of the greatest paintings in the world, and a collection of statues, among which is to be found the great masterpiece of ancient art.

To commence with the first in order, St. Peter's Church. This gorgeous temple is preceded by a triple piazza, the first nearly square, about two hundred and forty feet in length; the second elliptical, about five hundred and fifty feet in length, and five hundred and ten in breadth; and the third quadrangular, growing gradually broader as it approaches the church, about three hundred feet in length, and three hundred and sixty in its greatest breadth. The central one is entitled, by eminence, the Piazza of St. Peter's. Eminent it is, indeed, in beauty and magnificence. It is bounded on each side by a semi-elliptical colonnade, composed of no less than four rows of lofty columns, supporting a cornice and a balustrade, on the top of which are ranged nearly two hundred statues. In its centre is placed an obelisk, brought from Egypt by Caligula, and dedicated by him to Augustus and Tiberius. It is composed of a single piece of granite, nearly eighty feet high, and at its base eight feet thick. Its whole height, including the pedestal and cross, is no less than one hundred and twenty feet. On each side of this imposing monument is a fountain, of a simple and beautiful construction, of uniform architecture, and about forty feet in height. The column of water is thrown from the top about fourteen feet higher, and is received in falling into two circular basins, one above the other, the lower being of course the largest, and no less than eighty feet in circumference. At the termination of the colonnade, along the sides of the third piazza, is an open gallery, pierced by arcades and ornamented with pilasters.

At the termination of these lateral galleries is the façade of St. Peter's, three hundred and sixty feet long, and about

one hundred and fifty high. It is composed of four pilasters and eight Corinthian columns, eight feet in diameter and eighty-five in height, and is pierced by five doors and two ranges of windows. On the top is a balustrade, supporting thirteen colossal statues of Christ and his Apostles. This façade is faulty in itself, being too much cut up and ornamented. Its grand fault, however, is that it hides the dome, unless the spectator stands at a great distance. For this reason, as well as others which are obvious, the best point from which to view St. Peter's, is from the lower end of the farthest piazza, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. There is a gradual ascent from this point to the steps, and thence to the door of the temple. The eye ranges with admiration through the splendid courts, takes in the obelisk and fountains at a single glance, passes rapidly along the sweeping colonnade, pauses with complacency upon the rich façade, whose faults are somewhat hidden by the distance, and finally rests satisfied and expanded on the matchless union of beauty and sublimity which constitutes the dome a wonder of the world. The two cupolas of the cross, which rise on each side of the dome, and are domes themselves of no vulgar dimensions, must not be forgotten in estimating the architectural effect. They are perfectly symmetrical, and produce a pyramidal appearance which is exceedingly agreeable.

It is fashionable, I believe, at present, to express on entering the church disappointment at its size. In my own opinion, if any one is disappointed, it must be his own fault. Though he has heard St. Peter's celebrated as the largest church in all the world, he ought also to remember that it is likewise said to be the best proportioned, and that excellence of proportion necessarily diminishes apparent size. Besides, the ordinary eye can scarcely be affected by a difference of fifty or a hundred feet in an edifice so vast. After viewing, therefore, the Duomo of Florence, or some other similar

building, he ought not to expect any greatly increased impression. On another point, the religious effect of the building, he ought not to compare it with Gothic architecture, whose long drawn aisles and dim illumination are best calculated to inspire solemn awe ; nor yet with the stern severity and sombre obscurity of the Florentine Duomo. He ought to know beforehand, that the character of the building is essentially different. He ought to be aware that the architecture of St. Peter's is Roman ; that light is diffused in all its parts ; that in ornament it is the richest and most splendid edifice on earth. As a church, therefore, I should grant it to be inferior to the Gothic pile, and in one point, simple majesty, to the Duomo of Florence ; but taken altogether, it more than realized my most magnificent conceptions. As I entered the central door and took in at a glance the corresponding nave, the gilt bronze baldachin which covers the high altar, and behind the splendid tribune ; as my eye rose to contemplate the golden vault above my head, and rested on the vacuum left by the capacious dome ; as I comprehended without ceunting the marble statues and reliefs which line the walls, I felt that I had never known before the meaning of magnificence ; a magnificence consisting in the most harmonious combination of length and breadth and height and massiveness, in the most felicitous arrangement of ornament, where nothing is superfluous or crowded, and yet all is one blaze of splendor. As I pursued my way, slowly and absorbed, along the nave, and found myself beneath the majestic cupola, the thought flashed across my mind that I saw a new heaven above my head. It is inconceivable to me, how any one can lean against one of the massive piles, (two hundred feet in circumference,) which support this lofty vault and look into the vast expanse above him, and yet express a feeling of disappointment. It must be owing to very indefinite previous imaginings, or to an excessive grandeur

of conception, which refuses to be satisfied even with this stupendous offspring of one of the greatest of human minds.

Without intending to enter on an architectural description, I may say that the form of St. Peter's is a Latin cross; that its internal length is nearly six hundred feet, and its breadth in the cross nearly four hundred; that the central nave is above eighty feet wide, and two hundred high in the vault; that the side walls of the nave are pierced on each side by four arches leading into the aisles, between each of which arches are two fitted Corinthian pilasters eighty feet in height—between the pilasters are two niches, one above the other, containing each a marble statue more than twelve feet high; above each of the arches is also a niche filled by a statue still more gigantic, more than twenty-four feet in height. Immediately under the dome is a small chapel open from above, to which you descend by a slight of steps, called the confession of St. Peter. The body of the saint is said to be here entombed, his head is at St. John Lateran. The sides of this chapel are literally covered with gold and precious marbles. In front of the sacred shrine kneels a colossal statue of Pius VI. a magnificent work of Canova, and especially interesting because it was his last. Around the railing which surrounds this chapel at the top, burn constantly one hundred and twelve enormous gilded lamps, in the form of cornucopiæ. Immediately behind the chapel and still under the dome, is the magnificent high altar, at which the pope alone says mass. It is surmounted by a canopy eighty feet in height, supported by four huge spiral columns. The whole is of gilded bronze, stolen from the Pantheon. This splendid ornament is here out of place, as it encumbers the platform of the cupola, and interrupts the view through the nave. The vault of the dome is divided into compartments covered with mosaic figures of angels, apostles, and saints. Its drum is ornamented by thirty-two pilasters, with windows intervening, supporting a rich cor-

nice. The whole height of the dome, from the commencement of the tambour to the termination of the vault, is two hundred and twenty-six Roman palms : from the termination of the vault through the lantern to the top of the cross, is one hundred and forty-nine more ; to which adding two hundred and forty-two palms for the elevation of the drum, we obtain a result of six hundred and seventeen palms, more than four hundred feet, the whole distance from the top of the cross to the pavement of the church. The diameter of the dome within is one hundred and ninety palms, about one hundred and thirty feet. Its whole diameter is two hundred and sixty-six palms, about one hundred and eighty feet. Beyond the dome, at the termination of the great nave, is the semicircular tribune, containing the chair of St. Peter. This chair is so called from its being (according to the legend) the real chair used by St. Peter and his immediate successors. The chair is supported in the air by four doctors of the church, whose colossal forms are no less than eighteen feet in height. Above it, two gigantic angels, attended by two others who have no employment, hold the triple crown ; and still higher up is seen a glory of lesser cherubim. The whole of this stupendous fabric is of bronze, also stolen from the Pantheon, to the enormous amount of two hundred and nineteen thousand pounds. On each side of the chair of St. Peter is a splendid monument, the one on the right to Paul III. and that on the left to Urban VIII. The statues of the pontiffs placed above their magnificent sarcophagi, are of bronze. Below, on that of Paul III. recline the statues of Justice and Prudence, by Giacomo della Porta, a pupil of Michael Angelo. The first of these particularly, is a female figure of exquisite grace and beauty.

I have thus endeavored to give you a description of the **nave** and cupola, very inadequate, it is true, yet communicating, I trust, some idea of its magnificence. The aisles are only twenty feet in width, and open into four large side

chapels each, besides those of the cross, all surmounted by cupolas corresponding to their size, and covered with mosaics. Along the aisles are placed a great number of monuments, rich in reliefs and statues. The chapels are adorned with copies in mosaic, of some of the greatest pictures in the world. Rich marbles, splendid gildings, and costly bronzes, are scattered throughout with the greatest profusion. The ornaments of St. Peter's are essentially architectural. Its statues and funeral monuments are almost all proportioned to the edifice, and therefore colossal. For this reason they are not so well calculated to please on a close examination. Among the most remarkable is a gigantic St. Andrew of Fiammingo, whose drapery is well designed and free, whose posture is at once dignified and spirited, and whose head is that of one resigned to suffer, but resolved to suffer greatly.

The dead Christ of Michael Angelo, laid across the lap of his mother, with all its faults, is yet a noble and interesting group. The size of the figures is not larger than life : they therefore appear diminutive in this vast edifice. Their position is exceedingly unfavorable, being placed so high above the altar of the chapel della Pietà, that it is impossible to see the countenance of our Saviour, which is turned upwards ; still, the position of his body, the lifelessness of the relaxed muscles, and the pensile limbs, and the heavenly beauty and tranquil suffering of the Madonna, must interest and touch every feeling heart. Milizia, who seems to persecute the fame of Michael Angelo, with all the inveteracy of personal hatred, attacks, with some show of justice, the youthful appearance of the mother of our Lord. But let the supernatural character, which catholics attach to the Madonna, be remembered, and this objection is easily removed. It is more difficult to explain away another objection—the ease with which she sustains across her knees the body of a full-grown man. But even in answer to this, it may be said, that in moments of extreme grief, a supernatural strength

is frequently communicated to the body, and an entire disregard of personal inconvenience to the spirit. It is only when the mind is at ease, that the body is delicate. For my own part, I am inclined to regard the point objected to, as an excellence above the reach of art, and without the region of that cold and superficial criticism, which looks only on the surface, and catches at what is obvious.

The celebrated bas-relief of Algardi, representing the discomfiture of Attila, by St. Leo the great, is to be found on the monument of that pope, and well deserves examination. The pontiff, unarmed and tranquil, followed only by ecclesiastics, confronts the "Scourge of God" with the most imposing dignity; and pointing to St. Peter and St. Paul, who appear threatening in the air, commands him to depart, or dread the anger of the saints. The fierce barbarian, astounded and overcome, is in the act of turning as if to fly, in the presence of all his armed host. The perspective, for a relief, is excellent, and the expression strong. The story is admirably told: better, indeed, than by Raphael, in one of his celebrated frescoes.

The monument of the titular James III. of England and his two sons, the last of a royal line thus crowded into a single depository, is an interesting work, by Canova. The two genii, in relief, with their torches turned downward, are exquisite specimens of his beautiful and graceful style. The monument of Clement XIII. by the same artist, is, however, by far the finest thing of its kind in the church. Above is the kneeling statue of the pontiff, a figure dignified and expressive in an extraordinary degree. At one end stands Religion, holding the cross, a female figure of majestic stature, and noble expression. Why her beautiful hand should be deformed by a circle of long marble horns or rays, is beyond my power to conjecture. On the other side sits reclining the Genius of Death, holding an inverted torch. The youthful roundness and perfection of the figure, the graceful ease of

the posture, the still melancholy of the supernaturally beautiful countenance, are appropriate, exquisite, and affecting. At the base of the monument are two couchant lions, one on each side. They are said to be the finest modern representations of the king of beasts: the one who is sleeping is particularly admirable. He is a wonderful representation at once of strength and repose; the very paws that hang over the edge of the stone on which he couches, are replete with expression. The other is also a sublime delineation of the majesty of the monarch of the desert.

The bronze statue of St. Peter, seated beneath a canopy, on the right hand of the nave just before arriving at the cupola, is remarkable as being an object of great veneration to all good catholics. One of his feet, which is advanced to the edge of the pedestal, has been so often kissed, that the divisions between the toes are worn away, and the instep considerably lowered. It is still kept bright by the devotion of the pious. They are constantly to be seen performing this singular rite. They first kneel at some distance and repeat a few paternosters, and then advancing with great reverence, glue their lips, and afterwards their foreheads, to the consecrated bronze, first taking good care to wipe it thoroughly. Fathers and mothers lift their infant children to perform the same sign of adoration.

The atmosphere of St. Peter's, in consequence of the great thickness of the walls and the number of lights which are always kept burning, is said to be equable throughout the year, being never damp, and never either very warm or cold. Singular as this statement may appear, I can yet bear a partial testimony to its truth. The first day I entered the church was windy and cold; within I found a mild and temperate atmosphere. The same thing was observable in all succeeding visits. Whatever the weather was without, it was always the same in St. Peter's. This fact increases my astonishment that the idea of having all the pictures in

mosaic should have been entertained, and so long persevered in. 'There are, it seems to me, many objections to this course. It is in the first place very expensive, each of the large pictures in mosaic costing twenty thousand dollars. In the next place, they are only copies, and must necessarily be so; and it is admitted on all hands, that it is next to impossible that a copy should ever equal the original. Again, they are copies in mosaic; which after all that has been said, must be admired for ingenuity and skill, more than for the higher attributes of painting. 'The only plausible pretence is their durability; and their adaptedness, on that account, to this, intended to be, Eternal Church of the Eternal City. It seems, however, from what has been said and is universally admitted respecting the atmosphere of St. Peter's, that oil-paintings or frescoes might there be perfectly preserved for ages upon ages.

The grottos beneath the church, the site of the ancient cemetery of the former Basilica, where the bones of the martyrs are interred, are well worthy of a visit. 'They consist in a number of chapels and long passages, containing the sarcophagi of popes and saints and princes, and a multitude of ancient inscriptions. Even these subterranean recesses are crowded with rich mosaics and valuable pictures, and bas-reliefs.

It is well worth while, also, to ascend upon the roof, paved throughout with stone and brick, where you gain, perhaps, the best idea of the vast extent of the building. From hence to the upper gallery, which runs round the inside of the dome, is a journey attended with some fatigue; but for this you are amply repaid on your arrival. You have felt your own littleness while standing beneath the dome—from your present station you actually see the littleness of others. The men below are pigmies: nothing but the edifice itself is great. Absorbed in that one idea, you look from the tremendous height, devoid of fear and insensible of fatigue. Most

men, when they have come so far, are infected with the vulgar ambition to go farther, to mount to the highest practicable point of this modern tower of Babel: one of the highest edifices ever erected by human hands. Accordingly I took the royal road which had been provided for the king of Naples, and afterwards by a narrow staircase, and then by an iron ladder ascended into the very ball, which is no less than eight feet in diameter. I was glad, however, to leave it, in consequence of its excessive heat, and descend to an external gallery which surrounds the lantern, and commands a view not so interesting as that from the belfry of the Campidoglio, but more extensive. It is not so interesting, because it does not immediately overlook the ruins of ancient Rome, nor afford so good an opportunity of distinguishing the seven hills, which lie confused in the distance, but in extent it reaches even to the ocean.

Attached to St. Peter's, on the right as you approach it, is the palace of the Vatican. This immense building is in fact a succession of palaces, three stories high above the basement, built around twenty principal courts, twelve hundred feet long and ten hundred wide. It was formerly inhabited by the popes, and is still the scene of many of the public ceremonies. It is principally devoted, however, at present, to its various collections of manuscripts, books, statues, busts, inscriptions, and paintings; undoubtedly, taken altogether, the most valuable repository on earth.

LETTER XVIII.

ROME—CONTINUATION OF THE VATICAN—SISTINE CHAPEL—FRESCOES
OF MICHAEL ANGELO—HIS UNIVERSAL JUDGMENT

THE Sistine chapel is within the palace of the Vatican ; and is nothing more than a long, and rather narrow hall, with a very lofty vaulted roof. Here is the grand theatre of the genius of Michael Angelo. It is well known that, in the early part of his career, this extraordinary man had devoted himself almost entirely to sculpture. When about thirty, it is true, he had undertaken a cartoon in competition with da Vinci, representing the war between the Florentines and Pisans, and intended for the palace of the magistracy at Florence. From this work, however, he was called away by Julius II. who invited him to Rome to execute a stupendous monument, the plan of which he had conceived, to his predecessor on the papal throne. Some time afterwards the pope desired him to paint the vault of the Sistine chapel. At first he endeavoured to excuse himself ; but being continually pressed by the pope, he was finally constrained to accept the commission. Having done so, he was actually obliged to call several Florentine artists to his aid, to instruct him in the art of fresco-painting. **Having soon** learned all that they could teach, he obliterated **whatever they** had done, and commenced anew. The whole of **this stupendous** work he executed emphatically alone ;

for not only were the design and execution solely his, but he would not even suffer any assistant to prepare his materials.

The centre of the vault is divided into compartments, representing various scripture histories, from the creation to the deluge. The first three relate to the creation of the world by the Eternal Father, who appears in them in person. Though there is a certain grandeur and sublimity about them, they are oppressed with the grievous fault of being obscure in their signification. The fourth is the creation of Adam. The first man lies just formed of clay, but already half-risen from the earth ; one hand raised in air, and almost touching the hand of his Creator, which is stretched forth, communicating the principle of life. God is represented floating in the air, embracing within the folds of his capacious mantle, a crowd of cherubim ; a most majestic countenance and figure : yet how unworthy of that awful Being whom " no man hath seen at any time !" Next comes the creation of Eve : Adam, from whose side the rib has been taken, still sleeps, reclined against a rock. The mother of mankind, in an attitude expressive of her native modesty, bends forward with both hands clasped, expressing her gratitude to her Creator for the boon of existence. To this succeeds a larger compartment expressing a double history ; the eating the forbidden fruit, and the expulsion from Paradise. The Eve of the first, reclining on a verdant bank, is graceful and beautiful, and is sufficient, with the one in the preceding compartment, to remove from the great painter the charge of uniform rudeness. The series concludes with the sacrifice of Noah, the deluge, and the intoxication of the patriarch.

On the sides of the vault are painted alternately a prophet and a sibyl ; between whom are lunettes representing scripture histories. These prophets and sibyls are among the most celebrated works of which the art of painting can

boast ; and are indeed well worthy of their fame. Here is Jonas, looking up to heaven and reproaching the Omnipotent. Here is the youthful Daniel, splendidly clad, and nobly beautiful, intently writing. Here above all is Isaiah, meditating with the finger of his right hand resting in the closed book which he has been perusing ; his left elbow leans also on the book which is held upright on his thigh ; his head is just turned aside towards an angel who attracts his attention on the right, the left hand still remaining in a position which shows that the cheek has just left its support. The attitude, the expression of deep thought and sudden interruption, are inimitable. The bold artist has dared to communicate an expression of displeasure to the countenance of the prophet, leading the mind irresistibly to reflect how profound and absorbing must have been those meditations which could render even an angel visit an unwelcome disturbance. Here too is the aged Zechariah engaged in reading. His noble thoughtful head and venerable look are peculiarly appropriate. Next Joel, with piercing, eager, animated expression, reads the inspired scroll ; which, like the voice of a trumpet, sounded the alarm to unrepentant Israel. Ezekiel sits, with head aside, absorbed in vision ; while Jeremiah, leaning on his hand, seems breathing forth in his inmost soul, those sublime and affecting lamentations over the captivity of Judah, and the desolations of the daughter of Zion.

The sister train of sibyls are equal in sublimity. The old Cumæan is spelling out the records of fate, perplexed, doubtful, anxious, and absorbed ; her whole person, even to her feet, exhibiting the contraction natural in such a state of mind. The youthful Delphica beholds the god ; “Deus, ecce Deus,” is said as plainly by her transported gaze as tongue could utter it. She furnishes another specimen of grace and beauty from the hand of Michael Angelo. The attitude, the countenance, the air of the head, the very cloth

arranged upon it somewhat like a turban, are instinct with these pleasing and delightful attributes. The Erythræan, with downward pensive look, is reading ; while the Persian, in a different posture, is pursuing the same task with greater diligence. The Lybian, whose employment I forget, is the least interesting of the series. Such is the vault of the Sistine chapel, in itself a school of art, rich, varied, and sublime. Isaiah, or Joel, or Jeremiah, or the Delphic or Cumæan sibyl, had alone been enough to immortalize the artist.

In the same great Academy is that prodigy of art, the Universal Judgment, occupying the whole wall of one end of the apartment. It was commenced nearly twenty years after the completion of the vault, and consumed in its execution eight years of the life of the painter. In the interval he had been engaged entirely in sculpture and in architecture. He at first rejected all the pressing instances of Paul III. to return to painting, until that pontiff went personally to his house, attended by ten cardinals, to solicit him to complete the decoration of the Sistine chapel. Overcome by such urgency, and by this unparalleled tribute paid to himself and his art, he at last yielded, and commenced the work.

The upper part of the wall being divided into a double semicircle by a descending rib of the vault, he has placed there, merely for the sake of filling it, angels (without wings) bearing upward, and exhibiting in triumph, the cross, the column, the crown of thorns, and other instruments of our Saviour's passion. So far as concerns design and composition, these two groups furnish an admirable study. In the upper regions, properly constituting heaven, are seen on the extreme right the blessed, who have already attained their state of happiness. By various actions they express their joy, their mutual congratulations ; or, in as various attitudes, attend to the great transactions of the day. One group on this side, the most obvious of the whole, is admirable. A

mother has thrown her arm over her daughter, who has taken refuge at her feet, in an attitude of welcome and protecting love. Still, her look is abstracted and fixed upon the horrors of the scene below, from which her very form appears to shrink. On the extreme left are placed the martyrs, meeting now in fond embrace for the first time since they parted in torture; and holding up as trophies, the several instruments, the cross, the saw, the wheel, the arrows, by which they died. Between these two bands is a deep semicircle, formed of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles; groups of gigantic bodies, and most noble and expressive heads, adoring and consenting to the exhibition of almighty justice. Among the rest, the bold St. Peter holds forth his enormous key, prepared to lock for ever the gates of mercy and of heaven; while just below him is seated St. Bartholomew, showing in one hand the knife that flayed him, and suspending in the other his own skin—a hideous spectacle.

In the centre of the group, attended by the shrinking mother of mercy seated on one side a little in the rear, stands the Judge of all the earth. In form, colossal; in limbs, herculean; in expression and in attitude terribly sublime—he has just pronounced the condemning sentence, “depart from me, ye cursed!” One hand is lifted above his head, the palm outward; the other is opposite to his breast, in the same repellent manner. In the energy of avenging justice, he has made one step forward, and his limbs still rest in that expressive attitude. A frown is seated on his brow, from which even the spectator is glad to veil his eyes. What then must be the horror of that wretched crew against whom it is directed; and who are plunging downward headlong on the left, with angels hurling thunderbolts in their rear! They fall in every variety of posture, and cling together in the miserable sympathy of a common torment. One terrible group I shall never forget. It is that of a man descending in a sitting posture; one fellow-sufferer embracing

his body, another his knees, and a third hanging by his feet. He himself covering one eye with his hand, expresses in his cowering head, his shrinking muscles, his swollen eyes, his crouching form, that precise state of mind described in scripture, when the wicked, driven by remorse and fear, shall call upon the rocks and mountains to cover them from the wrath of the Omnipotent. On the right hand of the Saviour, in this second region of the picture, is seen the ascension of the just : some mounting boldly and swiftly upward, some of feeble powers assisted by the angels, and others of still smaller pretensions impeded by the fiends, who claim them as their property, and endeavor to drag them from the grasp of their celestial guardians. Here a single figure, with uplifted hands and eyes, hails with holy transport the glory that awaits him ; and there a delightful group, composed of a whole family, ascends in harmony and participated joy.

Below, on the same side, in what may be denominated the third region of the picture, lies a promontory of earth, the scene of the resurrection of the dead. Some are as yet skeletons, covered only with their winding sheets ; some are still buried to the middle ; others have just lifted one foot above the ground ; others again recline upon the surface, only half alive. This is far from being that change in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, described by the apostle. Besides the picture has hitherto supposed the resurrection past. In spite of both these difficulties, however, the mighty artist was unwilling to lose the opportunity of depicting that grand event, and of depicting it as gradual. The ghastliness of death, associated with the painful effort of awaking life, is indeed terribly portrayed. One head, particularly, the lowest in the picture, once seen, will haunt your very dreams.

The other side of the third region of the picture exhibits the flames of hell, and devils assembled on the brink. The principal group, however, is in the boat of the infernal ferryman, which has just touched the shore. In one end stands

the gigantic fiend, brandishing his oar, and driving out his victims. As they rush affrighted from its terrible sweep, they find a band of devils, waiting eagerly at the other end, *to receive them.* *They shrink backward in double terror;* but the relentless fiends drag them by force over the boat's side, and plunge with them from sight. This is a scene of strenuous action, of terrible emotion, in which the genius of the painter seemed to revel. The hideous deformity, the monstrous shapes, the apish faces, of his devils, informed as they are with hellish malice, or distorted with horrid, fiendish glee, while they border on the ludicrous, are yet in unison with the other features of the piece, and contribute to its overpowering sublimity.

Considered as a work of art, this celebrated fresco is liable, no doubt, to many criticisms. These are too obvious to require mention. Their only defence is found in the universal imperfection of all human productions. Considered as a representation of the Judgment of the Scriptures, it is full of errors. For these, the religion of the day and the example of the poets afford a strong apology. But when it is looked upon as the work of him who led the way in the modern style of painting; when it is regarded as the Judgment of Michael Angelo; it is not too much to assert, that it is one of the most stupendous creations of art and genius united, that history has recorded, or the world can boast. After this, the Pauline chapel, though near at hand in the same palace, is hardly worthy of a visit. The two fine pictures on its side walls, of the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, have been so obliterated by the smoke of torches and the dampness of the room, that scarce any traces are visible of their former excellence.

LETTER XIX.

ROME—CONTINUATION OF THE VATICAN—FRESCOES OF RAPHAEL—
LODGES OF RAPHAEL.

FROM the review of the works of Michael Angelo, I proceeded to those of Raphael; commencing with the earliest, the Dispute, as it is called, of the Holy Sacrament. Invited at the age of twenty-five from Florence to Rome, by Julius II. as a competitor with other artists in the Vatican, he so far surpassed them all in this his first attempt, that the pope caused their works to be destroyed, that this suite of chambers might be painted by Raphael alone.

The conception of the piece is as follows. On an altar in the midst is placed the host; at the sides of the altar are the four principal fathers of the church, expounding the mystery of this sacrament to various mitred prelates, seated in their vicinity, and various other saints and theologians, among whom is seen the poet Dante, distributed along the steps, and engaged in writing, attending, doubting, and adoring. Above is a semi-circular row of angels and apostles; within which sits our Lord, attended on each side by the Virgin and John the Baptist. Directly above the Son is seen the bust of the Father, with a three-cornered cap upon his head, surmounted again by another smaller semi-circular glory of angels. The picture bears evident traces of the style of Perugino. The same stiff symmetrical regu-

lar arrangement of the figures ; the same accuracy of detail and smiling feebleness of expression ; the same want of vigor in the tints and strength in the relief, which prevail in the works of that painter, are observable, to some extent, in this. I say, to some extent. For this early effort of his pupil is far superior to any thing the master has produced ; and, moreover, parts of this picture, particularly some of the heads, exhibit an extraordinary improvement in Raphael himself, and a near approach to his best manner.

It is a singular illustration of the characters of the two men, that Raphael should have continued, at the same time that Michael Angelo abandoned, the use of gold leaf, so fashionable among the early painters. It is profusely scattered over the Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, in the crowns of saints and other ornaments. The bolder and more original Michael Angelo, when requested by the pope to adorn in the same way the figures on the vault of the Sistine chapel, utterly refused ; sarcastically assuring the splendid pontiff, that “ the personages whom he was painting were not in the habit of wearing gold, as they were saints who despised pomp and riches.”

After the execution of these chambers had been committed to Raphael alone, he determined, as he had represented what might be called Theology on the first, to depict on the three remaining walls Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence. This plan is now seen executed. On the vault are the four portraits of the Sciences, as they are called ; on the walls are the four great emblematic pictures ; and on the basement below are real histories referring to them, painted on Raphael's designs, in a single color, by his pupils. I shall confine myself to the principal pictures.

Opposite the dispute of the Holy Sacrament, is the picture emblematic of Philosophy, commonly called the school of Athens, and generally prized as the best of Raphael's frescoes. Here nothing is to be seen of his ancient manner :

the artist seems to have undergone a transmutation ; the degrees of which may be traced, to some extent, in the first picture, but which appears notwithstanding sudden and miraculous. The scene is laid in a gymnasium, of imposing architecture, admirably adapted for the exhibition of this numerous assembly. At the bottom of the picture is seen the floor of the gymnasium ; next, four steps ascend to a platform, constituting, it would seem, a sort of interior portico. From the centre of this platform, there is an arched passage into the open air. Before this door-way, and marvellously relieved against its light, stand Aristotle and Plato in the act of disputation, attended by their scholars. The controversy is conducted with that grave dignity of demeanor, which becomes the men, the times, the place. Aristotle is speaking with no sign of agitation, but the graceful and appropriate elevation of a single arm. His scholars stand around in mute attention. His elegant and accomplished rival listens with a disapprobation not too strongly manifested ; while his younger and more eager pupils raise their hands in surprise, or exhibit similar signs of dissent. On the same platform, on the right of the principal group, stands Socrates ; reasoning, without any affectation of grace, one hand brought down upon another ; and instructing, perhaps I should rather say, reproving, Alcibiades. The hero stands before him attentive, admiring, and submissive. It seems to me, in fact, that the painter, in order to raise our ideas of the influence of "divine philosophy," has given the youthful general somewhat of the awkward attitude and air of a rebuked school boy.

From the group surrounding these, the eye descends to another who wait upon Pythagoras, seated and writing in a large book ; while a youth holds up before him a tablet, inscribed with the harmonic consonances. Another youth looks into the venerable countenance of his master, with a lovely expression of modest reverence. Glancing across the

bottom of the picture, you light upon Archimedes on the other side, stooping over, with a pair of compasses in hand, describing a geometrical figure on a slate. He is also surrounded by a group of youthful and attentive pupils, peculiarly graceful in composition and delightful in expression. The head of the mathematician himself is admirable. Behind stands Zoroaster with his scholars, a globe in hand ; an animated countenance and figure. Above, upon the platform, erect and independent, his arms concealed in the dark red mantle which flows around him, with imposing dignity, meditates alone the calm leader of the Stoics. But in this enumeration, the Cynic sage must not be forgotten. He is carelessly thrown upon the very centre of the steps, engaged in reading. He is half naked : his cloak lies neglected behind him ; and his gourd, not yet thrown away, is by his side.

Such is, in some measure, a description of the arrangement of this celebrated picture. But who can describe that dignity of mien, that grave and intellectual expression, those composed and graceful attitudes, those noble heads and majestic costumes, that perfection of design and composition, which render this the most faultless and admired work in the history of art ? It has been objected to it, it is true, that it is filled with anachronisms : that Pythagoras is made contemporary with Plato, and Zoroaster with Archimedes ; and that they are all brought together, from Italy, from Sicily, from Persia, into a gymnasium at Athens. But let it be remembered, in answer to this objection, that the picture is not historical, but emblematical. Let it also be observed, that personages not contemporaneous, are never introduced as having actual intercourse with one another. Socrates addresses Alcibiades ; Aristotle, Plato. The rest are attended by their own disciples, or, like Zeno and Diogenes, are placed alone. As to the objection arising from Raphael's introduction of modern portraits, of Bramante, of the duke of Mantua, of

Perugino, and himself, it appears to me of no great importance, at least in the present generation. They do not appear here in their proper persons, but in appropriate costumes and becoming attitudes. Besides, there is in fact an intrinsic propriety in their introduction. Bramante had a kindred right with Archimedes, whom he represents, to appear in a school of science; and surely Raphael and the rest may be admitted as pupils. If the name of another great man be any justification, Petrarch, in one of his poems, has assembled many a more various and mingled group.

Both of the other walls of this apartment are pierced by windows. In the picture emblematic of Poetry, the painter has, however, overcome this difficulty. He has here depicted Mount Parnassus, placing its summit over the window, and its descent upon the two sides. Near the top is seated Apollo, graceful, beautiful, inspired, but alas, playing on a *fiddle*! Why this awkward instrument was substituted for the more appropriate lyre, it is impossible to conjecture. The muses are ranged around in various attitudes, enchanted with the melody, depicted indeed by the painter of the graces. On each side of the descent is the attendant train of poets, both ancient and modern. Between Dante and Virgil, stands the earliest and greatest of them all, the blind bard of Ionia. With countenance uplifted, glowing with poetic fire, and with one arm extended, he is dictating the Iliad to a youth, who sits before him. It is not too much to say, that this sublime and expressive figure is worthy of the poet, and of his high employment. Opposite to this is the picture representing Jurisprudence, which, not being so easily adapted to the situation, is divided into three. Above the window are represented the three companions of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude; on one side Justinian delivering the digests to Trebonian, and on the other, Gregory IV. handing the decretals to a consistorial advocate. The two last mentioned pictures are much injured.

From one door of the chamber of the sciences, you pass into that of the fire of Borgo, and from the other into that of Heliodorus. The former derives its name from the celebrated fresco on one of its walls, representing the fire of Borgo miraculously allayed by Leo IV. The picture presents three sides of a square, on all of which the fire is raging. On the right of the spectator are seen men and women hurrying with water to extinguish the conflagration, expressing in every look and motion the utmost eagerness of haste. On the other side a man is dropping from the window of a house. Another already on the ground, is holding forth his arms to catch an infant, whom its mother, with divided fear for herself and the child, is about to let fall from above. A third is staggering under the weight of his aged sire, deprived of all strength by terror; and is followed by another Ascanius, and another Creusa. At the bottom of the square the pope appears at a window already bursting into flames, stretching forth his arm like Moses, as if to work a miracle. But the centre of the square is the grand theatre of consternation. Here women and children are assembled; mothers who tremble for lives dearer than their own, running to and fro in desperation, or stretching forth their arms in strong appeal to heaven, and its legate upon earth. Even those who have recovered a part of their treasure, look round in agony for the rest. One particularly, prostrate on her knees, her affrighted infant clinging to her lap, presents a most lovely and afflicting image of distracted grief. Such is the composition of a picture which carries this scene of horror with admirable judgment and effect, to the utmost extent that is tolerable to the imagination.

Over the window, opposite to this picture, is a representation of Leo III. justifying himself by oath, in the presence of Charlemagne, from the calumnies alleged against him. The appealing look which the pontiff directs to heaven, is solemn and affecting. The coronation of Charlemagne,

though designed by Raphael, was painted by Pierin del Vaga. The picture opposite, of the victory gained by Leo IV. over the Saracens at the port of Ostia, was executed by Giovanni da Udine.

The chamber of Heliodorus contains four great pictures, all by Raphael himself. The principal is the expulsion of Heliodorus from the temple of Jerusalem. This man was sent by Seleucus to plunder the treasury of the house of God. In the execution of this sacrilegious act he was assaulted, on the entreaty of the high priest Onias, by a horseman, and two youths armed with whips, who cast him to the ground and scourged him from the sacred precincts. This principal action is represented at the right of the spectator. The tremendous frown of the celestial horseman, the onward impetuosity of the bounding horse, the energetic action, the almost flying posture of the angel who wields the scourge, the dismay of the prostrate prefect, the horror of the howling soldier, the fright of the confounded slaves, are all admirably adapted to describe a scene of extraordinary and supernatural violence. At the altar in the bottom of the picture, kneels the high priest Onias, in a wonderfully striking attitude of supplication. On the left of the spectator is a group, of which one feels inclined to demand immediately what they do there. The principal figure is a pope, (the portrait of Julius II.) sitting in his chair supported on the shoulders of his bearers. The explanation is, that he is placed there not as a spectator of the scene, but only as a spectator of the picture. No one can hesitate for a moment, to attribute this absurdity to the overbearing vanity of the pontiff, rather than to the taste and judgment of the artist.

Opposite to this is a fresco, representing the encounter of Leo I. with Attila, without the walls of Rome, which "the Scourge of God" was approaching to assault. It was on this occasion, according to the legend and the picture, that

St. Peter and St. Paul appeared in the air, brandishing naked swords, and threatening the fierce invader. He alone sees the prodigy : astounded at the spectacle, he gazes as if fascinated by terror, while at the same time he turns his body and stretches both his arms towards the rear, as if forgetting that he is on horseback, and endeavoring to fly. The calm dignity and religious habits of the pontifical procession, are admirably contrasted with the threatening looks, the fiery action, and the glittering arms of the barbarian host. Even the staid horses of the former seem conscious of their peaceful burden, while the spirited war-steeds of the latter curvet and rear beneath their warlike riders.

A picture over one of the windows represents the miracle said to have happened at Bolsena, where, while a priest, who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was saying mass, the consecrated wafer became suddenly stained with blood. On one side of the altar is the astonished, convinced, and adoring priest, gazing on the wafer : behind him kneels the train of boys, clad in white, and holding tapers ; and lower still are seen spectators. On the other side are placed Julius II. and his attendants, introduced appropriately enough, as if present at the mass. The composition and execution of this piece are peculiarly beautiful.

St. Peter's deliverance from prison is placed opposite to the picture just described. Over the window is the prison itself seen through an iron grating. On each side are steps which lead to it. Commencing on your left, you see the stairs with four soldiers disposed upon them, one of them bearing a torch. The light of the moon plays beautifully upon their armor, which is also partially illuminated by the flambeau. Above the window you look through the grate into the cell, filled with the glory which surrounds the celestial visitant. Here you observe the two stupefied guards, the rising apostle, and the stooping angel. On the other side you perceive the angel and Peter, without the door, about to descend the

steps, on which two other guards are seated, with heads declined, and buried in the oblivion of sleep. The effect of light in this picture is wonderful. The mixed illumination of the first, the brilliant glory of the second, and the chastened splendor of the third compartment, must ever be considered as prodigies of skill: I myself heard an intelligent man affirm for some time, with apparent sincerity, that the glory which surrounds the angel in the prison must be a transparency.

In the hall of Constantine; the grand picture of the battle between that emperor and the tyrant Maxentius, was designed by Raphael. He had commenced painting it in oil, but was interrupted by death. It was afterwards finished, but in fresco, by Giulio Romano, with great spirit and effect.

The Lodges of Raphael are the three stories of open galleries running along the western side of the court of St. Damasus, built and ornamented under Leo X. by the painter, acting in the capacity of architect. Two of them are formed by arcades, the third and highest, by columns. What is called, by distinction, however, the Lodges of Raphael, is the second story, the whole of whose vault was painted by his hands, or after his designs and under his directions. This vault is divided into thirteen four-sided cupolas, each containing four pictures illustrative of sacred history, from the creation of the world to the times of our Saviour. These fifty-two histories have been engraved and published under the name of the Bible of Raphael. The first cupola alone was executed, as well as designed, by the hand of the master himself. In this he put himself boldly into competition with Michael Angelo, and demonstrated, in opposition at least to the practice of his rival, that grandeur of style does not consist in greatness of dimensions. For though his figures are not, I should think, more than two and a half feet in length, nothing can be imagined more truly sublime.

The cupola represents four different stages in the creation of the world. In the first, the Eternal Father moves through chaos, covered as it is with dense black clouds, interrupted by occasional flashes of lurid light: his head turned aside, his arms extended, his limbs in violent motion, separating the light from darkness, reducing chaos into order, his whole form instinct with the tremendous effort of creation. In the second, he sails with calmer majesty through a transparent atmosphere, above the new formed globe, separating with his finger the dry land from the sea. In the third, he rises above earth, and wielding the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, fixes them in the firmament, as wide apart as day and night. In the fourth, he walks the earth with arms outstretched in benediction, and cattle and all living things spring into existence beneath his feet. I know that such representations are unworthy of the lofty theme, and the Almighty Actor. I know that nothing but the pen of inspiration, when it wrote that sublime description of the birth of light, has ever communicated an adequate idea of the process of creation. But at the same time, I defy the sternest maintainer of these uncontroverted truths, not to be moved by the awful sublimity which the mighty master has transfused into these living images. For my own part, I prefer them to those of Michael Angelo. Equal in every other point—in composition, in historical significance, they are greatly superior. The other pictures of the Lodges are many of them beautiful and interesting. Some of them are produced as models of composition.

LETTER XX.

ROME—CONTINUATION OF THE VATICAN—GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS—MADONNA OF FOLIGNO—TRANSFIGURATION OF RAPHAEL—DOMINICHO'S COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME—CARAVAGGIO'S INTERMENT OF THE SAVIOUR—GUIDO'S CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER—ST. ROMUALD, BY ANDREA SACCHI—POUSSIN'S MARTYRDOM OF ERASMUS.

As I have already detained you too long with my feeble description of the frescoes of the Vatican, let us ascend to the gallery of oil paintings, where we find the Madonna of Foligno, and the Transfiguration itself. The first is distinguished by many connoisseurs as affording the best specimen of the coloring of Raphael. The Virgin Mother is seated in the clouds, with the divine Infant on her lap, in a posture more graceful than any other painter could have imagined. Her beautiful countenance is marked by an expression of pensive dignity, of candid innocence, of benignant gentleness. The heads of the saints below exhibit an air, an expression, a reality, far beyond the reach of ordinary art.

The second, confessedly the greatest picture in the world, requires a more particular description. An ordinary genius would have been alarmed at the idea of representing our Lord in that extraordinary scene, when he assumed for a moment, as it were, his original nature, and appeared in glory on the Mount. But to Raphael, the difficulties of the subject seem to have proved only an excitement. He shows us the platform of the Mount ; he places here the three chosen disciples, James hiding his face against the very earth, Peter

not knowing what he says or does, with countenance turned upwards, but eyes closed per force, and John falling backward from his knees, and veiling with one hand his downward countenance from the intolerable glory. Above, in majesty divine, with garments white as snow, surrounded by a light from heaven, their Master floats in air, as if it were indeed his element, calm, self-supported, motionless, with eyes upraised towards his native seat, the bosom of his Father and his God. Never was the divinity of our Lord so exhibited in his mortal flesh, as on the Mount of the Transfiguration : never was it so bodied forth to the eyes of all men, as by the pencil of Raphael. The prophets who, on each side suspended in mid-air, regard him with adoring love, are worthy companions of his glory. Below the Mount is represented another action, which, however different, was yet contemporaneous with this. The Evangelist St. Mark informs us, that, during the absence of our Lord, a youth possessed of a dumb and deaf spirit, was brought to the disciples, and that they could not heal him. This is the history represented in the lower part of the picture, with a force and truth never to be surpassed. On one side is placed the unhappy demoniac, attended by his family and friends—he appealing to the mercy of the disciples by his distorted swollen eyes, his convulsed countenance, his stiffened limbs ; and they, by the strongest expressions of features and of gestures, expressions stronger than words themselves, the ordinary currents of human thought. Between him and the disciples kneels a female figure, her back towards the spectator, her profile, however, fully exhibited by the direction of her head as she looks on the Apostles, who points with both her hands to the poor sufferer, expressing in her attitudes, her look, the contraction of her form and face, the utmost earnestness of agonized entreaty. The nine disciples exhibit, on the other hand, surprise, compassion, and embarrassment, that they are not themselves capable of healing him. Some

of them point upward to the mountain, whither their Master has ascended, and seem to promise relief on his return. In this picture are, indeed, assembled the most sublime conceptions of the supernatural, with the most affecting and forcible delineations of the natural : the Lord in glory, the disciples in perplexity, the demoniac in convulsions, his friends in agonized entreaty. This is not all : the composition is most significant, the design is perfect, the invention original, the relief magical, the coloring harmonious, the expression varied, but always true to nature and to the imagination. Every thing, in fact, is appropriate to the greatest picture of the greatest master of the art ; of one who, uniting many excellencies, carried, notwithstanding, the greater part of them to their highest degree of perfection.

Confessedly the next picture in Rome, after the Transfiguration, is the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino, which is found in the same apartment. Here the saint is represented in the extremity of age and of attenuation, produced by his voluntary austerities, brought to the altar to partake, before his eyes are closed, of the body and blood of his Redeemer. Placed upon his knees, he is supported from behind by one of his attendant friends. Others surround him, weeping or kissing his withered hands, or looking on with eyes that refuse their tears indeed, but not their deep expression of regret. Before him stands the aged priest, proffering with one hand the consecrated wafer, and assisting with the other the words of benediction. Behind him comes another, more youthful but not less benignant, holding the cup of blessing. Below him kneels, dressed in white, one of those attendants who appear so advantageously in the Romish ritual. Above, in one corner of the picture, a group of angels is suspended, awaiting the passage of the soul to bear it upward to its final home. Through the open door of the church is seen the landscape, cheerful with the light of day, in melancholy contrast with the solemn scene within. The

faith expressed in the emaciated countenance of the expiring saint, the venerable sanctity of the officiating priest, the saddened piety of his assistant, the grief of all around, the rich ecclesiastical habits, the harmony of the lights, the force with which the affecting story is told to the imagination, are enough to justify the eulogy of Poussin, that after Raphael, Dominichino was the first of painters.

In the same chamber is a great picture by Titian, of the Madonna seated in the clouds, with the infant Jesus on her lap, and attended by two cherubim, with the usual awkward accompaniment of saints below. After the Madonna of Foligno, there was little to admire in this, except the magic coloring, the modest expression of the Virgin, so seldom to be found in Titian's works, and the fine reality of some of the heads of the saints.

In the next room is a representation of the body of our Saviour borne to the tomb, by the gloomy Caravaggio, another of the chief pictures of Rome. Here, all is uncomprising nature. No mixture of the beau ideal communicates an imaginative beauty or refinement. The body of our Lord is helpless, ghastly, as death itself. The two rugged men who bear him, are every day in feature and in the expression of their grief. The three women who follow after, partake of the same characteristics. The aged mother gazes with a strong fondness, and yet with a solemn saddened calmness on her son, such as one may see in the aged in ordinary life. Their love is strong, their feelings are not blunted, but then they do not regard death as so great a privation ; and expect besides shortly to meet hereafter. The woman who stands next, wipes her swollen eyes and lips with a handkerchief, and the third lifts both hands in lamentation. When such a scene, thus ordered, is illuminated by the large masses of light contrasted with dark shades, in which Caravaggio delighted, and which he well knew how to manage, it may be easily perceived that it must be affecting and impressive.

In the next room is the crucifixion of St. Peter, one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Guido, regarded, I believe, as his first effort in design. It is in his *forte* or dark manner, which indeed is manifestly best adapted to the subject. It consists of only four figures, on a dark and gloomy ground: the principal of these is the apostle, with the head downwards, about to be affixed to the cross. One slave draws the rope, which, attached to his feet, is passed over the top of the cross: against it leans his body, supported by a second executioner: a third, mounted on a ladder, is about to drive an enormous spike, which he already holds, into the apostle's feet. The hands of the sufferer are spread in the air, exactly as would be natural in a position so extraordinary and beyond his own control. The expression of the executioners, the tension of their muscles, the conscious helplessness, yet natural struggle upward of the apostle, are features of the piece which must strike every observer. In addition to this, the execution of the picture, the lights, the shades, the background, the coloring, are in gloomy accordance with the gloomy transaction.

In the same room is the *chef d'œuvre* of Andrea Sacchi, accounted one of the four best pictures in Rome. I confess, however, that it did not please me so much as the death of St. Anna, by the same master, in the church of St. Carlo. It appeals too little to the imagination and the heart. The subject is St. Romuald, addressing his monks who are seated before him. The grand difficulty, the successful treatment of which seems to constitute, in the eyes of connoisseurs, the great merit of the piece, was, that the habits must all be painted white. To represent such dresses, particularly in the open air, was no easy matter. The painter therefore planted a tree over the saint, which throws a shade over him and his companions, and produces the desired result; an effectual, but still an obvious, expedient, and surely not deserving of such high encomiums. As for the rest, the picture is well

enough : grave, dignified, harmonious, well composed, well executed ; but for my own part, I should never dream of placing it among the four best in Rome. These four, by the by, are somewhat differently stated in different accounts. The Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome are always two of them : the other two must be sought among the Burial of our Lord, by Caravaggio, the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido, the St. Romuald, by Sacchi, and a deposition of the Cross, painted on a design of Michael Angelo, by Daniel da Volterra, kept invisible in the church of Trinita dei Monti, now belonging to a society of nuns. When these pictures are selected as the best, it must also be remembered, that oil paintings alone are spoken of; frescoes are not included. In the room beyond is one of the masterpieces of Poussin, representing the martyrdom of St. Erasmus. Its figures are as large as life, a thing not usual with its author. Great, both in design and composition, it is so deficient in coloring, that it appears absolutely unfinished.

Such as I have described, are the oil paintings of the Vatican, brought hither from Paris, when her monuments of art were restored to plundered Italy. It is singular enough that they were not again placed in their original situations. The Transfiguration belonged to St. Pietro in Montorio ; the Communion of St. Jerome to St. Girolamo della Carità ; the Burial of our Lord, by Caravaggio, to the Chiesa Nuova, etc. As, however, all the churches belong to the supreme pontiff, it was considered no robbery in him, and a great benefit to the pictures and the arts, to secure them in a situation where they might be better preserved, better lighted, and more conveniently studied and copied.

LETTER XXI.

ROME—CONTINUATION OF THE VATICAN—BORGHIA APARTMENTS—ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF—ANCIENT PAINTING—HALL OF INSCRIPTIONS—MUSEO CHIARAMONTI—BUST OF AUGUSTUS—STATUE OF TIBERIUS—OF MINERVA—OF THE NILE—OF JUNO—OF DIANA—MUSEO PIO CLEMENTINO—TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE—CHAMBER OF MELEAGER—COURT OF THE BELVEDERE—CANOVA'S PERSEUS—HIS CREUGAS AND DAMOXENUS—THE BOXERS—ANTIQUOUS OF THE BELVEDERE—LAOCOON—APOLLO OF THE BELVEDERE.

To attempt to communicate any idea of the marbles and statues of the Vatican is a daring enterprise, and I could not undertake it, save in the confidence of friendship. Of course, I must be brief, otherwise I should show too clearly the inadequacy of my own powers, and entirely exhaust your patience.

Before you enter what may properly be called the Museum, you find upon the left the Borgia apartments, so called from Alexander VI. consisting of four rooms filled with ancient marbles, mosaics, and paintings. They are well worthy of a visit, were it only for the fragment of a marble bas-relief, containing half figures as large as life, found in the forum of Trajan. It represents that emperor surrounded by lictors and other personages, in very high relief, and expresses, with greater force than any thing that I have seen, the nobleness and dignity of the old Roman face, form, and costume. In the same room is a frieze at least three feet broad, brought from the same place, and supposed to have belonged to the Ulpian Basilica, the richest thing of its kind

that perhaps the world contains. Another chief ornament of this apartment is the Nozze Aldobrandine, a Roman picture found on the Esquiline, near the arch of Gallienus, and representing the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, with great spirit and excellence of design.

The first hall of the gallery proper is that of inscriptions; the walls of which on both sides are covered with these valuable remains, as well Christian as Roman, for a length according to my measurement of two hundred and twenty-six paces. The hall is eight paces wide. It is the principal collection of Rome, and of course the first in the world. Next comes the Museo Chiaramonti, (so called from Pius VII. who formed it,) consisting of two long galleries. The first is a continuation of the hall of inscriptions, and is, I should judge, of nearly equal length. Its walls are lined with busts and statues, small and great, sometimes upon pedestals, and sometimes upon double and triple rows of shelves. Its entrance and its exit are adorned with marble columns. The most remarkable objects which I observed in it were, a bust of Augustus found at Ostia, and a colossal statue of Tiberius discovered at Piperno. The first represents the emperor in his youth. The marble is as fresh and beautiful as if it had been hewn but yesterday from its parent block. The outline is at once distinct and soft, the execution is at the same time free and highly finished. The expression is natural and strong. The statue of Tiberius represents that tyrant seated in a most majestic posture, but slightly covered by a freely flowing drapery. You would deem it at first the statue of a god rather than a man.

The new arm, as it is called, of the Chiaramonti museum, meets this apartment at right angles nearly in the centre. It is two hundred feet long by twenty-four broad, vaulted over head and supported by rich marble columns. The walls are pierced with niches, in which are ranged the statues, and adorned above with beautiful stucco bas-reliefs,

copied from the two great columns, and the triumphal arches. Between each niche is placed a bust upon a highly polished granite pedestal. The statue of Lucius Verus, and the bust of Commodus, are fine specimens of Roman art. The statue of Minerva, called *Minerva Medica* without any semblance of propriety, merely because she is attended by a serpent, an ordinary accompaniment of the goddess of wisdom, is well worthy of examination and study. She wears her helmet and leans upon a spear. A noble, intrepid, and sincere expression reigns in her countenance and form. Her drapery is admirable. It is composed of two parts: the outer mantle, which flows around her in loose large folds, and an inner dress gracefully arranged in minuter plaits. Before a large semicircular recess in the midst of the apartment, lies the colossal statue of the Nile, surrounded by infants who represent his branches, and sport about him and climb over him in every direction. It is a graceful and pleasing group. The form of the oldest of rivers is exceedingly majestic, and is considered as far superior to the head, though that was supplied by Michael Angelo. In the niches of the recess, are five statues representing youthful *Athletæ*, found for the most part at Tivoli. The statue of Juno, called also *La Clemenza*, is worthy of remark for its benignant smile, and the drapery which covers, without concealing, the grace and beauty of the form. The statue of Diana finding *Endymion* asleep, exhibits surprise and admiration gracefully expressed.

The square recess opposite the semicircular one already mentioned, is adorned at the bottom by two beautiful columns of Numidian marble, or *giallo antico*, and by two superb ones of flowered alabaster, one on each side of a door which gives you admittance to a large court containing a garden. From the first part of the Chiaramonti museum you ascend a few steps, and turning to the left, enter the Egyptian and Attic museum; a succession of eight small

chambers, containing busts, Egyptian statues, and casts from bas-reliefs of the Parthenon. As I hope to see the originals of the last in England, I shall not attempt to describe them here.

Returning to the top of the stair, which you have already ascended, you enter immediately upon the Museo Pio Clementino, so called from popes Clement XIII. and XIV. and Pius VI. who were its principal collectors. Many of the statues had been placed in the Vatican long before their time; but these patrons of the arts, added each, many new ones to the stock, and constructed new and splendid apartments for their reception. This magnificent museum commences with a square vestibule, containing the sarcophagus, and inscriptions brought from the sepulchre of the Scipios, (already mentioned elsewhere) and the celebrated Torso of the Belvedere. This is part of a statue probably of Hercules; the head, arms, and greater part of the legs, of which are wanting. Yet such is the perfection of its design and execution, that no one has ever dared to attempt to restore it. Michael Angelo himself, only ventured to study it; and so familiar was it to the thoughts of Annibal Carracci, that he could copy it exactly, without ever looking in the meanwhile on the original.

Next comes a small round vestibule containing nothing that is remarkable. It admits you into the chamber of the Meleager. The Grecian hero is represented naked, standing in an attitude of rest, one hand behind his back, and his head turned tranquilly aside. The perfect neatness, the natural repose, the sincere and noble manliness, both of the countenance and person, please and satisfy the mind. Returning to the round vestibule, you find an exit from thence into the circular court of the Belvedere, a name appropriated to a part of the palace of the Vatican, from its commanding a very beautiful and extensive view of Rome and the adjacent country. The court is surrounded by a portico,

under which, at intervals, are cabinets enclosed on all sides from the weather. The open spaces are crowded with sarcophagi and other bas-reliefs. The cabinets contain, placed in appropriate niches, the great master-pieces of ancient and modern sculpture. In the first cabinet on the right of the door of entrance, are three of the principal works of Canova: his Perseus, and, placed opposite to one another, his Creugas and Damoxenus. The Perseus holds the head of Medusa in one hand, and his sword in the other,—his countenance expressive of a noble triumph, and his whole figure informed with spirit, and alive with action.

From his ethereal beauty it is difficult to descend to the brute force and more brutal expression of the boxers. Their story is well known. They had made a compact to give and receive each a blow, without making a defence. The younger and more slender of the two awaits, with side exposed and fist laid motionless upon his head, and with a countenance expressive of high and fierce defiance, the utmost effort of his adversary. He, in limbs and frame more than herculean, fixes his savage eye upon his rival with a deadly look of malice which excites your indignation and disgust, though you are but a spectator and he is only marble: his left arm is laid obliquely across his enormous chest; his right is drawn back, not with doubled fist, but with stiffened fingers, in that treacherous position by means of which he penetrated through the ribs into the very intestines of his opponent. These statues may astonish; they may satisfy the judgment as mere works of art, but the emotion which they excite is neither pleasurable nor sublime.

In the next cabinet is found the celebrated statue, known as the Antinous of the Belvedere, though it certainly possesses no resemblance to the other statues of that personage. By others it is called, with greater probability, a Mercury; though it exhibits none of the attributes of the messenger of the gods, except his perfection of soft and smiling beauty.

Be it whom it may, it is a youth, standing in a graceful posture of repose, with head inclined in pleased and pensive thought. His perfectly formed head, his close curled hair, his serene and candid forehead, his ever graceful brow, his smooth rounded cheek, his sweet smiling lip, his expanded chest, the elegant proportions of his form, the soft undulation of his limbs, and the exquisite polish of his flesh, unite to constitute a perfection which we cannot believe the resemblance, which we can scarce even believe the performance, of a man.

The third cabinet contains the well known group of the Laocoon. With his right hand raised high in air, grasping with tremendous force one of his serpent enemies, and with the left holding by the throat the other monster, who has already fixed his fangs in the side of his victim, the priest of Apollo and of Neptune offers a sublime spectacle of effort and of suffering. The convulsive exertion of every muscle is apparent throughout his whole frame, even in its extremities. The very foot takes part in the mortal struggle. The anguish of physical pain is no less visible in the swollen veins, the contracted bowels, the heaving chest, and the flesh actually shrinking from the serpent's bite. To observe, however, all the elements of agony combined, look at the expressive head. Stretched backward in the strong and universal effort which pervades his frame, it expresses in its knit brow, its sunken cheek, and its despairing mouth, the extremity of pain, the convulsive effort to escape, the deprecatory anguish which wrings the father's heart for his sons enveloped with him in the serpent's folds, and crying out for aid to him their natural protector. The effect would be too horrible, had not the sculptor subdued and softened and elevated the traits of the father's countenance with a lofty resolution, a sublime endurance, a supernatural dignity, which divert the attention in some measure from his sufferings. The poet has made him bellow like a bull brought to

the sacrifice. The sculptor has consulted better the true principles of the sublime, in his own art at least ; and though the mouth is open, it is not open wide enough to cry aloud. The younger of his sons, whose life's blood the serpent is now drinking, has cast himself back, one arm thrown up into the air, stiffened even to the fingers, and his face half-fainting, half convulsive. The other son, involved in the voluminous folds, but not otherwise personally suffering, has the harder lot of beholding the agony of his brother and his father. He looks on, distracted between his fears for himself, and his yearnings of pity for them. This group is one of the very few remaining works of art described by ancient authors. Pliny mentions it as having been executed by Agesander Polydorus and Athenodorus of Rhodes. It was found near the baths of Titus, in the times of Julius II.

The fourth and last cabinet contains the Apollo of the Belvedere. No man, however insensible, can enter these sacred precincts without a start, a thrill of admiration, such as he never before experienced. Our countryman West is said to have exclaimed when first brought in presence of the statue, "Heavens ! how like a young Mohawk !" There is, indeed, a wild, original, and native grace about it, which resembles that of the savage roamer of the forest. This is, however, but a small part of its praise. There is a godlike majesty and beauty in the countenance and figure, which once excited the extravagant exclamation, "What a pity that I am not a pagan, to fall down and worship the divinity." He has just discharged his arrow at the serpent Python—his left hand is still in nearly the position in which it held the bow—the right has fallen back into a free and graceful rest—the head is turned aside to look upon his monstrous victim, while the disposition of his body and his limbs plainly indicate the fact, that he is moving away without deigning to advance and examine the wound. The two ends of a loose small mantle are clasped upon his chest,

which, flowing behind, is thrown over his left arm, whence it hangs down a little way in graceful folds, adding not a little to the majesty of the figure.

In describing more particularly this admirable statue, I scarce know where to commence. The head is beautiful, noble, sublime. The slight expansion of the nostril, the curl of the upper and the elevation of the under lip, express sufficiently the anger which a god might be supposed to entertain against a reptile, without troubling the serene, attractive majesty that reigns enthroned upon the countenance. The hair, raised in front, adds to the noble elevation of the forehead, while flowing behind in ringlets, it gracefully relieves the neck. The form, I need not say, is perfect in light proportions. Not massive, like a Hercules, nor effeminate, like an Antinous, it exhibits neither the strongly determined muscles of the one, nor the uniform, soft roundness of the other. Elegant, active, just in size and symmetry, it is such as in truth becomes the deity of the chace, the model of manly beauty. The majestic grace, the noble freedom of the attitude, mock description and surpass panegyric. The arms, arranged in that striking opposition, thrown back so naturally, yet so happily, to expose the expanded chest and faultless body, the flowing undulation of those graceful limbs, the step so light yet firm, so springing yet decided, almost persuade you that it is a deity that moves, that actually animates the marble. One would almost think, that modern art, in looking upon such perfection, would despair, and abandon its labors for ever. But happily, there is a self-preserving principle, a noble confidence in genius, which leads it always to aspire, though it may not always execute. The Perseus of Canova is no contemptible imitation of even the Apollo. This master-piece of ancient art was found at Antium, where there was an imperial palace, about the close of the fifteenth century, and placed in its present site by Michael Angelo.

LETTER XXII.

ROME—CONTINUATION OF THE VATICAN—HALL OF ANIMALS—GALLERY OF STATUES—ARIADNE SLEEPING—COLLECTION OF BUSTS—THE CABINET—HALL OF THE MUSES—THE ROTUNDA—COLOSSAL STATUES—SALA A CROCE GRECA—CHAMBER OF THE VIGIL—LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN.

Crossing the court of the Belvedere in the Vatican, you enter the hall of animals, crowded with interesting and curious imitations, in every species of marble, of dogs, lions, deer, cows, horses, and even lobsters and tortoises, executed with wonderful skill and verisimilitude. From one end of this apartment you enter a hall, which I should judge to be one hundred and twenty feet long, called the Gallery of Statues, and containing many beautiful works. Those placed at the two ends of the apartment are peculiarly so. The one at the end nearest the door of entrance, is a semi-colossal statue of Ariadne abandoned in the island of Naxos. She lies sleeping, with one hand under her cheek, and the other thrown over her head in a careless and graceful position. The sweet oblivion of sleep, though profoundly enjoyed and strongly expressed, has not banished sorrow from her countenance. The drapery, like that of the Farnese Flora, is thin, and gracefully disposed. At the other end, on each side of the door of egress, are two sitting statues, representing authors of the Greek comedy, and called Menander and Posidippus. They are admirable indeed, for the natural disposition of their drapery, and the ease of their posture.

The statue on the left especially, with the arm thrown over the back of the chair, is a living imitation of dignified common life.

Between these two statues you pass into the collection of busts contained in three small rooms, but not remarkable compared with that of the Capitoline Museum. In a niche in one of these apartments is a celebrated statue of Jupiter, with the eagle at his feet, and the sceptre and thunder in his hands. The god is seated, it is true, in a majestic, and at the same time easy posture. " But, I am almost afraid to say it, the expression of his countenance did not please me. The smile appeared to me, in fact, insipid, and altogether unworthy of the ruler of Olympus.

From the other end of the gallery of statues you enter the Cabinet, as it is called: an apartment, the vault of which is beautifully painted in fresco; the pavement composed of fine ancient mosaics, found in the villa of Adrian at Tivoli, and the sides adorned with eight columns of Circean alabaster. In the niches and intercolumniations are placed statues, well worthy of the beauty of the apartment; among which an exquisitely finished Ganymede, with the eagle at his side; a slender but not effeminate Adonis; a Venus accroupie, the very personification of grace and beauty; and a Diana, with torch in hand, and long majestic drapery, are particularly worthy of attention. Returning to the hall of animals, you pass through a small open vestibule into that of the Muses.

This is an octagonal apartment, with a lofty cupola, painted in fresco, and supported by sixteen clouded white marble columns. The pavement is composed of an ancient mosaic, found at Lorium. In this apartment are placed Apollo and the Muses, together with the busts of the seven Sages of Greece, found in the villa of Cassius, at Tivoli. The head of Melpomene, richly crowned with vine leaves, is most beautiful. The proud inspired smile upon the lip

becomes the Muse of Tragedy. The posture of Polyhymnia, crowned with flowers, and the mantle that envelopes her in a manner so graceful and dignified, are admirable. Except these, I did not, I confess, admire the tuneful choir, who seemed hardly to do honor to their splendid temple. But their leader, the Apollo Musagetes, is indeed sublime. Clad in a robe descending to his feet, whose majestic flow and graceful folds supply the concealment of his form, he stands with one foot advanced, and crowned with laurel, in an attitude and with an expression of poetic inspiration, playing on his lyre.

From this splendid hall you pass into one still larger and more grand, called the Rotunda. It is, as its name imports, circular, above fifty feet in diameter, and surmounted by a lofty stucco cupola, in the centre of which is a round aperture, the principal light of the apartment. The sides are ornamented by ten fluted pilasters of Lameisian marble. The pavement is almost entirely composed of one large round mosaic, found in the baths at Otricoli, with a head of Medusa in the centre; and in compartments, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and marine monsters and tritons. In the centre of the hall is placed an immense circular basin of porphyry, about forty feet in circumference, supported on four bronze legs. This lofty hall was intended for the exhibition of colossal busts and statues. The statues are placed in niches in the wall, and the busts are arranged on pedestals between. I confess that I am not, in general, pleased with colossal statues. In the first place, they are out of nature; in the second, their very intention is, that they shall be examined at such a distance, that the finer and more delicate parts both of design and expression, are inevitably lost. The statue of Juno, found upon the Viminal, and the heads of Jupiter and Adrian, appeared to me to deserve to be ranked among the finest works of their kind. The last is particularly worthy of attention, as, having

been found in the mausoleum of the emperor, it may with certainty be supposed an authentic resemblance.

From the Rotunda, you pass into an apartment called from its shape Sala à Croce Greca. The door-way of this apartment deserves a particular description. It is about eighteen feet high by nine broad. The enormous jambs are of polished red granite. On both sides, just within the jambs, are placed round pedestals, on which rise colossal Egyptian figures with vases on their heads supporting the architraves, all likewise of red granite. Over the cornice, and corresponding with the Egyptian figures, are two additional granite vases supporting a semicircular bas-relief. In this apartment is the superb sarcophagus of Constantia the daughter of Constantine, composed of one piece of porphyry higher than my head and of proportional length, exquisitely polished, and sculptured with children and foliage. Opposite is another similar in shape and size, of the same precious material, but sculptured all round with soldiers prancing on horse-back, and captives lying prostrate below, and on the two principal fronts with busts, in full relief, of Constantine and his sister Helena. It was the sarcophagus of the latter. Issuing from this apartment, you find what is called the grand staircase of the museum, two branches leading upward, and the central one downward. The steps are of marble, and the balustrades are of bronze. Besides, the staircase is adorned with ranges of granite columns.

Ascending you find, upon the right, the large circular chamber of the Viga or Chariot, adorned with four niches, between eight fluted columns of white marble. In the centre of this chamber is the marble chariot drawn by two fiery horses, a spirited and beautiful work, from which the chamber takes its name. In this room all the statuary is of exquisite beauty. Were I to particularize, I would say that its graceful Bacchus, its Alcibiades naked after the heroic fashion, with his advanced foot treading on a helmet, its

Greek warrior covered with his chlamys, and its Discobolus, copied from that of Miron, were the most interesting. Returning to the staircase, you enter in a forward direction the gallery of Candelabra, one hundred paces long by ten wide, divided at intervals by marble columns, and containing, besides many of the marble monuments of the magnificence of the Romans, from which it derives its name, a miscellaneous collection of Egyptian and other statues, busts, vases, and bas-reliefs, of immense value, whose number and variety mock description. . . .

Here terminates the gallery of the Vatican, the richest in the world. In my cursory manner, I have endeavoured to avoid the tediousness of a catalogue, and yet to communicate some definite idea of its extent, value, and mode of arrangement; describing, as I could, its principal monuments. I felt that it would be idle to speak merely in general terms of admiration, while on the other hand, I was no less sensibly convinced, that on such a subject details must needs be tiresome. Seeing is the medium of studying the fine arts, which alone can interest the imagination: Still I have preferred the method of detail as the best substitute in my power to afford you.

The Library of the Vatican, as every one knows, is one of the most distinguished in the world, especially for its manuscripts. It is approached by an anti-chamber, fitted up for the accommodation of the interpreters, six of whom are maintained by the pope: two for the Latin, two for the Greek, one for the Hebrew, and one for the Syriac and Arabic languages. From this apartment you are admitted into a grand hall, about two hundred feet long and fifty wide, divided into three naves by a double range of square pillars, whose arcades correspond with the windows. The vaulted roof and the side walls are painted in fresco, with representations of general councils, the acts of Sixtus V., and various other subjects.

In low closets around the walls and pillars, are placed the manuscripts. I was shown a copy of the biography of the Dukes of Urbino, in folio, adorned with miniature paintings of the whole size of the page by Giulio Claudio, representing battles and other similar subjects, and exquisitely executed ; a Dante, adorned in the same way by the same hand ; a Greek Martyrology of the ninth century, ornamented with stiff, though accurately finished pictures, on a gilded ground ; a copy of the Acts and Epistles, beautifully written in letters of gold ; a copy of the Natural History of Pliny, admirably illustrated with paintings of the animals described in the broad lower margin of each page ; a quarto Terence and a Virgil of the same form, said to be of the fourth century ; and a copy of one of the works of Cicero, (the *de Republica*, I think,) written in very large letters in double column, and covered by a life of St. Augustin. The original text was discovered by the removal of the paste which covered it. The most interesting manuscript of the library, I was not permitted to see. Monsignore, the prefect, was examining it in his own apartment : I allude to the well known Codex Vaticanus, the highest authority for the true text of the Septuagint.

From the hall of manuscripts you enter a gallery which crosses it at right angles, and is no less than four hundred paces long, by about ten broad. It is divided, at intervals, by arches supported by porphyry and marble columns. The ceilings and wall are painted in fresco, or covered with gilding and arabesques. The cases containing the books and manuscripts are ranged against the wall, and are generally not more than nine feet high. There is but one room which has glass cases. The rest are entirely of wood, with wooden doors kept continually locked, (very bad taste for a library.) A few of these cases are composed of the polished wood of the roots of trees, and are exceedingly rich in their appearance. The rest are painted white, and adorned with gilding

and arabesques. Among the frescoes are three peculiarly worthy of attention : one representing St. Peter's, as originally planned by Michael Angelo, a representation that makes every one regret the subsequent unhappy change in the façade ; a picture on one of the ceilings by Mengs, representing History writing in a book which she rests upon the shoulders of Time, a most beautiful, richly colored, and attractive piece ; and a representation in three compartments of another ceiling, of Samson tearing asunder the lion's jaws, smiting the Philistines with a bone, and carrying away the gates of Gaza on his shoulders—all by Guido in his *forte* manner. In addition to these, I would mention a celestial globe, beautifully painted by Giulio Romano. The Christian and Roman Antiquities preserved here, are many of them curious and interesting. The Vatican library numbers one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

In wandering through this immense collection of human thoughts, I could not help reflecting on the saying of the wise man, that of making many books there is no end. How many of these books are mischievous ; how many useless ; how many dull ; how many have slept upon these shelves and been awakened not more than once in a hundred years ; how many have been buried in an eternal sleep ; how few are worthy of perusal ; how few deserving even of the care which is necessary to preserve them from the hungry moth, that alone of all the world is found to feed upon their contents ! It is discouraging, indeed, to any one infected in any degree with the *cacoethes scribendi*, to walk through these sombre halls. But, at the same time, it is a stirring thought that here the truly wise and learned and ingenious live, though in their graves ; though dead, yet speak. No matter in what land they were ushered into life ; no matter in what age they passed their little span ; no matter in what language they embodied their thoughts. The land may have passed into stranger hands ; the age may

have changed its character ; the language may no longer be spoken by living men ; but still they survive, unchanged in form, indefeasible in the right of their possession.

LETTER XXIII.

ROME—CAPITOLINE MUSEUM ; ITS GALLERY—BUST OF JUPITER—ROOM OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS ; THEIR BUSTS—BAS-RELIEFS—CHAMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHERS ; THEIR BUSTS—ROOM OF THE RED FAUN—ROOM OF THE DYING GLADIATOR—FAUN OF PRAXITELES—ANTINOUS OF THE CAPITOL—VENUS OF THE CAPITOL—APARTMENTS OF THE CONSERVATORS—GALLERY OF PICTURES—GALLERY OF THE BUSTS OF THE GREAT MEN OF MODERN ITALY.

THE Capitoline Museum is well known as one of the most extensive and interesting in Rome. It derives its name from the place where it is found, on the Capitoline Mount, in the two wings of the modern Campidoglio. In the court of the palace, on the right, is found the colossal statue of Oceanus, in a reclining posture, a dignified and majestic work, discovered near the forum of Mars or Augustus, and hence called *Mar-forio*. In the vestibule is a colossal Minerva, found in the wall of Rome, and placed there probably as building material. Here also may be seen an antique bas-relief, representing four consular fasces. The chamber of the Canopus is so called from a multitude of Egyptian statues, found in the Canopus of Adrian's villa. That of Inscriptions derives its name from one hundred and twenty-two of these valuable records, relating to emperors, empresses, Cæsars, and consuls, from Tiberius down to Theodosius. That

of the Urn receives its appellation from a sarcophagus about ten feet long and five feet high, with the statues of two unknown persons sculptured on its lid, in a recumbent posture, and events in the life of Achilles, represented in a fine bas-relief on all its sides. Fixed in the walls of the staircase are the disjointed fragments of the ancient plan of the city of Rome, engraved on marble. It constituted, I believe, the pavement of the temple of Remus, in the Sacred Way. The chamber of the Vase, in the second story, contains a marble vase superb in form and size, adorned with foliage in relief, and placed on a round altar on which are sculptured, in the old Greek style, stiff yet spirited, the twelve greater divinities. In this apartment are also to be found an ancient bronze tripod, and steelyards also made of bronze. Here also is the celebrated Iliac table, about a foot and a half long and a foot wide, sculptured in bas-relief with the events of the Trojan war, and presenting its own explanation in a multitude of very minute Greek inscriptions.

The gallery proper is principally distinguished by the celebrated bust of Jupiter, called the *Jupiter della Valle*, from the family which originally possessed it. It is much larger than life, as becomes the statue of a deity. It extends below the breast; and even in the formation of the neck and chest is grandiose and noble. The head is that of the father of the gods, in a sportive moment, with lips slightly apart. The whole countenance beams with gracious pleasantry; yet its dignity is far from being lost; it is still enthroned in elevated majesty on that expanded brow. To descend from gods to men, in fact more godlike, here are also to be seen the severe and upright countenance of the censor Cato, and the bold and lofty head, knit brow, and compressed lips of the elder Scipio. The upper part of the latter head is broader than any that I ever saw.

The room of emperors is filled with a double row of busts, commencing with the greatest of the line, the illustrious dic-

tator, and descending to Valens, though not in an unbroken series. They are seventy-six in number, including members of the imperial families as well as emperors themselves, and are authenticated by comparison with medals and coins bearing their "image and superscription." Hence the verisimilitude of few other ancient busts or statues can be so well ascertained as those of the Roman emperors. Here is, indeed, a study for the physiognomist, and a feast for the historian. Confiding in the general correctness of the likenesses, you may conceive with what interest and enthusiasm I surveyed, in this the place of their abode, on the very Roman soil, the features of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, of Tiberius and Germanicus; of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; of Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines; of Commodus, Caracalla, and a host of others less distinguished, both in virtue and in crime. The first and greatest of them all, the immortal Julius, is represented larger than life, with his cloak thrown lightly over his left shoulder. The chest is finely expanded, the aspiring head is thrown back; the profile is oval, tending towards the aquiline, the features prominent; the expression strong, constituting a form and face adapted to the victor in a thousand battles, the scholar and the orator who wrote and spoke even as he fought, the most generous of conquerors, the most placable of enemies, the most confiding, alas! the most abused of friends. About the bust of Augustus, there is little striking, or remarkable for dignity or talent: on the contrary, there is a contraction of his nostrils, which communicates an appearance of insignificance to the whole countenance. One might almost be tempted to suspect, as some have thought, that his extraordinary success, and the almost preternatural ability displayed in his measures, were owing chiefly to the wisdom of his counsellors. No such ~~fact~~, however, can be found with the face of his successor. It is characteristically Roman: indeed, if no judgment were

to be formed of Tiberius, except from his features, we should set him down as a man of decision and probity ; of strong powers, both intellectual and moral ; stern, perhaps, and severe ; but not, as he really was, designing, blood-thirsty, and remorseless. Of his noble victim, the delight and hope of Rome, the beloved and lamented Germanicus, there is a beautiful bust, far removed from that of his perfidious uncle. With uncommon beauty of form and figure, it expresses admirably his heroic and amiable character. The busts of Nero and Domitian are far from doing poetical justice to those monsters of inhumanity and crime. On the contrary, they represent these emperors as fine looking persons, with the old Roman cast of countenance ; and it would be hard for the most determined and imaginative physiognomist to detect, from the appearance of their portraits, the real character of the men. The same remark applies to the bust of Commodus, their brother in crime as well as in empire. It is a beautiful work of art, and represents the emperor in his youth. His features are Grecian in their form, and mild, innocent, and contemplative, though rather effeminate, in their expression. The only emperor distinguished for his crimes, whose features are represented as being in accordance with his character, is Caracalla. Upon his blunt, vulgar, and at the same time savage countenance, is plainly written fratricide and tyrant. The bust of Trajan closely resembles those of him seen elsewhere. His face possesses the singular attribute, so remarkable in that of our own Washington and of a few other distinguished men, that of being recognised even in its most remote resemblances. His forehead is very low, his nose prominent and long, his lips thin and compressed, his face meagre, and deeply marked with lines of care and thought. The expression of the whole is energetic and decided, and at the same time mild, considerate, benevolent, and wise. If I wished to be defended in war or protected in peace, to be governed by laws at once

merciful and just, by measures at the same time equitable and sagacious, I would choose Trajan, unpromising as his physiognomy at first appears, among all the Roman emperors, to be my ruler. The countenance of Adrian is at once sweet and spirited; that of the elder Antonine is good, though sad; that of Marcus Aurelius is noble and commanding; but I prefer that of Trajan to them all. The face of Vespasian is remarkable only for its squareness, its flatness, its overhanging brows, and short hooked nose. That of the young conqueror of Judea is manly, frank, spirited, and generous.

The walls of the room of the emperors are lined with bas-reliefs, one of which is the most beautiful that remains from antiquity. It represents Endymion sleeping, seated with his lance leaning back, and his dog beside him baying at the moon. The drooping head, the pensile limbs, the repose of the whole countenance and figure, are admirably expressive. The perspective for a bas-relief, above all for an ancient one, is surprising.

Next comes the chamber of the philosophers, as it is called, containing a multitude of busts of distinguished men. Among them I observed especially the youthful beauty of the poet Virgil; the vile physiognomy of Socrates, indicative, in very truth, of the vicious propensities which he himself acknowledged to exist in his constitution; the hollow eye, the snarling mouth, the discontented brow, of the cynic sage, after all, the wisest ethical philosopher; the acute, though saturnine expression of the first of orators; the regular features of Pindar, the most irregular of bards; the sober cheerfulness of Terence; the looser mirth of Anacreon; the tragic countenance of Euripides; the sneering lip of Julian; and the fatuous mouth of that misnamed philosopher, whom the infidels of early ages set up in competition with our Lord. In the saloon are the centaurs of Furietti, found in the villa of Adrian, at Tivoli. They are

beautiful works of art, executed in black marble. Here are also two Amazons, rather larger than life: the one wounded, and expressing pain and faintness; and the other with beautiful, yet determined look, drawing her bow from her side. They are both clad in short tunics, which leave the knee bare, and one breast exposed, and are executed with great skill by the sculptor. The statue of Caius Marius, in his consular habit, holding in one hand a scroll, is interesting from the associations which that name recalls, and from the remarkable benevolence of the countenance. The statue of the god Harpocrates is a beautiful representation of a naked boy, with his finger on his lip, and in his other hand a horn. The execution of the piece is peculiarly spirited.

In the wall of the room of the red Faun, is fixed the original bronze tablet inscribed with the decree of the senate which conferred upon Vespasian the imperial power, an interesting monument, though even in its original effect, the mere shadow of a shade. In the middle of this apartment is the beautiful Faun of *rosso antico*, found in Adrian's villa. In one hand he holds up a bunch of grapes, in the other a species of crook, resting against his shoulder; on his shoulders hangs a goatskin, tastefully arranged. His head is thrown back with the merriment natural to his fabled character. It is a charming work, though injured by its red materia^l. The head of Tydeus, the father of Diomedes, sculptured in alto-relievo, on a species of shield, and having the skin of a boar's head on his own, with the paws falling on his shoulders, is well worthy of a remark for its beauty, and the fineness of its execution. A sarcophagus, representing the battle between the Amazons and the Athenians, is remarkable for its composition, animation, and execution. The principal group exhibits Theseus drawing Hippolyta by the hair backward from her horse, after having slain one of her companions, who lies trodden under foot, and disarmed another, who still interferes to aid her mistress.

On a frieze above the principal relief, are expressively represented the Amazons as prisoners, seated with bowed heads, and hands bound together, in an attitude of humiliation and of grief. This, among a multitude, is the finest sarcophagus in the Museum.

The last room is called that of the Dying Gladiator, or of recovered monuments—recovered, I suppose, from Paris. For once, I had occasion to admire French taste in the fine arts ; for, excepting the Jupiter, this room certainly contains all the finest specimens in the Museum. In the centre is the dying gladiator. But is it a gladiator ? In the opinion of the best judges at present, it is not. This wretched race had not grown sufficiently into favor at Rome, to receive the honor of a statue, previous to the degeneracy of the arts. The labor of this is pronounced to be Greek, and of a period much anterior. From the collar or torques around the neck, and the roughness of the hair, it is supposed to be a Gaul, and to have made one perhaps of a group, celebrating the defeat of the Gauls in Greece. Whatever may be its subject, it is one of the noblest statues in the world. The wounded warrior has fallen on his shield ; his right hand, spread on the earth, still supports his feeble frame. His left reposes on the inside of the thigh, which is nearest to the ground. The posture, therefore, is graceful, striking, natural. Every limb speaks of exhausting efforts, and betrays the approach of death. The drooping head takes part in the same melancholy tale ; but the countenance refuses, at first sight, to confirm it ; pain, it is true, is there, but there is also a restraint which subdues, a resolution which conquers, pain. The indignant anguish of defeat, and unabated spirit, still reign upon the brow and lip : but, look upon that open mouth and falling chin, and you may almost hear the thick panting of coming dissolution.

Turn ~~from~~ this melancholy spectacle to that youth upon its right, who leans smiling with one elbow on the stump of

a tree, and rests the other arm gracefully against his own hip, and how marked will seem the contrast. There, all speaks of mortal struggle against pain, of the agonies of death. Here, all is eloquent of life and joy. This pleasing figure is a copy made in the best times of Roman sculpture, from the Faun of Praxiteles, the sculptor of the Graces. It was found at the villa of Adrian at Tivoli. Next it stands the celebrated Antinous of the Capitol—the beau ideal of effeminate beauty. The inclination of the head, the easy graceful posture of the limbs, are in the highest degree pleasing. But it is the beautiful countenance, the even brow, the faultless nose, the pouting lip, the rounded chin, the sweet look which would constitute the perfection of loveliness did it exist any where but in a man, that fascinate the attention. The Flora has indeed the joyous countenance of spring, with a drapery most artfully contrived to cover, without concealing, the beauties of her form. The Venus who stands near, is exposed without a veil. Just issuing from the bath, she has been discovered before having time to array herself. Her action is one of surprise and modesty. The languor of the half-closed eye, the soft expression of the lovely features, the delicate proportions of her form, its graceful outline, and equally graceful attitude, are indeed those of the goddess of love and beauty. She is taller, I should think, than life, and therefore much taller than the Venus de Medicis, to whom she has been frequently compared, and by some, (they must, I think, be Romans,) preferred. But though such pretensions cannot be supported, the Venus of the Capitol may certainly assume the second station among her many sisters. The Juno in this apartment is supremely dignified and commanding, and the Zeno is wonderfully natural. The head of Alexander is alike beautiful and characteristic of the temper of the Macedonian conqueror. The rare bust of Marcus Brutus, with its deep sunk eye, its hollow cheek, and its protruding lip, is

that of a true enthusiast. From hence, proceeding to the other wing of the palace, after having passed the door you enter a vestibule, and perceive upon your left an authentic colossal statue of Julius Cæsar, found in the forum which bore his name; and fixed in the wall opposite the stair, a modern copy in marble of the column of Duilius, crossed by the beaks of the Carthaginian galleys. Below it is a fragment of an ancient copy of the original inscription found in the forum near the arch of Severus. On the first stage of the stair fixed in the wall of a small court, are four superb bas-reliefs, which belonged originally to the arch of Marcus Aurelius.

The door situated opposite the grand staircase, leads into a suite of apartments occupied by the conservators of Rome, and painted in fresco, principally by the Cavalier d' Arpino, with subjects taken from the earlier history of Rome. They are also adorned with antiquities, mingled with modern works of art. In the second antechamber is the celebrated bronze wolf, erected in the year 458, of Rome, by Cncius, and Quintius Ogulnius, near the Ruminal fig tree, under the Palatine Mount. It is spoken of by Livy and Dionysius, as existing in their day, and was found in the place above indicated. It is not, therefore, the wolf of the Capitol spoken of by Cicero, although in the hind legs the scathing of lightning is still plainly visible. In the same apartment, is the exquisite bronze statue of the shepherd Martius, apparently picking a thorn out of his foot, supposed to be the original of the fine marble one at Florence. In the walls of the fourth chamber are fixed the marble tablets, containing the consular fasti, found in the Roman forum, partly in the sixteenth century, and partly in the new excavations of 1816,—authentic and most interesting monuments. In the hall of audience are two bronze geese, placed here in memory of those who once saved the capitol from the hands of the Gauls. Whether antique or not, (for there is a strange

jumble of genuine antiques and modern imitations in this repository,) they were calculated to excite upon this sacred spot the most vivid and stirring emotions.

The gallery of pictures is in the story above these apartments, and is contained in two large rooms. Though it possesses many exquisite productions, it does not compare in value with the collection of statues. I shall briefly indicate those which pleased me most. The picture of *Charity* by Annibal Caracci, though diminutive, is exquisitely beautiful. It is a female figure seated, with an infant at her breast, and others sporting around her. She looks up, in a direction a little backward, at a cherub suspended in the air above her head, with an expression of love in her countenance and eyes, which is absolutely thrilling. The *Persian sibyl* of Guercino is in his happiest style. It is the half-length of a lovely female, who stands about to write, her head leaning on the back of her left hand. The relief, the drapery, the coloring, are worthy of the "Magician" of his art. The *Magdalen* of Guido is one of those exquisite female heads in which he excels every competitor. Looking downward on the cross which she holds near her in one hand, while the other is laid upon her bosom, she is taken at the point when she seems just ready to weep with tender recollections. The triumph of *Flora* is a glorious composition by Poussin. The goddess is drawn onward in her car by two winged cupids, and preceded and attended by a sportive train of nymphs and swains, and children, who pluck and offer flowers. It is impossible to imagine any thing more graceful, varied, charming—any thing more instinct with animated and innocent festivity. The coloring, however, seemed to me monotonous, and too much inclining to purple. The light in which it is placed certainly is bad. The *St. John Baptist* of Guercino, represents him at half-length, with both hands laid upon his breast, and eyes upraised, engaged in the pure and guileless prayer of youthful sanctity. It is a

lovely personification of this interesting idea. The rich light brown hair is worthy of observation, as one of the miracles of art.

The *Anima Beata* is a beautiful conception of the poetic mind of Guido. I call it a conception, for it is not yet a picture. The soul is represented under the figure of a winged youth, tall, and delicately formed, not to seem too material, who stands upon the globe of earth, one foot scarcely touching, and looks upwards, with extended arms, towards a burst of splendor, which indicates the blessed region whither he is tending. The bust alone is nearly finished. The rest is a rough daub. The countenance, illuminated by the light shining in its own unborrowed glory, belongs already to the skies. Such is the grace and lightness of the figure and position, and such the felicity of the idea, such are the indications given, by the almost finished face, of the humour in which the artist was pursuing his task, that we must regret its incompleteness as a loss to the world of taste and of the fine arts. Unfortunately, this is not the only unfinished piece in the collection, by the same great artist. There are four others in the second room, in a state still less advanced, affording melancholy proofs of that infatuated fondness for play which often placed his works at the disposition of the pawnbroker. Here is also found one of his most finished and interesting performances, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. It is a half-length figure of that saint, tied to a tree, with his arms above his head, and pierced by a flight of arrows. The outline and coloring of the piece are exquisite. The angelic beauty of the features, and the sweet tranquillity and deep joy of the large dark eye turned upward, are absolutely thrilling. In the same room are—a gipsy girl telling his fortune to a young peasant, with the usual strong natural expression, but less than the usual marked contrast of light and shade, by Caravaggio; an interesting and striking portrait of Michael Angelo, painted by himself; a rape of

Europa, by Paul Veronese, gorgeous in its drapery, and full of life in its expression and its attitudes; and a St. Barbara, by Dominichino, sweet and animated, it is true, yet not a favorable representation of the powers of its author, particularly when placed in immediate comparison with the glorious St. Sebastian of his rival. . .

In this splendid establishment, eight spacious rooms are set apart for the busts and statues of the great men of modern Italy. This national gallery was begun by Pius VII. and has been continued by his successors. The laws of the institution are, that no busts or statues but those of Italians shall be admitted, and that the power of admission shall reside in the sovereign alone, with the advice of the conservators and the various academies. The gallery has a double object—to honor the illustrious dead, and excite the living to imitate their glorious example. It is a dishonor to America that no such institution yet exists amongst us. To the nation, it would be a cheap and useful mode of reward: to those who receive it, an invaluable recompense. Ancient Rome owed her race of heroes, in no small degree, to the animating influence of her commemorative statues, pillars, and monuments. England too, has her Westminster Abbey. There are gathered together the ashes of her most illustrious sovereigns, her most distinguished captains, her most eloquent orators, her wisest statesmen, her inspired poets. It is her monument to merit. There is paid, by a grateful country, the glorious remuneration of virtue and of talent. Who of her sons, that eminently serves her, is denied this reward of his daring or his toils? And who among them, that is anxious for posthumous fame, would not feel it secured to him forever, by the decree which should place his bones among those of this host of worthies? “Westminster Abbey or victory,” is the high sentiment that has, on more than one occasion, animated her heroes to seek for deathless reputation “at the cannon’s mouth.” Even the French

Republic, that portentous birth of faction, impregnated as it was by the concentration of every vice that could disgrace humanity, even the French Republic, though it dethroned its God, forgot not its duty to the supposed benefactors of their country. St. Genevieve assumed the name of the Pantheon; and, blazoned on its front, appeared the noble inscription, suggested even to vulgar and ferocious minds by the nobleness of the purpose, “Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.”

But America, whose revolution was the fruit of manly and deliberative and virtuous resolution, and who never suffered licentiousness to usurp the name of liberty, or abandoned, with the sentiment of loyalty, the feelings of our common nature—America has left the most illustrious of heroes, the vindicator of our rights, the conservator of our freedom, the very father of our country, without a stone or a line raised or inscribed by national gratitude. To say that this is because we do not revere the memory of our Washington, would be treason against our best feelings. To say that it is because we lack national gratitude, would contradict that grateful burst from twelve millions of hearts, which welcomed to our shores his younger brother in our revolutionary struggle, the great and good, the venerable and venerated Lafayette; whose reception in America has extorted, even from monarchical Europe, the gratifying acknowledgment that there is, at least, one exception to the general charge of republican ingratitude. To say that we lack artists for the purpose, would be evading the subject. A proffer of reasonable remuneration, together with the honor of sharing in the generous enterprise, would secure to our service, and transport to our coasts, the best artists of classic Italy. For my own part, I would have the image of the father of our empire placed on high, upon the loftiest pedestal of some vast temple; around him should stand, in bright array, those who labored with him in his holy work:

and beyond, an ample space should be left unfilled, (like the destinies of my country) for those who may come hereafter. A niche in that hallowed fane were, a prize more stimulating to a generous mind (and where do the elements of greatness exist without generosity?) than emolument or office; for would it not bestow a security, a perpetuity of fame?

LETTER XXIV.

ROME—CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLA VALLE; OF STA. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA; OF STA. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI; OF STA. MARIA DELLA VITTORIA; OF STA. MARIA MAGGIORE; OF STA. PRASSEDE; OF ST. JOHN LATERAN—OBELISK—CHURCH OF SAN STEFANO IN ROTONDO; OF SAN GREGORIO—FRESCOES OF GUIDO AND DOMINICHINO—CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI; OF THE HOLY APOSTLES; OF STA. MARIA IN TRASTEVERE; OF ST. ONOFRIO—GRAVE OF TASSO, CHURCH LA TRINITA DEI PELLEGRINI; OF SAN CARLO A CATINARI; OF ST. AUGUSTIN; OF STA. MARIA DELLA PACE—FRESCOES OF RAPHAEL—CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS—ARCHANGEL OF GUIDO—CHURCH OF ST. PIETRO IN MONTORIO—FLAGELLATION OF OUR LORD, DESIGNED BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE Church of St. Andrea della Valle is well worthy of a visit, for the richness of its marbles, the fine sculptures it contains, and the powerful and expressive frescoes of Lanfranco. But it is worthy of a pilgrimage to see the frescoes of Dominichino. They consist only of the paintings on the vault of the tribune, and the four Evangelists painted on the four angles of the dome. They are all admirable, but the St. John is, indeed, St. John the divine. He is seated in a striking, and at the same time graceful posture, with his pen in one hand, and the other extended towards a book, which an angel supports for him to write on. His counte-

nance is turned upward, as if looking for and receiving the inspiration of God. A face so lovely, so intelligent, so heavenly, so expressive of actual communion with the Father of lights, I do not remember to have seen. The coloring and lights are at the same time delightfully harmonized, and the relief and fore-shortening are almost miraculous. In the immediate vicinity of this church was the curia Pompeia, where Cæsar fell at the feet of Pompey's statue. No traces of it are now discernible.

The church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is one of the most remarkable in Rome. Its architecture is quite plain, but it contains many exquisite monuments of art. The two finest pictures are by Fra Angelico de Fiesole, and Carlo Maratta. The first is an Annunciation, painted on a gilt ground, which, with all the stiffness of its age, may boast a saintlike expression in the countenances that has been rarely equalled. The other is a representation of the five saints canonized by Clement X., conducted by St. Peter into the presence of the Virgin. Well has Maratta been called Carlo della Madonna. His Madonna here, with her face turned up to heaven, is an exquisite union of dignity and loveliness. In sculpture this church is ornamented with a number of monuments by Bandinelli, Giacomo della Porta, and other eminent artists. Its great boast, however, is the Christ by Michael Angelo, not dead as this great sculptor generally loved to represent him, but instinct with life and motion : he stands supporting his cross, which is placed on one side, and he is embracing it with both his hands. The consequence of this position is, that the body is thrown into an attitude well calculated to exhibit its anatomy, a thing which this great artist perfectly understood and was fond of imitating. Dignity and super-human beauty characterize the head. If I might venture to object any thing against a work so celebrated, it would be, that the form and limbs are too athletic. They seem to me, in fact, to be ostentatiously so ; and though

no formal reason, perhaps, can be assigned, yet to the taste and sensibility of many, this might appear a well founded objection.

The Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, occupies four halls of the Baths of Diocletian, thrown by Michael Angelo into a church in the form of a Greek cross, one of the most majestic and nobly proportioned in Rome. You enter, by descending a few steps, into a spacious circular apartment, surmounted by a cupola. From hence you pass into the transverse nave of the church, formerly the Pinacotheca. This noble hall is upwards of three hundred feet in length, by about seventy in breadth, and eighty in height. Its roof is a cross-ribbed vault; and along its sides, supporting a splendid cornice, are eight granite columns of a single piece, more than five feet in diameter, and forty high, including the bases and capitals, which are of marble and of the Corinthian order. The modern imitations of these ancient prodigies of architecture, which are ranged in the entrances from the circular vestibule and from the tribune opposite, are of brick, stuccoed and painted. The tribune which forms the fourth branch of the cross, is a beautiful apartment. Its walls are covered, in part, with various marbles; in part, with paintings brought from St. Peter's. This, indeed, is the case throughout the church. Benedict XIV. had the greater part of the originals brought hither, after the copies in mosaic, which are substituted in St. Peter's, had been executed. The most beautiful of these is the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Dominichino. Though painted in fresco, it has been transferred hither in a state of perfect preservation. In the dimensions of its figures it is colossal, adapted to its original site, and scarcely less so to its present one. The executioners are in the act of lifting the tree to which the martyr is attached, in a posture at once natural under such circumstances, and well calculated to exhibit each part of his figure. In the space immediately around him are seen

women and children, faithful to the last. A part of them are looking backward on a soldier who is advancing on horseback with fiery zeal, ready as it seems to trample them under foot. Above, an angel is imposing the crown of martyrdom, and higher up, our Lord appears surrounded by the heavenly host, shedding benèdictions. The composition of the group is effective, the design is admirable, the relief is perfect, the perspective is marvellous, the coloring equal to that of Titian himself, and the expression, particularly of the martyr's countenance, more than human. In leaving the church are seen very extensive and picturesque, but undistinguishable ruins of the baths of Diocletian.

In the vicinity is the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, which, though small, is within one of the richest churches in Rome. Its roof is covered with gilded stuccoes, its walls are encrusted with exquisite marbles, and adorned with pilasters of a clouded light brown jasper, its chapels are filled with beautiful sculptures and celebrated paintings. Among the former is the *chef d'œuvre* of Bernini, his St. Teresa, in the ecstasy of divine love. She is thrown backward with eyes closed and limbs hanging down relaxed, almost fainting with the transport of her emotions. The countenance and attitude are exquisite. Above stands an angel with a gilded arrow in his hand, about to pierce her heart, a mean idea, meanly executed. Among the pictures are a Trinity by Guercino, which, but for its profanity, would be sublime; a Crucifixion by Guido, on a diminutive scale, executed, it would seem, in some idle hour; and a St. Francis, receiving on his knees the infant Saviour, presented by his mother. She is seated on a cloud, a full-grown angel at her side looking sweetly up into her face, and a throng of smaller cherubs surrounding her above. In these airy creations Dominichino excels all other painters.

If St. Peter's be the most sublime, the church of Santa Maria Maggiore is the most beautiful in Rome. Its priu-

cipal façade, it is true, is in miserable taste ; but then its rear, with its projecting tribune, its numerous pilasters, and its two octagonal domes, is at once rich and symmetrical. Its interior is divided by two rows of white marble columns, consisting of eighteen each. They are of the Ionic order, and are certainly antique, being supposed to have belonged to a temple of Juno. The whole ceiling is richly gilded, and the walls of the nave above the columns are covered with gold, with frescoes and mosaic. The pavement is composed of the finest marbles, arranged in the manner called Alexandrian. The walls of the aisles are adorned with pilasters, and open into chapels, some of which are entirely clothed with the most beautiful marbles, decorated with the finest bas-reliefs and statues, lavishly ornamented with bronze and gold, and furnished with fine frescoes and mosaics. Among all these treasures of art, there is none, however, peculiarly distinguished, though all united, produce a fine effect of a pleasing and tasteful magnificence.

The church of Santa Prassede in the vicinity, is worthy of a visit for its antique granite columns, and the steps of rouge antique by which you mount its tribune. Here is preserved a column brought from Jerusalem by the Cardinal Colonna in 1223, as the very one to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged. Here is also to be seen a picture of the scourging of our Lord, by Giulio Romano, of considerable merit in the design, of great effect in the disposition of the lights and shades, but wonderfully low and deficient in expression.

The church of St. John Lateran is the Cathedral of the Pope,—the *orbis mater*, and *caput ecclesiarum*. Its magnificence corresponds well with these sounding titles. Its lofty front, built of huge masses of travertine stone, is adorned with four half columns, and six pilasters, supporting a magnificent cornice, surmounted, in the centre over the four half columns, by a triangular frontispiece. Above the

whole is a balustrade, along which are ranged eleven colossal statues of our Lord, and various saints. The front is pierced by five doorways, admitting you within the portico. Above them are five arched windows, each furnished with a balcony. In the portico you find the colossal statue of the first christian emperor, brought hither from his baths; and five doors, one of which is walled up, being never opened but in the grand year of jubilee. The central door is of bronze, vast in its dimensions, and lightly and tastefully ornamented with stars and foliage. It was brought hither from the Basilica of Paulus Æmilius. Twenty-four marble pilasters surround the portico, enriching it with, perhaps, excessive ornament. The interior is divided into five naves, by four rows of huge piles, six in each row, forming arches corresponding with the entrances of the side-chapels. In the grand nave there are placed against each pile two fluted pilasters, sustaining a rich cornice. Between these there is a niche adorned with two columns of *verde antique*, and containing the colossal statue of an apostle. The roof is gilded—the pavement is of marble, arranged in the Alexandrian mode. The Corsini chapel is said to be the richest in Rome. It is entirely encrusted with precious marbles. Its cupola is covered with gilded stuccoes, its pavement is composed of rich marbles arranged in beautiful patterns, its very gate is formed almost entirely of gilt bronze. Above the altar, between two superb columns, is a splendid mosaic copied from Guido, of St. Andrea Corsini in an attitude of devotion. The frontispiece of the altar is ornamented with two statues, and higher up is a bas-relief. On each side of the chapel is a magnificent monument adorned with statuary. The beautiful porphyry urn in that of Clement XII. was found in the portico of the Pantheon. Besides these, there are four niches containing four exquisite statues of the ~~Cardinal~~ Virtues, with bas-reliefs above. The canopy of the altar of the Holy Sacrament, is supported in front by four

fluted columns of bronze gilt, more than eight feet in circumference. According to some antiquaries, these are the very columns made by Augustus, of the beaks of ships taken at Actium, and deposited in the capitol. The opinion, however, wants confirmation. It were in vain, to endeavor to describe, or even enumerate, all the ornaments of this magnificent edifice. The octagonal baptistery is worthy of a visit for its frescoes, its font, its bronze doors brought from Caracalla's baths, and the enormous porphyry columns which adorned the ancient entrance, but are now built into the wall. It is worth while also to visit that remnant of the ancient palace of the Lateran, which contains the Scala Santa. It is said that these twenty-eight marble steps, now cased in wood, are the identical ones by which Christ descended from the judgment hall of Pilate. At any time, especially during Lent, you may see crowds of the faithful, ascending on their knees, pausing to repeat a prayer, and kiss the consecrated stone, for which purpose openings are left in the casing. They descend by another stair. The modern palace which adjoins the church is small, and is used only when the pope comes to perform service at St. John's. From the front of the church are seen picturesque ruins of the aqueduct of Nero, and in the square, in its rear is the highest obelisk in Rome. It was brought by Constantine from Thebes, as far as Alexandria, from whence it was transported by his son to Rome, and erected in the Circus Maximus: a tremendous undertaking, to bring so far a single piece of granite, fourteen palms broad at the bottom, and one hundred and forty-four palms in length. It was found by Sixtus V. twenty-four palms under ground, and broken into three parts. These he caused to be re-united and erected on a base. It is covered with hieroglyphics.

The church of St. Stefano in Rotondo, is supposed, as well as that of St. Agnes, but without foundation, to have been an ancient temple. The opinion now generally adopted

seems to be, that the former was built in the fifth century and the latter by Constantine, as a mausoleum to his daughter and sister. They are similar in construction, being both round, and having each a circular colonnade within, composed of granite columns. That of St. Constanza is double, and is very beautiful.

The Church of San Gregorio is remarkable as containing in one of its contiguous chapels, that of St. Andrew, the rival frescoes of Guido and Dominichino. They are painted on the side walls, directly opposite to each other, and represent two different events in the life of the saint. The subject of Dominichino is the flagellation of St. Andrew ; that of Guido is his adoration of the cross. They are entirely distinct, both in action and in character. That of Guido represents the apostle, while conducted to execution, as falling on his knee and lifting his clasped hands and eyes to heaven at the sight of that distant cross, which, though intended to inflict a death of torture, served only to increase his hope and confidence. His attendants raise him, in the fulfilment of their duty, without violence, and with apparent compassion. The same sentiment, exquisitely varied, pervades the countenances of those who have gone before and are now looking backward. Behind follow on horseback, a train of soldiers, the two foremost of whom are engaged in serious and earnest conversation. You can almost hear them speak. You can almost hear them say, that there is something beyond a dream in the faith of these christians : something real which supports and enables them to triumph thus in an ignominious death. Along the road are seen women and children, gazing in mute compassion and astonishment on the transported apostle. One whose eyes are cast downward with melancholy sweetness, and whose noble head is crowned with the folds of a white turban, is peculiarly characteristic of the refined and tender Guido.

The flagellation of St. Andrew is a subject which requires

a more violent action and expression, and is treated accordingly by Dominichino with great force and effect. The saint is thrown backward on a rude bench, his arms tied behind him, and his body supported on his elbows. Upon his back thus raised, a sturdy slave, with every nerve strained to the utmost, is inflicting stripes. On the other side stands a soldier, showing him the cord which binds his hands, with a taunting and malignant triumph, as if demanding that he should recant. Another slave is drawing on the rope which binds his feet,—a second soldier is furiously pushing back some women, perhaps christians, some of whom regard him with a mixture of fear and disdain, while others are occupied with the sufferings of their friend. In the distance sits the prætor, frowning and revengeful, and farther off stand and sit the crowd in the architectural background, variously affected at the scene before them. The apostle himself, the great centre of the piece, is depicted in a manner worthy of these well-imagined accessories. His countenance raised to heaven under the clear lights of Dominichino, is finely expressive, at once of bodily fear and mental confidence, of anguish and of peace.

Which of these two great pictures to prefer, it is difficult to determine. It is said that shortly after they were finished, an old woman was seen in the chapel, studying for a long time the picture of Dominichino, and pointing out its beauties and explaining its parts to a child. It is added, that when she turned to the picture of Guido, she admired it indeed, but only for a moment, and then went out. From this, Annibal Caracci inferred the superiority of the former. But the weight of his authority is counterbalanced by the envy which he is known to have entertained of a scholar who had dared to rival and surpass his master. It is quite probable that the reason for the woman's retiring was, that her leisure had expired. Besides, it is easy to perceive that the beauties of Dominichino's piece are more

obvious and striking to the vulgar mind, from the very nature of the action. This may have been, and probably was, the cause of the woman's attention; but it by no means proves those beauties more true or valuable. For my own part, without depreciating one point in the other, I prefer the grave, solemn, tender, and at the same time natural and forcible, delineation of Guido.

The church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, is one of the most interesting in Rome. Its two rows of white marble columns, of the fluted Doric order, twenty in number, and each ten palms in circumference, are among the noblest remains of Roman art. They support arches, however, a thing unheard of among the Greeks, and not adapted to columns. The statue of Moses, seated beneath the sarcophagus of Julius, is esteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo himself. The prophet lawgiver, colossal in his dimensions, and imposing in his attitude, sits clasping close under his left arm the two tables of the law, and regarding, with earnest and threatening doubt, the disobedient and gainsaying people, who had so often received with incredulity or treated with neglect the precious missions of Jehovah. The anatomy of the figure is manifestly perfect; the attitude is at once natural and grand. The head is truly sublime: its position, its air, the knit brow, the stern investigating eye, the commanding lip, the very arrangement of the hair, and the stiffness of the long projecting beard, combine and harmonize in one effect of stern, severe, subduing dignity and authority more than human. Not far from this stupendous monument, is one of the most exquisitely beautiful creations of the sister art of painting—the St. Margaret of Guercino. Holding up the cross in her right hand, she waves backward with her left a demon, who haunts her in the shape of a hideous serpent. She, ~~is looking~~ looking down upon the monster with an expression of ~~sear, disgust,~~ disgust, and repulsive dignity, just strong enough to answer the purpose of the artist, without destroying her cele-

tial and transcendant beauty. Her delicate and exquisitely executed hands, her white robe and red purple mantle, the graceful dignity of her attitude, the magic disposition of the lights, but above all, that face of paradise, fascinate at once the taste, the judgment, and the heart. In the Sacristy is a picture of St. Peter in prison, by Dominichino. The figures are about two feet and a half in length. The head of the saint, who has raised himself on one hand from his couch of stone, is noble, both in execution and expression. The stooping angel is glorious in beauty and in graciousness. The effect of the light of his presence, not only on himself and Peter, but on the walls, the stupefied guards, and every thing around, is marvellous.

The church of the Holy Apostles is remarkable as containing the monument of Clement XIV. by Canova. The pontiff is placed above the sarcophagus, with one hand extended in the attitude of benediction. Below on one side is seated Meekness, with head declined, and hands loosely clasped, personified with magic grace and beauty. On the other side, Temperance, scarcely less beautiful, stands leaning on the tomb.

The church of Santa Maria in Trastevere is interesting, as having been built upon the site of the first public church which the christians were permitted to open in Rome, in the year 224, by the emperor Alexander Severus: thus vividly recalling the memory of the primitive believers, who though poor and persecuted, were yet uncorrupt and holy. It is also curious from its huge granite columns, brought from ancient edifices, some Ionic, and some Corinthian. An Assumption of the Virgin, by Dominichino, is placed in the midst of the ceiling, so high up as to be out of the reach of admiration. This is frequently the case with fresco paintings, especially in churches. For my own part, I cannot help condemning altogether the system of painting on a flat surface above one's head. It is unnatural in fact, exceed-

ingly inconvenient to the spectator, and to many of the excellencies of painting absolutely destructive.

The church of St. Onofrio, on a summit of the Janiculum, is distinguished for some faded frescoes of Dominichino, the surviving excellence of which leads one the more deeply to regret the carelessness which left them so long exposed to the corrosion of the elements. In the adjoining convent is seen one of the rare but sweet remains of Leonardo da Vinci. This is certainly authentic, being painted in fresco on the wall. It represents the Madonna seated, with the infant Jesus on her lap, before whom stands, in silent reverence, a well-conditioned friar, cap in hand. The child is animated and natural. The countenance of the mother is lighted up with that angelic smile, which only this great artist knew how to communicate to plaster. It is wonderful how the life and beauty of the picture are preserved, though the colors have long since faded into a melancholy uniformity.

Rendered interesting by these remains of art, the church and convent of St. Onofrio are hallowed by the memory of one of the greatest poets of his own or any other age. It was here that Tasso closed in peace his life of many sufferings. Under that aged tree, on yonder verdant platform, he was wont to sit in solitary musing, surrounded by a prospect worthy of his contemplation : Soracte in the north, the seat of his own Apollo ; Mount Albano in the south, the Ida of the *Æneid* ; and beneath his feet, the seven hills of the Eternal City. In that plain but cheerful chamber, his last hours were soothed with religious hospitality, and his soul escaped from its material prison. Beneath that simple slab, in the pavement of the neighboring church, repose the poet's bones. The chamber of Tasso is now that of the general of the convent, and is therefore probably the best in the house. It is about twenty feet square ; its walls are simply whitewashed ; its ceiling, as is frequently the case in Italy, shows only the boards and beams of the floor above. It is

very pleasantly situated, commanding an extensive and delightful prospect. Over the door, on the outside, is a marble tablet, commemorating the residence of Tasso. The monumental stone on the pavement of the church is a small marble tablet, inscribed with the simple words, "D. O. M. Torquati Tassi ossa hic jacent. Hoc ne nescius esset hospes, Fratres hujus cccl: pp. MDCL. Obiit Anno MDXCV." Above, fixed in the wall, is a more ornamental tablet with a longer inscription.

The church della Trinità dei Pellegrini contains a fine Trinity, by Guido, whose colors, however, are a good deal faded. The neighboring Hospitium is still used to lodge pilgrims, who come in multitudes from the farthest parts of Italy to the ceremonies of the Holy Week. Near this church also is the Monte di Pietà, a noble establishment, where money is lent without interest, on a sufficient pledge.

The church of S. Carlo à Catinari is distinguished, like that of St. Andrea della Valle, for frescoes, by Dominichino, on the angles of its cupola. These represent the four Cardinal Virtues: Fortitude, with shield and helmet, and brandished sword, looking with the eye of faith to the celestial source of strength, attended below by an athletic figure, rending with one hand a lion's jaws, and with the other holding an uplifted spear; Prudence, with brow contemplative, and sweet collected dignity, seated in a musing attitude, a virgin clothed in white before her footstool, covering her naked breasts with both her hands, with vestal grace and modesty; Justice, robed in blue, with raised countenance, and sublime expression, contemplating as it were the Deity himself, the only image of perfect righteousness, accompanied below by a gigantic figure, holding in one hand a compass, and in the other an hour-glass, the exact measurers of space and time; and, finally, Temperance, with face sedate, and sober garments, seated near her emblem, the abstemious camel, and above a figure half-revealed to view, who checks the forward spring

of a young and fiery horse. In the air above, and around all these figures, are scattered groups of angels, variously connected with the several actions, introduced and executed as only Dominichino knew how to introduce and execute, these aerial beings. Whether we consider the composition, the design, the expression, or the execution of these admirable frescoes, we must rank them, and their brother evangelists at St. Andreas, as among the chief works of an artist, whom the great Poussin considered second only to Raphael himself. Other frescoes, by the same master, may be seen in other churches of this metropolis, almost equally celebrated. No painter grows so much on one at Rome as Dominichino ; for the simple reason, that here are deposited all his finest works.

In this church, also, there is one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Andrea Sacchi, after Raphael, one of the best painters of the Roman school. It represents the death of St. Ann. The aged saint is extended in her bed, manifestly near the close of life, yet gazing eagerly and confidently at the infant Saviour, who is presented by his beautiful and compassionate mother, standing on the further side. At the head of the couch, on this side, sits the husband of the sufferer, forlorn and desolate, yet retreating within himself in dignified and patient grief. St. Joseph stands, near the foot, looking gravely on the solemn and affecting scene. The composition of the piece is admirable : the figures are few and naturally disposed ; the expression is calm, and at the same time pathetic. A uniform tone of sombre coloring pervades the piece, and communicates a serious harmony to the objects, while it affords a pleasing repose to the eye of the spectator.

The church of St. Augustin contains several blackened pictures by Guercino and Caravaggio, and the celebrated *Isaiah* of Raphael. It is painted in fresco, on one of the piles of the nave. Grand alike in size and in expression, the evangelic prophet sits absorbed in meditation, holding in one hand, thrown carelessly across his person, the manuscript

of his intended message. It would seem as if he were seeking, in the recesses of his mind, to penetrate the mysteries which it contains. The dignified position, the gigantic form, the massive yet flowing drapery, the noble and expressive head, prove the artist equal to the sublimity of his theme, although from its faded state we cannot realize all its celebrated excellencies.

In the neighboring church of S. Maria della Pace, are the kindred frescoes of the Sibyls, from the same great hand. The space occupied by them is over the arched entrance of the first chapel, extending upwards to the cornice of the nave. On the top of the arch are seated two angels, back to back, each holding in his hand a manuscript, and occupying the attention of the Sibyls; thus seeming to connect these singular beings with the Christian system. On one side sits the Cumæan Sibyl, old and withered, regarding the angel, who points to the inscription on his scroll. She is accompanied by the Tiburtine, young, blooming, and cheerful, who reclines upon the arch. The Persian Sibyl, on the other side, is writing on the volume which the angel holds, and apparently under his direction; while the Phrygian is seated beyond in a graceful posture, and musing mood. They are all beautiful and sublime creations, though they may well be supposed to have lost as much from the recent refreshing of the colors, as the Isaiah has from its faded state.

It is upon these frescoes that Vasari founds his charge of plagiarism against the Roman painter. He asserts that when Michael Angelo was obliged to fly from Rome, at the time that he was engaged in painting the vault of the Sistine chapel, he left the key with the architect Bramante. He goes on to relate that Bramante admitted Raphael privately into the chapel, that he might catch the manner of the great Florentine master. After this, he says, were painted the Isaiah and Sibyls which I have just described, being in

fact, as he would prove, borrowed from the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine chapel. It is not denied, by the admirers of Raphael, that he gained much from the works of Michael Angelo. He would have done wrong not to have studied models such as they could furnish. But there is a wide difference between the liberal examination made by a man of genius for the sake of improvement, and the servile imitation of a copyist; and no one could impute to Raphael the latter character, but the pupil of the envious Buonarroti, the interested disciple of another school. It is pretended, indeed, that something of the sublime of Michael Angelo is observable in these works, which is not to be found in his previous productions. But let it be remembered that they were subsequent to the school of Athens itself, one of the grandest efforts of human genius. This being kept in view, the difference observed may be easily accounted for by the difference of the subject. A prophet or a Sibyl would naturally be more supernaturally sublime than a philosopher. But let the charge be allowed; let it be granted that Raphael was actuated for once by an ambition to surpass his rival in his own manner. Was not this allowable? He has actually copied nothing. All that he has done, is to choose the same subject, and treat it with a similar sublimity. To conclude, it must not be forgotten that the story of Vasari was published after the death both of Raphael and Bramante.

The Church of the Capuchins contains the chapel appropriated to the choir, rendered so celebrated by the picture of Granet. But it contains also a work far superior to any mere imitation of the effect of light, or any perfection of perspective,—the Archangel of Guido, universally acknowledged to be one of the *chef d'œuvres* of his pencil. The scene is laid in a dark and rocky region, emitting here and there a fork of the infernal flame. Satan lies grovelling on his belly, his face turned round, swollen and distorted with

demoniac passions. Above stands the glorious Archangel, one foot planted firmly on the rock, and the other on the head of the prostrate adversary of God and man. In his uplifted right arm he wields a sword, with the point downwards. His dependent left is thrown backward, holding fast the chain which binds his enemy ; a red mantle flows around his person, which is clothed in a close blue cuirass. His golden hair streams backward from a countenance, where all that the human imagination can conceive of the softness, the beauty, and the graciousness of celestial beings, is happily expressed. Compassion for his enemy beams sweetly from his features, even while he looks upon the hideous form, and prepares to strike the avenging blow. The force of the right arm, the freedom of the left, the dark gray wings which seem not yet to have ceased from their vibration, the posture so striking, so natural, so full of life, the countenance breathing of heaven and of heaven's loveliest attribute, are worthy of the subject—supernatural, sublime. The relief of the figure against the dark back ground is not the least admirable characteristic of the piece. It is indeed magical.

To compare this picture with the same subject as treated by Raphael in the Gallery of the Louvre, is easy—to decide between them is impossible. They are similar, yet widely different. The scene of the transaction is alike in both ; in both the fiend lies prostrate, but in that of Raphael he is more distorted. The angel of Raphael is more supported by his wings, one foot is still in equilibrium. There is still a greater difference in the arrangement of his arms : he grasps the spear with both hands, one above the other ; his attitude, therefore, though more concentrated, more illustrative of force, is not so free, open, and majestic, as that above described. The principal difference, however, is found in the heads. There is a sublime severity in the youthful countenance of Raphael's angel, which has almost usurped the place of its natural benignity. This is wanting in that of

Guido : but then his is so lovely, and at the same time so dignified in superior compassion, that we are not prepared to acknowledge the deficiency a fault. Both expressions, in fact, are appropriate. Our preference will be determined according as we suppose that charity, or the love of justice, should predominate on such an occasion in an angelic mind. It is singular to observe that the colors employed by these great artists, differ as widely as the postures and expression. If it be still insisted that Guido is a copyist, I can only answer, that it has been frequently the case that great men have resembled each other without borrowing, or in the words of Cicero, "*Quâdam ingenii divinitate in eadem vestigia concurrerunt.*"

The Church of St. Pietro in Montorio formerly contained the Transfiguration of Raphael, and still boasts the rival picture of the Flagellation of our Lord, designed by Michael Angelo, and executed by Sebastian del Piombo. It is painted in oil on the wall of a semi-circular recess, and represents our Lord bound to the column, his head declining upon one side, expressing in his countenance the restraint of pain, the dignity of suffering. On each hand is placed a swarthy slave, armed with a lash, and inflicting the disgraceful punishment of stripes ; behind are more obscurely seen other actors in this dark scene of sacrilege. The design of this picture is perfect. The composition is sparing in figures, and significant ; the coloring is truly Venetian ; the relief is a miracle of art. Standing at some distance, you can scarcely believe that those round and breathing figures are delineated on a level surface. It does great credit in fact to both its authors, though it does not by any means equal the matchless perfections of the Transfiguration. It furnishes however an illustration of the jealousy which Michael Angelo entertained of Raphael. ~~Even, after~~ he had renounced painting himself, perhaps (yet ~~who shall dare~~ to make the affirmation ?) driven from the field by the growing reputation of his illustrious rival, he

still continued, as in the present instance, to furnish designs to Sebastian del Piombo, and to Daniel de Volterra, whom he also patronized with all his weight of influence.

There are some other fine pictures in this church from the same school, and two chapels adorned with bas-reliefs and statuary of great merit. The sculpture of one of them is by a scholar of Buonarrotti, retouched by himself. The head of the Cardinal del Monte, who lies reclined on his sarcophagus, is peculiarly admirable for its noble outline and strong expression. The head and neck of one of the children, who form a part of the railing of the chapel, bear a most striking and singular resemblance to those of Napoleon. The architecture of the church is plain, exhibiting nothing worthy of mention. Being seated, however, on the highest part of the Janiculum, it commands a view of Rome, at once distinct and complete, and an extensive prospect over the Campagna.

LETTER XXV.

ROME—PASSION WEEK—MUSIC IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL—CEREMONIES
OF EASTER SUNDAY—ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS.

FROM one who has been at Rome during Passion Week, some account may be expected of the ceremonials of that holy period. The ancient Romans peculiarly delighted in ostentatious display of their magnificence, and in that respect at least, their descendants have not degenerated. They have applied, however, to a religion pure, simple and intellectual, addressed entirely to the understanding and the heart, a gorgeous external splendor, which it does not need, which in fact only hides its native perfect beauty. The deformities of paganism, its manifold iniquities and downright absurdities, needed the veil of ceremonial to hide them from detection, to screen them from the general detestation. But to apply the same practices to christianity, is like painting a rose, or endeavoring to add fresh fragrance to a violet. Not that I intend to say that all form is useless ; on the contrary, some merely external rites are prescribed in the gospel ; and some forms are necessary according to every principle of human nature, every dictate of common sense, and every record of experience. It is only when forms conceal the substance, when rites are mistaken for the things which they signify, that they become unprofitable and dangerous. But I omit, for the present, the continuation of this disagreeable and melancholy subject, and any allusion to those cere-

monials which serve peculiarly to recall it during Holy Week to the mind of a Protestant.

The music, which is given in profusion during this period, is the best in its kind which the whole world can furnish. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, the *Miserere*, or fifty-first Psalm, is sung in the Sistine chapel, each day to different music. The chant, composed by Gregorio Allegri, is the celebrated piece of which all Europe have expressed so great and undefinable an admiration. It is possessed only by the papal choir, and to copy it is forbidden under pain of excommunication. A copy, however, was made from memory, by Handel, and subsequently published. But it is said to be inferior to the original. Besides it never can be sung elsewhere to the same advantage as it is here, by a choir trained up from infancy, with a principal view to this single object. Moreover, as in the pope's choir women are inadmissible, he is obliged to employ eunuchs, whose voices are far more powerful, and possess more of the effect of instruments than the voices of women, and in whose notes there is a prolongation which seems like magic. The *Miserere* of Allegri was sung this year on Wednesday. No instrumental music was employed, though this is given in great perfection at the oratorios, in which the pope's choir appear every Sunday and Thursday evening during Lent. The *Miserere* is preceded by a number of Psalms and Lamentations, some of which are exceedingly fine. As each one is concluded, a candle is extinguished; and towards the last, one is put out at every verse; so that darkness falls upon the audience just as the *Miserere* is about commencing. When the holy strain began, and the words "*miserere mei Dominus*" were just breathed from the lips of the choir, the very soul of penitence and prayer seemed speaking in its native and appropriate language. Were heaven a place for such melting supplication, it had indeed appeared an "air from heaven." Every breath was held obedient to the

charm, every ear was turned as if to catch the lowest and most delicate vibration, every eye expressed the absorption of the soul.

The ceremonies of Easter Sunday, as they are the best worth witnessing, are also the most worthy of description. On this day, and this alone, the pope comes forward from the narrow precincts of the Sistine chapel into St. Peter's itself. The immense walls of the nave and transept are hung with rich red tapestry, and a temporary partition is erected across the tribune, against which is placed the papal throne. Around, in a semicircle, are ranged the seats of the cardinals. The light is darkened, increasing the solemn splendor of the scene. The ceremonial commences about ten o'clock. The pope is borne in through the nave, seated in a chair, which is placed upon a platform supported on the shoulders of a dozen men clad in flowing red garments. He is preceded by the cardinals and prelates in the most gorgeous habits, moving slowly along the aisle in solemn procession. His entrance is announced and accompanied by the blast of four trumpets, placed above the door of entrance, whose penetrating notes, as they pervade the utmost extremities of even this extensive temple, produce an effect the most striking and sublime. As he passes, the lines of troops, extended on both sides from the great door to his throne, kneel to receive his benediction. Thus he moves slowly onward, the silken canopy waving above his head, and enormous fans of ostrich feathers floating in his rear, an object of adoring homage to all around. He is enthroned amid the sound of vocal music, which continues for some time. He afterwards proceeds to say mass, at the golden altar under the dome, attended by cardinals and prelates. Afterwards, a sufficient interval being allowed for repose, at about twelve o'clock takes place the sublimest ceremonial of which the world can boast. A hundred and fifty thousand persons, of all ranks, sexes, and ages, are assembled in and about that magnificent

piazza. A hollow square is formed by five or six regiments of troops immediately below the steps of that august temple. In the balcony above the great door, the pope is again brought forward, seated in his chair. The rejoicing peal of bells and drums is in a moment hushed. The troops kneel with all the precision of military discipline; and instantaneously every hat is removed, every head is bowed, and countless multitudes sink upon the earth. A slow motion of the hands alone is for some time visible, until at length rising from his throne, and lifting both arms slowly towards heaven, the common father of all christendom pours downward upon all his universal blessing. As those arms descend, the kneeling host seem as if they feel the descending benediction. A moment's pause, and the cannon of St. Angelo's announce that all is concluded.

Then begins a scene of confusion, such as would astonish an American crowd. In Europe it seems to be a universal law, that those who ride may trample without scruple upon those that walk. Lines indeed are formed, but are continually deviated from. The cries, the execrations, the waving to and fro of the pierced and endangered, yet still unresisting crowd, cannot be easily imagined. It was curious to observe the great variety of costume which distinguished the day. Here came the peasant girl, exulting in her blue spencer with red sleeves, her white gown, striped with red and bordered with yellow, her delicate pink shoes, and head-dress formed of a muslin handkerchief folded in an oblong shape, attached to her forehead and streaming down her back. By her side strutted her sturdy sweetheart, in his sky-blue velvet jacket, his light brown small-clothes, and his crimson sash. By and by came the pilgrim, with his oil-cloth cape, and long iron-shod staff; priests with their black coats, flowing mantles, and three-cornered hats; and friars, with their habits white, brown, and black, were scattered around in every direction. Soldiers and Swiss guards, furnished with pole-

axes, helmets, back and breast plates, with clothes slashed and particolored in the exact fashion of the middle ages, stood at every portal and every corner of the passages. Here rolled the English equipage, light, tasteful and complete ; there the gorgeous carriage of the cardinal, with its noble black horses, its red and gilded body, its trappings of silk and gold, its three suspended footmen, and its attendant coaches, two and sometimes three in number, following in the rear. .

Being very much fatigued by the ceremonies of the morning, and not confiding much in the common "on dit" of the day, I had almost determined not to visit the illumination in the evening ; but remembering that St. Peter's was the building to be illuminated, that restless curiosity which haunts one abroad like a disease at length overcame my reluctance. For this time I was rejoiced that I had indulged it. Arrived at the bridge of St. Angelo's, the dome of St. Peter's burst upon my view in a new and splendid aspect. From its inferior border, even to the summit of its cross, it was adorned with lamps arranged in perpendicular lines upon its ribs and in the intervals between, somewhat in the form of fleurs de lis, glittering like so many jewels, with a tremulous though brilliant lustre. As we approached, the smaller domes began to raise their heads, shining like satellites, though not with reflected splendor. Farther on, and the cornice of the façade, marked by a double border, became visible in part. Arrived on the piazza, we beheld the whole façade tastefully illuminated, its windows and portal just marked, and the capitals of its pillars delicately wreathed, with lights. Lines of light also traversed the whole extent of the arcades, and surrounded the whole circumference of the circular piazza. Here we sat admiring this tasteful and splendid scene, and awaiting the change in the illumination. It took place about eight o'clock, and was performed within the space of three strokes of the bell. No less than five hundred men

are employed for the purpose. The effect was magical. Suddenly as thought can act, the whole building blazed with what seemed a conflagration. The cross appeared a flame, and the dome to be on fire. The architecture of the front was perfectly exhibited. Strong lights shone in the arcades, and between the intervals of the colonnade, opening to discovery their peculiar beauties. Pausing upon this gorgeous display, we traced with new admiration the graceful and noble forms, and the stupendous magnitude, of the building which rose before us. Appealing less to the judgment, but more forcibly to the imagination, it seemed to lift towards heaven its jewelled mitre, in sign of its pre-eminence above all the edifices in the world.

Having traversed the piazza in various directions, in order to catch, from every point of view, the varied and beautiful effect of the lighted colonnade, we drove rapidly to the Pincian Mount, on the other side of the city, in order to view from thence this magnificent phenomenon. Arrived at its summit, in the neighborhood of the church Trinità del Monte, we looked in the direction of St. Peter's. Like the Sultan in the Arabian tale, we could scarce believe our eyes, so changed appeared the scene of yesterday. A fairy fabric, built by no mortal hands, seemed to arise before us. The domes, the greater part of the façade, and one wing of the colonnade, were distinctly visible. They lay floating in the distance beyond the intervening gulf of darkness, waving as if with the sun's beams reflected from burnished gold and transparent topaz, surpassing the most gorgeous picture of even an oriental imagination.

The exhibition closed with a tremendous display of fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo, on Monday evening. Having obtained a chair early on the very brink of the river opposite, I was entertained while I awaited the commencement of the show, by the picturesque effect of a multitude of torches borne in boats, which were plying up and down

the river. The red light shed on the stream beneath, or on the dark countenances and rude forms of those who bore them, the music which floated from time to time across the waters, the merriment of a number of young men upon the opposite bank, who now fenced with blazing torches, and now waltzed with them in their hands, and again ran to and fro as if in the madness of a bacchanalian revel, the gaiety of costume and cheerfulness of countenance and festivity of tone and action which pervaded the multitude around, at length released from the rigors of Lent, constituted a scene of animated and pleasing interest. At length the explosion of two cannons, whose sounds were long reverberated along the channel of the river from the distant city, announced the commencement of the fireworks. They began with a burst of rockets, which lighted up with a fierce glare the houses of the city, the varied dresses and faces of the multitude, the river with its boats, the beautiful arched bridge in the vicinity, and the rolling canopy of smoke caused by the inflammation of their contents. When the smoke had cleared away, we found the whole vast exterior surface of the castle covered with letters and festoons of delicate white light. It is not possible, nor would it be worth while, to describe the various acts of the exhibition, the wheels of fire, the cascades of flame, the darting of myriads of blazing serpents into the obscure of night, the bursting of stars from out the black cloud of smoke, and their fall to earth shattered into a thousand fragments, the roll of musketry, the roar of cannon, the conflagration which sometimes embraced the whole castle, clothing it in all the terrors of a burning mountain. The grand eruption of the volcano was reserved until the last. After a few moments of profound obscurity, amidst the thunder of cannon and the incessant rattling of minor reports, whose close succession served to show how infinitely divisible is time, ~~thousands~~ of rockets burst from every quarter of the castle with a rush that seemed as if it must bear along with

it the solid fabric ; a blaze, that, piercing through its dense envelopement of smoke, shed a glare as if from Pandemonium, on all around ; and an irregular but tremendous explosion in the air, which appeared about to pour on our devoted heads *the inevitable fate of the buried neighbors of Vesuvius.*

The fondness of the Romans for public spectacles seems to be their ruling passion. On the present occasion, I really believe that Rome was more than "*half uncopled.*" The crowd, the rush, the intermixture of horses and carriages with men, women, and children in the narrow streets, were really frightful, and in fact dangerous, unless to the strong and active. The docility and quietness of the noble Roman horse on such occasions, is truly astonishing. The civility of the people, too, is admirable. There is no elbowing ; no striving to get before you. The pressure seems owing to a general impulse, and not to any individual effort. Although there was a fine moon on both evenings above described, yet so bright were the illumination and the blaze of fireworks, that their effect seemed scarcely to be diminished.

On the following night I went to observe the effect of moonlight on the piazza of St. Peter's. How calm and beautiful was the contrast ! Here was the restoration of nature and of truth, after those fairy visions—of nature and of truth under their most enchanting aspect. The colonnade, with its rich intervals of brightness and deep shade, the fountains discharging shoots of liquid silver breaking into silver spray, the lofty steps, the broad façade resting in obscurity, but surmounted by the white lustre of the aspiring dome, presented an assemblage of objects upon which the soothed and pleased imagination rested with perpetual enjoyment.

LETTER XXVI.

ROME—THE FARNESINA—CORSINI PALACE—ECCE HOMO OF GUERCINO—GUIDO'S HERODIAS—CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA—MADONNA OF MURILLO—PROMETHEUS OF SALVATOR ROSA—PALAZZO SPADA—DOMINICHINO'S PRODIGAL SON—GUIDO'S HELEN—COLOSSAL STATUE OF POMPEY—PALAZZO BORGHESE—DOMINICHINO'S CHASE OF DIANA—TITIAN'S THREE GRACES—RAPHAEL'S DEPOSITION OF THE CROSS, AND PORTRAITS OF CÆSAR BORGIA.

THE Farnesina, or little Farnese palace, is situated beyond the Tiber, in the via della Longara. It now belongs to the king of Naples, the heir, through the female line, of the Farnese family. It is celebrated for its frescoes, by Raphael and others. The vault of the first chamber into which you are introduced is covered with the history of Cupid and Psyche, designed and retouched by Raphael, but painted principally by his scholars. The two principal events of the fable are expressed in two large paintings in the middle of the vault. In the one are represented Venus and Love, disputing their cause before Jupiter, in full assembly of the gods; and in the other the nuptial feast of the long separated lovers. They are beautiful compositions, though by no means what one would expect in the execution. The Venus of the former is particularly deficient, not only in execution, but even in design. Besides these, there are two triangular pictures on the curve of the vault, separated from each other by groups of the lesser Loves, bearing, as spoils, to the triumphant power they serve, the various attributes of the gods themselves. Those which pleased me most were the

representations of Cupid pointing out Psyche to the three Graces; and Venus hastening in her car to Jove, to appeal to him to defeat the unnatural affection which her son had conceived for Psyche. The former owes much to the pencil of Raphael himself; and the latter, in form, in attitude, in face, is a most graceful expression of earnestness and haste.

In the contiguous chamber is the celebrated Galatea of Raphael, painted entirely by himself, on a compartment of the side wall. The nymph is standing in a car composed of a single shell, drawn by two dolphins over the surface of the sea. In both her hands are placed the separate reins: one foot is planted upon the further edge of the frail bark, thus raising the corresponding knee so as to support the loose drapery, which, surrounding the lower part of her person, flies open from the upper, streaming backward from the rapidity of her progress. Her head is turned backward, and is filled with an expression of triumph at her escape, mixed with a timid consciousness of recent danger. The latter is also forcibly represented in the attitude of her person, which bends forward with eagerness. Her form is made to speak. The backward look and the inclination of the body forward, are at once striking from the contrast, and most felicitously drawn from nature. The perfection of the form, the exquisite and natural, though complicated grace of the attitude, and the fine air, beautiful features, and strong expression of the head, are thoroughly characteristic of the first of painters. She is preceded and attended by Nereids, borne on the back or in the arms of Tritons, not unworthy of their enchanting companion. The very air is filled with Cupids, increasing not a little the poetical animation of the scene.

The vault is painted by Daniel da Volterra, the most eminent scholar of Michael Angelo, with a sublime representation of Night in her ox-drawn car, and with an unfinished piece representing the slaughter of Medusa, by another of his protégés, the Venetian Sebastian del Piombo. The

curve of the vault is also ornamented with various minor pieces by these eminent artists and the unfortunate Peruzzi. On the wall at one end of the apartment, within a lunette near the ceiling, is still preserved the celebrated head drawn with charcoal, in an idle moment, by Michael Angelo, while waiting for his scholar, Daniel da Volterra. Colossal in its dimensions, sublime in its outline, and perfect in its shades, it remains a striking monument of the prompt and gigantic powers of the mighty master, and that infallibility in design for which he was distinguished.

Nearly opposite the Farnesina, is the Corsini Palace, one of the most extensive and magnificent in Rome. It is distinguished, also, by the number and beauty of its pictures, which are arranged in seven rooms, besides two antechambers. In the second antechamber there is a beautiful antique mosaic, representing a ploughman whom the fall of one of his oxen has drawn with the animal to the ground. From this you enter the gallery, properly so called. On your left, as you enter, you are struck at once by the celebrated *Ecce Homo* of Guercino. It is a portrait of our Saviour, exhibiting one arm, the elbow of which, however, is below the termination of the picture. Still the hand is seen holding a reed, which falls upon the opposite shoulder, over which is also thrown his crimson robe. The head is turned upwards, and is of course the grand field on which the powers of the master are displayed. The mouth open and fixed with pain, the rigid muscles, the bloodshot eye, the gouts of blood upon the forehead, the crown of thorns imposed in mockery, though delineated with all the force of art, are but subservient to that expression of supernatural and tremendous agony with which the painter has invested the whole countenance. Still, the dignity of the Son of God is marvellously preserved. The mouth does not cry aloud; the eye sheds no tear—the redemption of the world is in his thoughts; the bosom of his Father in his prospects. That upraised and ineffable look

seems to penetrate to the very throne of God, while it embodies in language stronger than words, that most pathetic prayer—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, yet not my will but thine be done." An anguish more than human, a patience indeed divine, an affectionate submission to the hand that smote him, such as none but the Eternal Son could have experienced; are so expressed in that wondrous countenance, as to satisfy the imagination that it is in very truth a just resemblance of that God-made-man, who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and added in the very act new dignity to suffering. This is indeed the *chef d'œuvre* of Guercino, and one of the great masterpieces of the art. The Holy Family of Baroccio is a tender and beautiful creation. The portrait of Philip II. by Titian is a wonderful imitation of nature.

In the second apartment is the Herodias of Guido, a figure somewhat more than half-length, holding the head of John the Baptist in a charger. Her grace, her beauty, the sad and repentant expression of her countenance, inflict almost a pang on the spectator, that she should have been so far misguided by a malignant and revengeful mother. The drapery of the figure is peculiarly charming, and the turban on the head increases with great art its native nobleness and beauty. In the third room is found the interview between our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, by Guercino. Their figures are bounded by the curb of the wall, but are considerably more than half-lengths. The dignity of the Saviour, and the natural ease of his explaining attitude, and the troubled yet attentive air of the woman, are admirably sustained by the whole execution of the piece. Below it is a Madonna looking downward on her child, by Sassoferrato, in the usual chaste, mild, and tender style of that enchanting artist. But the great distinction of the apartment, in my eyes, was a row of three heads, in separate pictures, however, by Guido, representing the Virgin Mother, our Saviour.

and St. John, as they might all have looked in the tremendous hour of the passion. Even after having seen the masterpiece of Guercino, this head of our Lord, though inferior, still possessed new interest. That of the beloved disciple, drawn almost in profile, is deeply expressive of a grief, such as a reciprocal affection, the holiest friendship that the world ever knew, might experience on so heart-rending an occasion. But as no love is equal to a mother's love, and no grief to a mother's grief, the tender and elevated genius of the painter seems to have concentrated its powers upon the countenance of the Virgin. Looking upwards, she appears to have thrown the whole energies of her soul into one expression of deprecating anguish. In the fifth room there is a Madonna by Murillo, holding the infant Jesus on her lap, about which there is a verisimilitude very rarely witnessed. The Virgin Mother is actually a peasant, noble and dignified, but still not refined nor delicately beautiful. The chubby child has just left the breast, and his lips have not yet resumed their natural position. For my own part, I admire the poetical Madonnas of the Italian painters; but some, perhaps, would prefer the strict truth and nature of Murillo's. In the sixth room are two pictures by Albano, the toilet and the sleep of Venus; the diminutive figures of which are executed with the usual grace and exquisite coloring of that master. There is also here one of the fantastic, yet impressive St. Jeromes of Spagnoletto, engaged in contemplation of a skull, which he holds in both his hands. In the last room is the Prometheus of Salvator Rosa. He is thrown back on a flinty bed, his feet hanging downward from it, and his arms drawn upward above it, both chained to the rock. His whole bowels are laid open, and the vulture is gorging his disgusting feast. The agony expressed in the strained muscles, in the writhing features, in the open mouth and distorted eye, is too horrible to be dwelt on for more than a single moment. Though it cer-

tainly does great credit to the power of the painter, it as certainly impeaches both his taste and judgment.

The Palazzo Spada contains a small gallery of paintings and of statuary, well worthy of a visit. The Roman Charity of Annibal Caracci, is a lovely representation of a most affecting story. The daughter's look of watchfulness, and attitude of affection, are peculiarly admirable. The Judith and Lucretia of Guido are full-lengths, which do not seem to have received the last touches of the master. Yet they cannot but excite your sensibility, and attract your admiration. The resolute Jewess stands with a sword in one hand, and with the other lifting the severed head from the lifeless trunk of the oppressor of her people, and with upraised eyes appeals to heaven to confirm the righteousness of the vengeance she has executed. The dishonored and desperate matron, with raised poniard looks upward with a similar expression, but a more distracted gaze. Time discovering Truth, by Albano, is exquisitely beautiful. The old patriarch lifts the veil from a female figure, and shows her to the world in the perfection of grace, purity, and beauty. A caricature by Caravaggio, is replete with strong and natural humor. One figure (as large as life, but half-length) is laughing mischievously, and holding an empty bottle, while another in the rear, with open mouth and distorted countenance, bitterly complains that his companion has drunk up all the wine. A similar piece, of natural every-day expression, by the same author, is an old crone winding off thread from a wheel, and in the mean time instructing her reluctant but submissive daughter how to sew. Both these pieces are well worthy of Teniers himself. The finest picture, however, in the gallery, is there for the present in pledge for debt. It comes from the broken up gallery of Giustiniani. It represents the prodigal son almost naked, reclining on the bare earth, and lifting his eyes to his celestial Father with an expression which says clearly. "I have sinned against

heaven and against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The ground is dark and the atmosphere gloomy, in melancholy correspondence with his fortunes. In execution, this affecting piece is in the usual style of its author, Dominichino. The celebrated *Helen* by Guido, which once adorned this palace, is now in the Louvre. A duplicate supplies its place. The picture represents Helen abandoning her honor and her home. The artist has contrived, and that too without any unnatural arrangement of figures or disposition of lights, to throw the male and female attendants, and even Paris himself, into the shade. The most prominent figure in the piece is the most beautiful and guilty of women. Her foot is on the last step of the descent from the abode of her husband, and seems even now to linger, unwilling to proceed. The figure is inimitably graceful, though closely enveloped in an exterior garment. But upon the head the utmost effort of the art seems to have been exerted. Its inclined position, its exquisite outline, the pearly covering of the face and neck, the melancholy expression of the countenance, the visible struggle between her sense of duty and her own misguided passions, between the remembrance of her once happy home and the impression made by the arts of her seducer, are enough to excite in the sternest bosom compassion for a creature so reluctant yet so guilty, so beautiful yet so debased. The stupendous full-length portrait of the Cardinal Spada, from the same hand, still remains an example for the arrangement and execution of drapery, ease, and propriety of posture, strength, and suavity of expression, for a verisimilitude throughout, which makes it almost appear to breathe and live. Portraits from such hands lose their ordinary tameness, and become interesting not only to a few individuals, connected by ties of kindred and acquaintance, but to all the world. Beside it, is another speaking portrait by Titian, of Paul III. It is only a half-length.

The collection of statuary in this palace is not very extensive, nor generally interesting. The best statue is a very expressive one of an old man resting his elbow on his knee, in an attitude of intense and almost painful reflection. The most interesting one, however, is a colossal statue of Pompey, with one arm extended in a commanding posture, and the other holding a globe in hand. There is no reasonable doubt, that this is the very statue at whose feet "great Cæsar fell." It stood at the time in the Curia Pompeia, the scene of the assassination of the immortal Julius. After his death, the Curia was closed forever, and the statue placed, by order of Augustus, near the place where it was found, now the Palazza della Cancelleria. I cannot describe to you the emotions with which I stood in the presence of this statue, which, though inanimate, had witnessed the death of the greatest of the Romans. I seemed to be transported to that scene of guilt and bloodshed. I seemed to look back upon that envious Casca, that deep designing Cassius, that well-beloved Brutus. I seemed to behold that astounded senate, cowardly and backward. I seemed to witness that noble victim contending with his fate, until ingratitude, more strong than traitors' swords, quite vanquished him. I seemed to see him fall at the base of Pompey's statue, and looked for the blood which stained its pedestal. It is absurd to call the murder of Cæsar virtue, in any point of view. It was not only contrary to the laws of God and man, but it was manifestly inefficacious to prevent the coming crisis of the Roman government. Had Octavius not existed, still there would have been, there must have been, an Augustus.

The Palazza Borghese boasts unquestionably one of the richest galleries of Rome. It is contained in eleven large rooms, upon the ground floor of the palace. In the first room, the pictures most worthy of attention were a David in the strongly marked and forcible style of Giorgione, carrying the head of Goliath, clad himself in armour: a Ma-

donna by Sassoferrato, holding her child embraced, the modest amenity of whose countenance is truly exquisite : a fainting St. Catharine, upheld by angels, one of whom is indeed celestial, by Agostino Caracci ; and the Adoration of the Magi, by Bassano, a beautiful composition, rich in figures, costumes, and landscape, and peculiarly excellent for the effect of light. In the second chamber is a fine Corregiesque flight of Æneas from the flames of Troy, by Baroccio ; a Christ bearing the cross, attended by his sorrowing mother, from the hand of the diligent 'Muziano', who, like Demosthenes, shaved his head to retain himself within doors for the study of his art ; but above all, the Chase of Diana, one of the *chef d'œuvres* of Dominichino. This beautiful picture is very improperly denominated. It in fact represents the goddess of the groves, surrounded by her nymphs, holding high in air a bow and quiver, the prize of archery. At some distance is a post to which a dove has been affixed, which is seen shot through the head, and the thong that bound it severed and falling to the ground. Near the goddess are arranged the archers, kneeling, standing, and bending forward, with expressions as various as their postures : one eager, another disappointed, and a third good humoredly triumphant. Behind these stand a pair, looking sedately on, with inimitable natural sweetness. In the foreground two are bathing in a pool, while on the bank sits another who has just issued from the bath, and is wiping her feet. Through the thicket, in her rear, are peeping two intruders on the sylvan scene, against whom leaps a noble hound, restrained by his mistress, whose sight is not apparently so keen as the scent of the animal. In the distance are seen nymphs wrestling, running, bringing home a deer, while near the goddess is an enchanting youthful figure who looks pleased and eager on the archer's sport. A scene so poetically imagined, so skilfully composed, so learnedly executed, is seldom seen even among the *chef d'œuvres* of the art.

The variety of attitude, employment, and expression, all appropriate; the dignity and grace of the goddess, and the varied beauty of her train; the disposition of the lights so cheerful and harmonious; the landscape so well suited to the transaction, and in the nearer parts especially so beautiful, unite to form one of the most pleasing pictures in the world. Its size may be ten feet by six. It has been engraved by Morghen; but I cannot but observe, though it may seem presumptuous, that the engraving is a failure. In it the goddess is made too short, and her drapery is gathered in a bunch; the group in the water, too, most exquisite in the original, is very much deformed by the unnatural size added to the head of the principal figure, and by other circumstances.

In the third room is the celebrated picture of the three Graces by Titian. The figures are considerably more than half-lengths, and are clothed with decency. One is seated, the youthful Cupid leans against her knee, and she is engaged in bandaging his eyes: another stands holding his quiver, and a third looks on exhibiting his bow. It is an exquisite combination of female grace and beauty, colored to the very life. The flesh seems to rise in its native tints, roundness, and soft polish. A portrait of St. Catharine of the wheel, by Parmegianino, surrounded by a throng of angel-heads, with a very slight touch perhaps of affectation, displays wonderful grace. The fingers are, as usual, preternaturally long. In the fourth chamber is the celebrated deposition of the cross in the second manner of Raphael. This picture is also wrongly named. The cross, in fact, does not appear. The dead body only is exhibited, borne to the tomb, and surrounded by the followers of the Saviour. Joseph of Arimathea, supports the head; a youth, a striking and noble figure, sustains the feet. The Magdalen, with impetuous grief and affection, rushes forward and clasps the clay-cold hand. The mother fainting behind, falls into the arms of three attendant women.

Two of the apostles are placed at the other end of the corpse. The execution of the piece is wonderfully accurate and minute; and though circlets of gold leaf surround the heads of the saints, the heads themselves bear no traces of the ancient manner. Each one is a study for expressive nobleness. In the same room is a picture by Dominichino, once called the St. Cecilia, but now, I know not why, denominated the Cumæan Sibyl. It is a female half-figure gorgeously clad, with a rich turban on her head, holding a piece of music in her hand, and looking upward, with lips apart, and an expression of transport in her countenance. Not only the music in her hand, but a musical instrument beside her, would seem to indicate the "inventress of the vocal frame;" while at the same time these, with her youth and beauty, forbid the supposition, that she is intended to represent the prophetess of Cumæ. Whatever the picture may be called, it is charming. In the fifth chamber are four large round pictures by Albano, which, from their number, I believe are called the seasons. They really represent Venus and nymphs, and multitudes of Cupids, in various attitudes and employments. Unfortunately for the arts, this painter was blessed with a remarkably handsome wife, and a dozen beautiful children. His fondness for them led him into this style of composition, which, however pleasing in some respects, is yet tame and uniform. I was happy here to meet again, my old Florentine acquaintance, Andrea del Sarto, in one of his sweetest Madonnas, accompanied by the two holy children sporting with each other. The soft and fascinating smile which dwells upon her lips, is most expressive. The perfection of the execution in the drapery, the heads, the flesh, shines eminent even in this richly furnished gallery of the citadel of art. Here too was a specimen of the first obscure purplish manner of Guercino, forcible, but unnatural, which he had sense enough to modify so far, as almost to convert it into an entirely new

one. In the sixth room is an assemblage of naked figures, Venuses, and Susannas, and Ledas, and Graces, such as would not find admission except into an Italian palace, and some of which are incontrovertibly and outrageously indecent. The seventh chamber is covered with looking glasses, divided into irregular compartments, by groups and lines of Cupids, beautifully painted on the glass by *Ciro Ferri*. The eighth room contains a number of mosaics and small pictures of no particular merit.

In the ninth chamber is a representation of the return of the prodigal son, by *Bonifazio*, the Venetian, the pupil and imitator of *Titian*, a piece rich in figures, and excellent in coloring. The *Cupid and Psyche* of *Dosso Dossi* of *Ferrara*, is exquisitely beautiful. It represents *Psyche* in that unhappy moment, when, contrary to his injunctions, she brings a light to gaze upon her sleeping lover; and though one of his least celebrated works, is so exquisite in coloring, so perfect in design, so graceful and expressive in composition, as to entitle its author to the place which he has received in the immortalizing verse of *Ariosto*, among the most illustrious painters of his country. The portrait of *Cæsar Borgia* by *Raphael*, for its costume, its expression, its execution, is stupendous. One seldom sees any thing so "darkly bright" in more senses than one, as that swarthy, yet sparkling, that sinister, yet handsome, countenance. The *Divine and Profane Love* of *Titian*, are two female figures seated at some distance from each other, the former clothed affectedly even to her very hands, and the latter entirely naked, beautifully colored; but, as was often the case with this great master's works, defective in design. In the tenth chamber is the return of the prodigal son, by *Guercino*, in half-figures. There are only three personages introduced, the ragged humble prodigal with bowed head, the dignified affectionate father, with one hand on his neck, stretching forth the other towards the servant, who approaches with

the ring and robe. I must not forget to mention the dog fawning on the recovered wanderer, a natural and affecting accessory, whoever may call it a conceit. The composition and expression of this piece are alike admirable. The Magdalen of Andrea del Sarto, holding the vase of ointment, though little more than a head, is one of the most pleasing pieces in the room. Its girlish, pure, innocent, natural beauty, though not in all points perhaps appropriate, is charming in itself, and most exquisitely executed. In this room also, is a lately acquired picture, the figures as large as life, representing Danae, a full grown Cupid, and two lesser loves, by Correggio. The composition is too indecent to admit of an analysis ; but the perfection of the execution is worthy of all admiration. The outlines of the forms are graceful beyond conception, and the flesh seems actually to swell out from the canvass. The last room is filled almost entirely by Holy Families and Madonnas, from the hands of Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Scipio Gaetano, Bellini, Garofalo, and others. The Holy Family of Garofalo is particularly curious, from its extraordinary resemblance to the style of Raphael, whom this painter imitated so closely, as sometimes to deceive experienced connoisseurs. The Madonna of Carlo Dolce is glorious with light, and softness, and tenderness, and beauty. In describing this gallery as well as the others of Rome, I have not even named one tenth part of its pictures. Amongst them, others might easily find such as would please them more than those that have been mentioned, for they are all works of distinguished masters.

LETTER XXVII.

ROME—GUIDO'S AURORA IN THE GARDEN OF THE ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE—
THE BARBERINI COLLECTION—PALAZZO DORIA—PALAZZO COLONNA
AND RUINS IN ITS GARDEN—PALAZZO FARNESE—ITS GALLERY PAINTED
IN FRESCO.

THE casino in the garden of the Rospigliosi Palace contains the Aurora of Guido, one of the most beautiful creations of art. It is executed in figures as large as life, on an oblong compartment, in the centre of the ceiling. It presents the goddess of the morning preceding the car of day, and scattering flowers with her "rosy fingers." Her slender, graceful form; her rich and flowing drapery, just disclosing the exquisite feet and ankles; her attitude, expressing a soft and floating yet rapid motion, with the utmost degree of grace, not spoiled by effort; her beautiful arms and hands; but above all, her celestial head turned backward to regard her great pursuer, and combining all that can be imagined of sweet and lovely and gracious in the woman and the goddess—are delightful even to rapture. Behind her, tossing their heads into the air, come on, with bounding motion, the immortal steeds fresh for their morning course. They are four in number. Their varied light dun color, as well as their form and motion, unlike those of any earthly animals, are poetically sublime. Above them, sails in air, Phosphorus, under the form of a child, holding forth his torch, a figure, like Aurora herself, admirable in posture and in motion. In his car sits the god of day, holding in one hand the reins,

and bending slightly forward, in the natural position of one who drives with rapidity. Behind him floats his light purple drapery, disclosing his noble chest and perfect form. His head is glorious with light and beauty ; his very hair is illuminated by the brightness which surrounds him. Around his car, step lightly on, the loose-robed Hours, beautiful in form, in action graceful, with countenances of more than mortal loveliness. The last, particularly, clad in white, the symbol of her innocence, is the very personification of sweet and spotless and dignified simplicity. The ground of the picture is in fine accordance with the action. Before Aurora roll away the purple clouds of night ; a rich golden atmosphere surrounds the sun ; while on the hills below the goddess, the morning light breaks beautifully in hues of rosy gold. This part of the picture, however, has been very much injured by the insertion of a broad stripe, intended to represent the sea, and stained a deep blue. This outrage was committed by Carlo Maratta. The expression of the piece is that of rapid, yet graceful motion. In this every thing assists. The draperies floating far behind, the earnestness, which is mingled with the other expressions of every countenance and figure, the bounding horses, the prone attitude of the god, almost persuade you that the living and glorious procession is indeed moving on before your eyes. The richness of the colors employed is marvellous. The ground is gold and purple ; the draperies are a transparent dark amber, white, azure, crimson, purple, and even green ; and yet such is the magic harmony with which they are arranged, that nothing strikes the eye as glaring or too gorgeous, unless it be, indeed, one blue robe, also retouched by the profane Maratta. The only valid criticism which I have ever heard made upon this great picture, was, that there is something of a flutter in the draperies ; and perhaps this may be justified upon the ground, that as they came from no earthly loom, they may well be supposed lighter and more

liable to fold and wave than terrestrial draperies. There are some other pictures in the adjoining rooms of the casino, fine, I suppose, from the names of their authors; but I must confess, that though often there, I never had eyes but for the fascinating *chef d'œuvre* of Guido.

The Barberini collection is chiefly remarkable for four paintings placed in the same room: the Fornarina of Raphael, the Cenci of Guido, the Carthaginian Slave of Titian, and the Adam and Eve of Dominichino. The Fornarina differs entirely from the one in the gallery of Florence. They are both certainly by Raphael, but it is still disputed which is the true Fornarina. Whichever it may be, the preference in beauty and in interest should, in my mind, be assigned, without a moment's hesitation, to the Florentine portrait. The Roman is a shameless half-length representation of a naked woman, as shameless in countenance as in dress. She is not even comely in feature, and her complexion looks as if it had been stained brown, instead of painted. The outline too is as hard and distinct as that of the ancient school. The Cenci of Guido, on the other hand, is beautiful, lovely, interesting. Her shoulder is turned to the spectator, covered with a loose white robe. Her countenance, however, is turned round so as to be fully visible. Her head is covered with a loose white cloth, supplying the place of a turban. The youthful loveliness of the countenance, the fresh complexion, the beaming eye, the soft rounded features, are in melancholy contrast with her guilt and shameful punishment. Her tragic story need not be recited. Driven by desperate extremity to combine with her mother to murder her own father, the vilest and most infamous of men, she was executed publicly upon the scaffold. Not only this—but the pope exterminated the whole family, through a false implication in the guilt of the mother and daughter, and gave their possessions to his own family, (Borghese) whose descendants even now enjoy them. The Carthagi-

nian Slave of Titian is a beautiful woman, most gorgeously arrayed, but chained by one arm. It is painted with the usual perfection of coloring which belongs to the first in this branch of the art. The Adam and Eve of Dominichino, are represented at the moment when God reproaches them for having eaten the forbidden fruit. The woman, with an appealing look of fear, points, bending low, to the serpent who beguiled her, and Adam crouching and conscious of his guilt, dares not look his Maker in the face, but with both his hands directs his attention to the woman. The Deity is represented as floating in the air, in the same manner as in the creation of Adam, on the vault of the Sistine chapel. But how much more gracious and beautiful are the sorrowful angels of Dominichino, than those of the great master ! In another apartment above, is a female portrait by Van Dyck, worthy to be placed, for its interesting beauty and perfect execution, by the side of the three first mentioned.

The palace Doria, inherited by Prince Doria from the Pamfili family, consists in fact of three large palaces, fronting on three different streets. It contains a very extensive and valuable collection of paintings, arranged in a long suite of apartments, and a gallery which runs round a large quadrangular court. The first and second chambers are adorned with landscapes from the pencil of Gaspar Poussin, and other eminent masters. In the third room, among a multitude of interesting pictures, I was particularly struck with the espousals of St. Catharine, by Scipio Gaetano. It is a very pleasing and beautiful picture. The figure and countenance of the Virgin Mother are sweet, dignified, and lovely. In the fourth room, there is an exquisite Holy Family, by Garofalo, in which, as well as in a multitude of other paintings contained in this gallery, one cannot but admire the strong resemblance between this painter and Raphael. The portrait of Machiavelli, by Andrea del Sarto, exhibits a side face of great acuteness and of equal benevolence. It is

not possible that that man intended his Prince as a serious counsellor to sovereigns. It was rather a keen satire on Cæsar Borgia, and his equally abandoned and unprincipled uncle. The death of Abel, by Salvator Rosa, is represented on a dark ground with strong lights and shades, in a very forcible manner. Abel has fallen upon his hand, and is struggling to rise; but his unnatural brother, twisting one hand in his hair, holds him down, while with the other he uplifts his club. The form, the complexion, the expression and posture of Cain, are indeed adapted to the first murderer. The celebrated portraits of the two lawyers, Bartolo and Baldo, by Raphael, both represented in one picture, are admirable. A Pietà, by Annibal Caracci, represents the dead body of our Saviour lying with its head upon the lap of the lamenting mother, the very reality of death. The Diana and Endymion of Rubens is a picture the most Italian in its character of any that I have seen, by the great Fleming. Endymion truly sleeps, while the enamoured goddess is seen floating downward, her face almost touching that of the beautiful shepherd. To his usual excellence of coloring, this piece unites beauty and delicacy of design. The fifth chamber contains principally portraits. There is in it, however, one historical piece by Paul Veronese, a noble and striking work. It represents Semiramis in a gorgeous habit, seated on cushions, and attended behind by a youthful female, who is engaged in combing her hair. At her feet lies a letter, which a soldier has just brought, and which has affected the warrior queen in such a manner that she has laid one hand upon a sword lying beside her, and lifts her eyes to heaven with an expression of noble resolution, worthy of the hand of Guido himself. In the distance, a female servant is taking down a suit of armor. The composition of this piece is admirably significant; every thing speaks of the approach of war, disturbing the toilet of a beautiful female; and every thing exhibits her resolution to meet it as

becomes a queen. The coloring is appropriate to the school whence the painter drew his rules of art : the drapery gorgeous, and yet not glaring, is all his own. In the sixth room the Dædalus of Albano, engaged in making wings for Icarus, who holds the quills, is exquisitely designed and colored. Two pictures of Caravaggio, representing a fruit-woman and a fish-woman, are truly Flemish, excepting that they are as large as life ; and a Holy Family by Ludovico Caracci is of great beauty in the composition and expression, and of the utmost richness in the tints.

In the gallery, to the form and extent of which I have already alluded, are found, in the first wing, a Madonna by Sassoferrato; one of the happiest efforts, as it seemed to me, of his delicate pencil, and tender and refined imagination : six landscapes, by the universal Annibal Caracci, containing figures, and representing the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, the burial of Jesus, and the Assumption of the Virgin. The figures are indeed admirably grouped, and expressively designed and painted ; but the landscapes must yield the palm to two others by Claude Lorraine, hung just above them, which exhibit in perfection his magic perspective and rich enchanting tints. Besides these, I particularly observed a very pretty group of three chubby and swarthy genii of Bacchus, wrestling with three little winged cupids, and gaining in each instance the advantage ; a picture by Gessi, sometimes called the second Guido. The second wing of the gallery contains no paintings, except the frescoes which cover its vault. Its walls are splendidly garnished in stead with immense looking-glasses and gilded stuccoes. It admits you into a suite of rooms, four in number, whose walls are covered with pictures, but into which I could not obtain admission, in consequence of their being at the time inhabited. I regretted ~~it~~ the less, however, as no picture of great celebrity is said to be contained in them. Contenting myself, therefore, with

the treasures which were open, I turned into the third wing of the gallery. A half-length figure of a female by Murillo, struck me as peculiarly beautiful in coloring and relief. The St. Agnes of Guercino is fascinating. She is represented at full-length, resting with one knee upon the pile of wood on which she suffered martyrdom, and attended by a lamb. Though a man is injudiciously introduced as kindling the pile, the picture is emblematic, not historical: this is sufficiently shown by the presence of the lamb, and the absence of all spectators. Clothed in flowing white, and looking up to heaven with eyes which betray the existence of her treasure there, her pure and youthful beauty appeals to every feeling of the heart. Not far off there is an exquisite Madonna by Guido, gazing with clasped hands and veiled head in an attitude and with an expression of adoring love upon her child, who, entirely unconcerned, sleeps indeed the calm sleep of infancy. The Belisarius of Salvator Rosa, feeling his way, blind and tremulous with age, through an appropriate landscape and beside a massive ruined wall, is striking and impressive. The fourth wing of the gallery is principally distinguished by the sacrifice of Abraham, by Titian, and a portrait of Joanna II. of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci. In the first, the patriarch is represented on his knees, his hand uplifted to plunge the sacrificial knife into his affrighted child. The countenance of the father beams with a wild and distracted enthusiasm. In the critical moment, he is interrupted by an angel, who catches his hand before it can descend. This is a piece mighty in expression and in coloring: the design, however, of the naked Isaac, seemed to me defective. I should not have ventured on such a remark, had not Titian's frequent deficiency in this respect been a common subject of animadversion since the days of his great contemporary Michael Angelo, even until now. The portrait of Joanna II. is executed with wonderful fineness, and adorned with an enchanting smile.

The collection of pictures which formerly adorned the Palazza Colonna, has been in a great part removed in consequence of the division of goods which took place on the death of the last constable. The mansion descended to his nephew, with only one fourth part, however, of the pictures. Nothing very remarkable is left, though there are still many beautiful and pleasing works from the hands of the Caracci, Guido, Caravaggio, Salvator Rosa, and Poussin. The gallery itself, however, remains in all its architectural magnificence. It is no less than two hundred and nine feet long, and thirty-five wide. Its lofty vaulted ceiling is painted in fresco, its pavement is entirely composed of rich and variegated marbles; its walls are adorned with gilding, and with mirrors on whose surface are painted varied groups of cupids among flowers. In the garden which ascends the steep side of the Quirinal Mount, are to be seen two fragments of some ancient temple, (what one, is a matter of dispute,) the one broken from the architrave, the other from the frontispiece. The first is one solid block of white marble, at least four feet thick and fifteen long, by twelve wide. The second, of the same material, is much thicker, and almost as large in its other dimensions. In the garden are also to be seen massive walls and arches, (now used to support the roof of a very extensive barn and other outhouses,) the remains of the baths of Constantine, the last building of the kind erected in Rome.

The Palazzo Farnese was commenced by Paul III. while Cardinal, and finished by his nephew Cardinal Alexander Farnese. It is built in part of stone taken from the Colosseum, whose ruins have been plundered in the same way, more than once. This palace was once adorned by one of the first collections of statues and paintings in the world. They are all however removed, having descended, on the extinction of the Farnese family, to the royal house of Naples. There is one treasure of art indeed left, of which

no circumstance could deprive it, the celebrated gallery painted in fresco, by the Caracci, and their most distinguished pupils. As it was, however, principally the invention and design of Annibal Caracci, it is generally attributed to him alone. He came to Rome to undertake it about the year 1600, and after having toiled eight years in its execution, received from his mean ungrateful patron, the contemptible sum of five hundred dollars in compensation. He has here united in an astonishing degree, the excellencies of all preceding masters; the grace of Raphael, the chiaroscuro of Correggio, the design of Buonarroti. It was by the study indeed of these great models, that the Caracci were enabled to become the restorers of their degenerated art; and by their own efforts, and by raising up around them a host of eminent pupils, to create a new school, and a new era. One observation, however, must strike every one as obvious. Though the pictures of the Caracci unite so many excellencies, still the inspiration of the ancient masters is manifestly wanting. I do not mean to say that these great men were deficient in genius. But there is something in imitation which depresses its exhibition. There is something in the great originals of every art, which escapes the succeeding diligence of the student and the copyist. Even Virgil has failed to transfuse into his verse, all the fire and sublime simplicity of Homer, and the world must never expect to behold a second Dante, or another Shakespeare. The pupils of the Caracci, however, were more original than themselves. Guido and Guercino chose each a separate and untried path, and Dominichino drew more perhaps from observation, and from the reflections of his own profound and patient mind, than from the lessons of his masters, or the examples of the ancients. I am not sure that I have made myself quite intelligible. I will endeavor to become more so, by descending to particulars. Whoever then will compare the Galatea on this ceiling, with the Galatea of

Raphael, will find that although the former is beautiful and graceful, as she throws herself into the arms of her attendant Triton ; that although the group around is harmonious and elegant, and the coloring and relief indeed perfection ; yet that the expression, the soul, of the latter is wanting. The Galatea of Agostino Caracci, is a beautiful and living creature of flesh and blood. The Galatea of Raphael, with equal life and beauty, is a refined, modest, tender, intellectual woman. Whoever again, will compare the two Polyphemi of Annibal, one playing on his pipe to allure the listening nymph, and the other casting an enormous rock after his rival Acis, with the naked figures of Michael Angelo, will find the former equally gigantic, similar in excellence of design, superior in coloring, but greatly inferior in that indefinable, yet obvious, sublimity, which distinguish the works of the great master. But let us pass from comparison to description.

The apartment is about sixty-five feet long by twenty wide. Its ceiling is vaulted, and is divided as usual into compartments ; of these there are three in the centre of the vault, the middle one the largest. This contains the grand triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, seated in separate cars, and drawn, the one by white goats, and the other by tigers. The forsaken mistress of Theseus looks back expressively on her new lover. The pair are attended by a jocund host of nymphs, and fauns, and infant genii, and preceded by the jolly Silenus on his ass, surrounded by satyrs and a crowd of tipsy followers. If it would not be considered a species of profanity, I would say that the forward group is the most natural and expressive, and perhaps, the most congenial to the talents of the painter. We know from other works of his, that he delighted and excelled in the exhibition of what is called caricature by the Italians. By this, they do not mean the extravagancies which we call caricature, but simply the natural characteristic imitation of

humorous scenes and persons. On each side of this great picture, is another, representing, the one Pan offering the fleece of his goats to Diana, and the other, Mercury bringing the golden apple to Paris. On the sides of the vault are a greater number of compartments. At the ends are the two Polyphemi already alluded to. Above each of them is a small picture, the one of Iacintus borne off by Apollo, and the other of Ganymede carried upward by the eagle. The latter painted by Guido, bears evident traces of his hand, and is exquisitely beautiful. Above the door of entrance, is the Galatea of which I have already spoken, and opposite is the history of Cephalus and Aurora. The goddess has placed the sleeping youth in her car, and is bearing him away, leaving the aged Tithonus buried in sleep. These two pictures were painted by Agostino, and gained him so great a reputation, that many began to prefer him to his brother. The consequence was, that Annibal quarreled with him, and dismissed him from any participation in the work. Besides these, there are four other pictures : Jupiter receiving Juno into the nuptial couch ; Hercules and Iole, he playing on a cymbal, and she bearing the lion's skin and club ; Anchises relieving a beautiful Venus (the work of Guido) from her only remaining buskin ; and Aurora embracing the sleeping Endymion. Such are the subjects which disgrace the walls of a Cardinal's palace. The postures and expression are as indecent as the subjects. The costumes are in perfect keeping. Many of the male figures are entirely naked, and many of the female ones have but a patch of drapery. The exquisite beauty of the design and execution of these frescoes only aggravates the outrage on good taste, good morals, and common decency. Between the various compartments are placed naked figures, sitting and standing in various postures, which the great painters were in the habit of introducing, as if to give good measure. These are so perfect in drawing and coloring,

that Poussin was in the habit of preferring them above every thing else upon the walls. On the side walls at the ends of the apartment, are two pictures in the early style of Dominichino and Lanfranco. The former represents Andromeda chained to a rock, her parents in attitudes of despair in the distance, on one side, and Perseus combating the sea monster on the other. The latter shows the same hero changing Phineus and his companions into stone. I was not permitted to see the cabinet, in which Annibal Caracci represented the resistance of temptation in various adventures of Hercules and Ulysses, as it is one occupied by the Neapolitan minister. I felt less anxious to visit it, as the principal picture of the youthful Hercules hesitating between virtue and pleasure, has been removed, and a copy substituted in its place. Upon the whole, I left the Farnese gallery with an opinion highly raised of the talents of the Caracci as painters, but with a deep disgust at the abominable perversion of genius, and of skill, which they have there exhibited.

LETTER XXVIII

ROME—THE SCIARRA PALACE—VANITY AND MODESTY BY LEONARDO DA VINCI—CARDINAL PESCHE'S COLLECTION IN THE FALCONIERI PALACE—FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING—PALAZZO MATTEI—VILLA ALBANI—VILLA BORGHESE—FOUNTAINS AND SQUARES OF MODERN ROME—OBELISKS.

THE Sciarra Palace contains a small but choice collection of pictures by the first masters. In the first room there is a noble copy of the Transfiguration, by Giulio Romano, which preserves, in a high degree, the spirit and grace of the origi-

The next room is covered with exquisitely beautiful paintings, by Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Brill, and others almost equally eminent in this branch of the art. In the third and four charming paintings by Bassano, and a Moses by Guido, in his *forte* manner. The lawgiver, with one hand upraised, is about to break the two tablets of the law. The expression, the attitude, the air of the head, the arrangement of the drapery, concur in producing an effect truly sublime. In the fifth apartment are assembled the choicest pieces of the gallery: the Conjugal Love of Agostino Caracci; the Gamesters of Caravaggio; the Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, and two Magdalens, by Guido. The first of these represents a newly married couple walking hand in hand through a delightful grove, with a sweet satisfaction, a quiet heartfelt happiness imprinted on their countenances. It is a beautiful conception, beautifully executed. The Gamesters of Caravaggio represent two

persons seated at a table, playing cards. A third looks over the hand of the younger of the two, and makes signs to his companion of its contents. The vile and sinister features of these associates in iniquity, excite disgust and indignation; while the lovely, ingenuous, though pensive, countenance of the cheated youth, cannot but excite compassion that he has been seduced into such evil courses, and by such evil companions. The Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, are two half-length female figures, on a ground entirely black. Modesty, with sedate and matronly form and face, has laid one hand upon the arm of her companion, and with the other raised in warning, seems to be exhorting her to abandon her fondness for dress and admiration. Vanity, meanwhile, youthful and lovely, and gaily dressed, looks away with eyes which show her inattention to the voice of her companion, and seem to petition for admiration. The sweet half-smile upon her lips is no less alluring. This beautiful picture is composed with the grace and expression of Raphael, and executed with a most exquisite finish. It is one of the few authentic and well preserved remains of the pencil of Da Vinci. The Magdalens of Guido are very similar to each other: that, however, which is called "delle Radici," from some roots which lie beside her, is the more enchanting of the two. It is a full-length figure, seated in a graceful posture, reclining backward, and looking up to heaven. The countenance, refined and beautiful, is filled with an expression of repentance and of love, which goes directly to the heart. Two angels suspended in the air listen to her sighs, and seem to participate in her grief.

The Palace Sciarra is near the site of the triumphal arch of Claudius, an inscription belonging to which was found in 1649, in an excavation made in the piazza.

The collection of Cardinal Fesche in the Falconieri Palace, though extensive, is not very interesting. It is divided into three schools; the Italian, Flemish, and French. The first

contains only copies, or imitations, or inferior works, of the great masters. The second is rich in landscapes, battles, and scenes in common life, admirable for their exact imitation of nature and truth. The third contains a large collection of the works of the French artists : but, I confess, that I am not, in general, an admirer of French pictures. The painters of the great nation, particularly the modern school, have been too apt to mistake the *Theatre Francais* for nature. Instead of the easy attitudes of real life, they have been led, to imitate the more striking postures of the stage. Besides this, I should object to them the uniform roundness and immobility of their figures, which have indeed the appearance of painted statues ; and an almost universal deficiency of expression. There is in their productions abundance of grimace and distortion, but very little of the genuine exhibition of feeling. Upon the whole, I should conclude, from what I have seen, that the French are not a nation of painters ; and I think it would be easy to support this conclusion, not only by facts, but by reasons drawn from their habits of life, and the great principles of their literature. There is a striking analogy, for example, between a French picture and a French tragedy. The one is perfect in its anatomy, the other in its verse ; that is unnaturally graceful in its postures, this unnaturally elevated in its language ; the former exaggerates the appearance of the countenance, the latter is often tumid in giving utterance to the feelings of the heart. Both are artificial ; both are, consequently, cold. A long established system, affecting the judgment and the taste, may lead us to approve, or at least to tolerate, the drama ; but no such influence can avail to palliate the faults of a picture, which appeals directly to our senses, and our perceptions of the natural and the true.

But from this criticism, advanced perhaps a little too boldly, I would except Claude Lorraine and Vernet in landscape, and Poussin in historical painting. Claude Lorraine is remarkable for the extent and truth of his perspective, and for his

golden atmospheres. No one knew better than he, how to illuminate his canvass with the glories of sunrise and sunset. Poussin, though born a Frenchman, spent most of his time in Italy, and drank deeply of the inspiration of the Italian pencil. There is in the Falconieri palace a copy of his justly celebrated picture of the deluge. • I had seen the original in the Louvre. With the impression previously fixed on your mind, that you are about to examine one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the art, you are disappointed on the first view of the picture. It is so contracted, not larger I think than four feet in length by three in height, and the number of figures is so small, that it does not appear adapted to represent a scene of such universal desolation and dismay. Besides, the coloring is so dark as to make you at first despair of seeing any thing with distinctness. But as you continue to gaze, and your eye becomes accustomed to the gloom, you perceive that the very things of which you were disposed to complain, are in fact excellencies. What can be more appropriate to the occasion than a sun obscured, yet looking gloomily through his dark veil of vapor ; and a heaven enveloped with clouds, through which the lightning itself escapes with less than its accustomed brightness ? What can be more consistent with probability, than the supposition that few have been able to survive at a stage of the deluge when the waters have already overwhelmed the dwellings of man, and are approaching fast the summits of the mountains ? At the same time, what can be better imagined than the small number of figures, to prevent confusion, and to depict the only kind of suffering which strongly affects the mind, the suffering of individuals ? In the centre of the picture, where the inundation has formed cascades among the rocks, a boat is dashed headlong, with all which it contains, into the abyss below. On the foreground, others, who had mounted their horses for safety, are just about to sink. On the left are seen serpents gliding among the rocks and endeavoring to attain their

summits. On the right a boat is drawn up beside a precipice, a shelf of which has been gained by a husband, who stretches every nerve to get hold of a child held forth to him, by the arms of a wife and a mother. She, forgetful of herself, is reaching upwards, standing in one end of the small unsteady bark. The wretched father almost attains his object; yet it is easy to perceive that final success is impossible. Such are the moving incidents by which Poussin has chosen to represent the most tremendous calamity that ever has befallen the human race. • The wisdom of the serpent, the swiftness of the horse, the buoyancy of the boat, the strong efforts of parental affection, are alike insufficient to avert from any living thing the swift coming and inevitable destruction.

The Palazzo Mattei contains a most interesting portrait of Charles I. of England, by the easy and graceful Vandyck. The monarch is in the attitude of walking, having just descended from his horse, which is left in the care of a servant. He is clad in a white satin riding jacket, red velvet breeches, and buff boots; a costume remarkable for color and materials, but, above all, for execution. The posture is easy and natural; the face is turned towards the spectator, and is replete with refinement and amiability. Though there is a smile upon the lips, you may still trace upon the brow that melancholy expression which so accorded with his melancholy destiny. While as a masterpiece of art, it gratifies and delights the fancy, its historic associations reach and affect the heart.

The Villa Albani is situated about a quarter of a mile without the Porta Salaria. This gate is one of those which was opened by Honorius, in reconstructing the walls. It was through this gate that Alaric entered to devastate the city, and it was through the ancient Porta Collina, which corresponded with this, that Brennus and his host marched to besiege the citadel. On the same quarter, also, it was the

design of Hannibal to make his assault, had he not been prevented by repeated storms. In its neighborhood also lie the gardens of Sallust, constructed and magnificently adorned by the historian, after his corrupt administration in Africa. They became subsequently the property of the emperors, and were the occasional retreat of Nero, and the favorite residence of Vespasian, Nerva, and Aurelian. The devastations of Alaric and of time have left behind only a few remains of the palace, a ruined temple, and some massive substructions built to support the Quirinal.

But to return from one of the most magnificent of ancient villas, to one of the most magnificent of similar modern establishments. The Villa Albani is seated in the midst of an extensive and elegant garden, adorned with fountains, lakes, and statues, in the greatest profusion. The principal building, called the Casino, is adorned in front by a beautiful arched portico, paved with marble, supported by twenty-eight antique granite columns, and ornamented with statues chiefly of the emperors. On each side of the Casino is a long wing, one story in height, crowded with statues, busts, Hermes, columns of rich marbles, vases, sculptured basins, one of which, upwards of twenty feet in circumference, represents the labors of Hercules, bas-reliefs, mosaics, and antique frescoes. The Casino itself, however, is the grand repository of art, and exhibits, fixed in the walls of its staircases, corridors, and chambers, the most exquisite collection of antique bas-reliefs which the world can boast. The gallery contains the greatest number collected in any one place. It is a long vaulted apartment, paved with rich marble. Its vault is painted in fresco by Mengs, with a beautiful representation of Apollo and the Muses. Its sides are adorned by eighteen pilasters, covered with mosaics or incrustated with precious marbles, disposed in the form of foliage. Between the pilasters are placed the bas-reliefs, fixed in the wall. The most excellent, perhaps, are those of Hercules and the Hes-

perides, and of Alexander and Bucephalus. The most celebrated bas-relief, however, in the Villa Albani, or in the world, is fixed in the wall over the chimney of the preceding apartment. It is a half-length figure of Antinous, as large as life, looking downward on a wreath of flowers, which he holds extended in one hand. The relief is very high. The design, the expression, the exquisite execution, entitle it to rank among the best remains at least of Roman sculpture. A short distance from the Casino is a building called the Bigliardo, adorned by a portico of fourteen columns, ornamented with busts and statues, and divided within into three apartments, all decorated with marble columns, statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. The most excellent of the latter appeared to me to be that of Berenice sacrificing her hair for the safe return of her husband Ptolemy Euergetes. The queen is, indeed, a most majestic, graceful, and expressive figure.

Opposite the Casino, at the distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, is another building, intended, I believe, for taking the refreshment of coffee, ice, &c. adorned with a semi-circular colonnade of twenty-six granite columns, which is crowded with antique statues as large as life, with smaller ones placed upon the top of pillars, corresponding with those of the colonnade, and with twenty busts and Hermes on granite pedestals. The apartment within is paved with ancient mosaics—its vault is painted in fresco—and it is adorned, like all the rest, with statues, bas-reliefs, and mosaics. This magnificent establishment, together with an extensive farm, is now let for the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars yearly.

The grounds of the Villa Borghese, constituting an extensive park, furnished with a profusion of noble trees, its greatest ornament, and adorned with temples entire and in ruins, with ponds and fountains, a mimic citadel, a church and grass-grown circus, are thrown open to the public with the

greatest liberality, and are made, in fact, the fashionable drive of Rome. Near this villa is found the Muro Torto, a piece of wall about fifty feet in length, which inclines very far from the perpendicular, and has done so ever since the days of Belisarius. It was originally built to support the Pincian Mount, and the garden of the Domitian family, but was taken by Honorius into the walls of the city.

The fountains of modern Rome are no inconsiderable objects of interest to a stranger. Their number astonishes, the magnificence of some of them delights him. In every square, on the corners of the streets, in the courts of palaces, from the exterior walls of ordinary houses, countless streams of pure and salubrious water, flow on as ceaseless as the Tiber itself. They are generally adorned with some appropriate device, a statue, or a group of statues, and fall into marble basins of various size and construction. Supreme above all the rest is the fountain of Trevi, on the small and obscure square of that name, probably so called (*a triviis*) from the meeting of three streets in that point. It is the principal issue of the Aqua Virgine, the ancient Aqua Virginis, brought by Agrippa to Rome. This fountain presents a fine façade, adorned with four columns, and a number of pilasters supporting an attic crowned with statues. Below is a pile of rocks from which the water gushes in every direction, falling into an immense basin of white marble. In the grand niche, in the centre of the façade, is a colossal statue of Neptune, standing in a car composed of shells, which is drawn by two sea horses, guided and controlled by Tritons. The composition of this group is spirited and majestic. It is executed in marble. In the smaller niches on each side, are statues of Fertility and Health, and above each of these is a bas-relief, the one representing Agrippa, and the other the virgin who discovered the sources of the water.

The Fontana di Termini is the principal fountain of the

Aqua Felice, brought by Sixtus V. from the sources of the Aqua Alexandrina, which derived its name from Alexander Severus. The sources lie near the ancient Gabii, about eighteen miles from Rome. The course of the aqueduct, however, must be longer, as it is considerably circuitous. The fountain presents a fine façade, by no means, however, so large as that of Trevi, adorned with four Ionic granite columns, and three niches. The centre one contains a statue of Moses opening the waters in the desert, of no great merit, and the two others each a bas-relief. Under each of the niches is a fine cascade of water, falling into marble shells, in the intervals and at the sides of which are placed four lions spouting water, two of marble, and two of basalt. The latter are of excellent workmanship, and were brought from the Pantheon.

The Fontana Paolina, however, in the abundance of its streams, and the grand simplicity of its construction, surpasses all the rest. It is placed on the side of the Janiculum, and presents a front adorned by six Ionic columns of red granite supporting a fine Attic, and pierced by five niches, the two exterior ones being much the narrowest. From each of these pours a flood of water into a vast marble basin. From hence it is discharged, turning paper and corn mills as it descends into a number of reservoirs, whence it supplies the whole vicinity, and even a part of the city beyond the Tiber, with pure and salubrious water.

Besides the Piazza of St. Peter's, those of Navona, del Popolo, and di Spagna, are the largest and most remarkable. That of Navona occupies the site of the Circus of Alexander Severus, whose form it still in some measure retains, the houses which surround it being planted on the foundations of the steps. It is adorned with three fountains. The two most remarkable were designed by Bernini. The most southerly is composed of two grand basins of marble, one above the other. In the middle of the upper is a Triton,

the work of Bernini himself, holding a dolphin by the tail, which spouts water in the shape of a fan. It is said that a palace was once offered to the government in exchange for this statue. Around the edge of the lower basin are disposed Masks and Tritons discharging water from their mouths. The central fountain, also designed by Bernini, is erected in a marble basin one hundred and six feet in circumference. Out of the middle of this basin rises a rock sixty palms in height, pierced in all four of its sides, and pouring from each a copious stream of water. On the sides of the rock are four colossal statues, representing the principal river in each of the four quarters of the world: on its summit is placed a granite pedestal twenty-three palms high, from which shoots a granite obelisk seventy-two palms high, originally brought from Egypt, and placed in the Circus of Romulus the son of Maxentius.

The Piazza del Popolo is composed of a double semicircle, surrounded with uniform buildings, terminated at one end by the gate of the city, and at the other by two beautiful churches exactly alike, between, and at the sides of which, run in diverging lines three of the principal streets of the city. In the middle, at the bottom of each semicircle, is a fine fountain ornamepted by statues. In the centre is an Egyptian obelisk, brought from Egypt by Augustus after the victory of Actium, and erected in the Circus Maximus. It is one hundred and forty-five palms high, including its pedestal, and one hundred and eight without.

The Piazza del Spagna is situated on the Naumachia of Domitian, and is surrounded by elegant hotels, being the part of the city most frequented by strangers. It is adorned by a fine fountain, and still more by the magnificent staircase which leads to the summit of the Pincian Mount.

The Piazza del Quirinale, or di Monte Cavallo, is in part surrounded by the papal palace and the Palazza della Consulta, appropriated to officers of state, and remarkable

chiefly for its extent. It is adorned, however, by one of the most remarkable monuments in Rome. This is an obelisk of red granite, sixty-six palms in length, found, like that of Sta. Maria Maggiore, near the mausoleum of Augustus, and here placed upon a lofty pedestal. On each side of it, and on the same elevation, are the celebrated statues of Castor and Pollux, the work, according to the ancient inscription, of Phidias and Praxiteles. This fact, however, is doubted, as the inscription, though old, is probably not older than the times of Constantine, in whose baths they were found; and inscriptions in the arts are not to be trusted. Even the subject is disputed: at any rate, however, they are two young men, each in the act of restraining a fiery horse; and though gigantic in their dimensions, more than sixteen feet high, exhibit an astonishing spirit and grace, as well as majesty, in their movement. This place is also adorned with a beautiful fountain, the basin of which is a single piece of oriental granite, one hundred and eleven palms in circumference, found in the Roman forum.

The Obelisks, brought from Egypt to ancient Rome, are supposed to have been eighteen in number. Ten are now standing; not one in its original position. They are assigned to various periods in the history of Egypt; the times antecedent to the invasion of Cambyzes, the reigns of the Ptolemies, and the dominion of the Romans. To the first period, are referred three of those which still remain; that of the Piazza del Popolo, that of the Lateran, and another less perfect on Monte Citorio. These are indeed stupendous monuments of the patient labor and massive taste of the ancient Egyptians. Wonderful proofs are they also of the mechanical skill of the Romans, exhibited in their transportation. But still more curious and interesting do they become, when considered as illustrations of the tribute which all the world was forced to pay to the supremacy of Rome. The monuments which Sesostris and Rameses had raised

as trophies, perhaps, of their own conquests, became themselves the trophies of a new dominion, more wide than Sesostris and Rameses could boast. There is something interesting and instructive in these memorials of the revolutions of empires. Rome herself, long since, became subject to barbarians; who again have long since degenerated from their pristine valor, and lost their former power. The empire of Augustus and the kingdom of Theodoric have sunk into the patrimony of a pontiff; while Egypt is rising into new importance, her horizon tinged with the golden dawn of, perhaps, a brighter and more glorious day.

LETTER XXIX.

ROME—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF MODERN ROME—THE NOBILITY—THE COMMONERS—THE LOWER CLASSES.

You may remember that it was one of your parting requests, that I should abstain, in my letters, from animadversions on the politics and religion of Italy, lest my manuscripts might fall into the hands of some spy of the police, and occasion me trouble. The caution was, I think, dictated rather by parental anxiety than by the necessity of the case; yet I shall cheerfully conform to your desire. As there is no occasion for such reserve on the subject of the character and manners of the people, I shall give you such notices of the state of society in this great metropolis of the catholic faith, as my short residence here has allowed me to collect. They must necessarily be brief and imperfect.

To begin with the Roman nobility. The manners of this class have been described as something between those of their neighbors, the French and the Germans; without the ostentation and perpetual volubility of the one, and the reserve and abruptness of the other. To me they appear highly agreeable and prepossessing; mild, decorous, full of a certain natural dignity, tempered with a cordiality and ready sympathy, that wins upon you before you are aware. Highly educated the Roman nobility are not; though numbers are familiar with the Latin authors, and still more so with the classic writers, especially the poets, of modern Italy. Yet, surrounded as they constantly are, by the masterpieces of ancient and modern art; living in a city which at every step shows some remnant of the magnificence of the most magnificent empire the world has known; where almost every object that meets the eye is an historical monument; and where antiquities and the fine arts are the ordinary topics of conversation; a tinge of cultivation is imparted to the mind of the most indolent and least educated among them. They have generally some acquaintance with French literature, and are able to converse in the French language.

With one or two exceptions, the Roman nobility are miserably poor; yet they strive to keep up those appearances of state and splendor which they fancy to belong to their titles. They abstain from those hospitalities which men of high rank are elsewhere proud to bestow; they even deny themselves personal conveniences, that they may keep a carriage attended by liveried servants; and drawn by their slow-paced Roman horses, a noble though somewhat clumsy race, of a coal black color. They will let lodgings in their palaces to procure the means of maintaining at their gate a porter, in rich livery, carrying his silver-headed staff of office. The traveller, who consults economy, will do well to take advantage of this disposition in the nobles, and provide himself, for a moderate compensation, with ample apartments in the

stately palace of some decayed Roman marquis, instead of the more expensive and straitened accommodations of a public hotel. At the *conversazioni* of the native nobility, you meet with abundance of liveried servants in obsequious attendance, but no refreshments. The *cavaliere servente* is seen at these assemblies, h  vering around his *dama* ; for in Rome, as in the other cities of Italy, the custom of *cicisbeism* prevails, though I am told not so generally as at Florence or at Naples. It is encouraged both by the manner in which marriages are contracted in Italy, and by the want of something to do, which is no where more miserably felt than among the Roman nobility. Marriages at Rome are never an affair of the heart, but a matter of convenience and parental arrangement. Young unmarried women are never permitted to appear in society. Educated in strict seclusion, under a governess or in a convent, they passively accept of the husband assigned them ; and then for the first time they appear in the world and form those attachments, which in a more wholesome state of society lead to marriage, but which in Rome are contracted too late for that purpose, and constitute the relation between the married lady and her *cavaliere servente*. The nobles in Rome engage in no useful occupation, with the exception of those who enter the church or the army. They are excluded by the constitution of the state from the natural province of an aristocracy, the management of public affairs, which are here entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics. Deprived of the ordinary incentives to generous exertion, the Roman nobleman is an indolent being, wasting his life in trifling pursuits, and sinking too often to the station of a mere *cavaliere servente*, who dangles perpetually after his lady, assists at her morning toilette, attends her in her afternoon promenade, and goes with her to the evening *conversazione* and opera. The young men of high rank, seem to me a frivolous effeminate race ; and

like the patricians who ran away at Pharsalia, occupied only with the care of their faces.

In general the Roman nobility are humane, kind to their dependants, prompt to compassionate, and ready to relieve suffering. Their manners are ordinarily quiet ; but when excited, they are fluent, impassioned, and eloquent. They bear a mortal aversion to the English, both from the strong nationality of such of these islanders as reside at Rome, and from their superior wealth, which enables them to live in a style of greater luxury. They are on the whole rather a good looking race—the women with well-proportioned forms, dark redundant tresses, expressive black eyes, and now and then a face which seems the original of some ancient statue. The ladies, however, have a bad gait ; they have never learned to walk, and the nature of the streets does not admit of their taking this kind of exercise. Indeed, the streets seem to be made only for carriages. They are narrow, paved like our own with small round stones ; and the sidewalks, where there are any, are so high and of so little width, so interrupted by cross streets and steps leading up to houses, that they might nearly as well be dispensed with altogether. The promenades of the Romans are, therefore, in carriages, which may be seen daily near sunset, for an hour or two, moving up and down the Corso, the central street of Rome. On Sundays and holidays, all the population who can afford it, are seen at that time of day, dressed in all their finery, promenading in the Corso, generally silent and occupied in looking at each other as they pass, or at the people stationed at the windows.

It is among the upper class of the commoners, that you will find the best specimens of the modern Roman, both physically and morally speaking. Among this class, the men practise the useful occupations that require talent, and the women have not lost their bloom by dissipation. They have the same frankness and cordiality of manners which

distinguish the nobility ; while in the practice of the domestic virtues, they are far their superiors ; with less false pride also, they have more real self-respect. Their sensibilities are easily moved, but not ostentatiously expressed ; and their enjoyment of what delights their taste is perhaps the more full and deep, from being silent, contemplative, and tranquil. In this class, you will meet with the finest cast of countenance in Rome—noble and full of thought.

The lower classes of the Roman people present the greatest number of peculiarities. They have the same gravity and seriousness of manners with the classes already mentioned, occasionally, however, exchanged for wild and extravagant merriment ; particularly, as it is said, at the commencement of the carnival, when the whole city is mad with mirth, and on the return from the vintage, when the Saltarello, a national dance, is performed by the light of blazing torches. They are a strong-limbed, well made race. You should see them on a holiday, when they are all abroad in the streets, and when their picturesque costumes and attitudes, and their hard expressive faces, form an interesting picture. The men wear small clothes unbuttoned at the knee, shoes garnished generally with enormous buckles, a round jacket, thrown in warm weather over one shoulder, a shirt open at the collar, and sometimes a sash around the waist. Among them are seen the females, in gay colored boddices worn over their gowns, stiff with whalebone and tied with gaudy ribbons at the back, their hair covered with a heavy headdress of white linen, or decorated with a knot of showy ribbons, strings of red coral about the neck, short aprons ornamented with bright colored stripes, worn over a short petticoat garnished in a similar manner, and silver buckles in their shoes. Some are attended by a group of bareheaded children, and carry well-grown infants tightly swathed in rolls of cloth, according to the absurd custom of the country, from the middle to the feet. Observe their atti-

tudes, and you will scarcely see a Roman of the lower orders standing in one that would not serve as a subject for the pencil : every limb in its right position, and each disposed so as to preserve a due balance of the body, as if even in the streets he followed a vocation, not uncommon among this people, of standing as a model to the sculptor or painter. The women, too, when not moving about, commonly assume the composed and matronly attitude, so often introduced into Italian landscapes, with the arms lying horizontally, one upon the other, in front of the waist.

Here, in the shade of an old wall, you will see a couple sitting on the ground, playing cards, while a party of half a dozen are standing or sprawling near them, watching the progress of the game ; there, in a vacant inclosure, are a company engaged in the favorite diversion of a game of bowls ; and yonder are two eagerly occupied in playing the *morra*, which consists in each party holding out, suddenly and simultaneously, one or more of the fingers of each hand, and guessing at the whole number presented. The bear-leader with his animal dancing round a pole, and two or three dogs in cocked hats and military coats, or French caps and gowns ; the puppet showman with his miniature farces and tragedies ; the quack doctor on horseback eulogizing his nostrums with great fluency and gesticulation, each attract a band of pleased and quiet gazers. Sauntering listlessly among these groups, are hundreds who seem to have nothing to do but to wander about and enjoy the delicious climate. Mingled with the crowd are peasants from Mount Albano, whose sides and summit you behold from the city ; a handsome race, their countenances glowing with health—the women with bright faces and fine forms, set off by their scarlet boddices. Besides them walks, perchance, the sallow shepherd of the Campagna, in his jacket of sheepskin, dressed with the wool on. If your attention is riveted by the picturesque effect of the whole scene, you are no less

surprised that such a multitude of people can be amused with so little noise. In the open spaces on the southern side of the Tiber, the favorite game is the *rurrica*, or the ancient discus, which is hurled with a leathern thong, and after alighting on the ground rolls along like a wheel on its edge. Sometimes it is played with a pair of cheeses, of buffalo's milk, too tough to be shattered by the obstacles of the way; and the victor in the game carries off both. After sunset, in the warm weather, another description of amusement succeeds to those I have mentioned. Sometimes an enormous swing, erected with ropes in a high gateway, is loaded with half a dozen persons of both sexes, one of whom plays on the tamborine. At a later hour, the lover leads one or two hired performers to serenade his mistress,—a custom still kept up at Rome, even among the middling and lower classes.

I have found the lower ranks at Rome coarse, but kind in their manners, and tolerably honest. Travellers complain of the number of beggars; but this nuisance is now almost at an end. The poor are generally employed in excavations about the ancient ruins, and there is little mendicity from mere want of employment. There is another class, the *poveri vergognosi*, or modest beggars, who will not work. Sometimes a person of this description asks alms in a mask; from which it is understood that it is some decayed branch of a noble house that addresses you. Sometimes you see a woman kneeling on the ground, her face covered with a mantle, her infant lying on a cloth before her, and her arms spread in an attitude of supplication.

Rome, whatever may be its vices, is to appearance the most moral of cities. The clergy, who govern it, well understand the value of decorum, and take pains to inculcate and enforce it. The conduct of the people is in general orderly and tranquil; and transgressions are not overlooked. The blasphemer, the bearer of deadly weapons, the drunk-

ard, are cited before the criminal court, whose judges are all ecclesiastics, and whose examinations are private. You will see the delinquent, perhaps the next day, mounted on an ass, bareheaded, with a board before him on which is inscribed his offence, in staring characters, as he is led through the streets with a couple of grim looking soldiers on each side.

LETTER XXX.

DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES—LAKE AND TOWN OF ALBANO—LA RICCIA—PEASANTRY—VELLETRI—CISTERNA—TORRE TRE PONTE—PONTINE MARSHES—THEIR INHABITANTS—TERRACINA—APPIAN WAY—VIEW FROM THE HOTEL AT MOLA DI GAETA—THE LIRIS—ST. AGATHA—FALERNIAN WINE—CAPUA—ARRIVAL AT NAPLES.

I LEFT Rome for Naples, taking the same general direction with Horace when on his journey to Brundisium. At Albano we came upon his actual path, "*minis gravis Appia tardis*." Shortly after leaving Rome, we saw from time to time along the way, the remnants of ancient tombs and broken aqueducts, the most appropriate monuments for the environs of the ruined city, recalling, as they did, some of the most magnificent erections of her better day, and the memory of her illustrious dead. The prospect over the Campagna was superb. On the Alban hills before us rose a succession of villages, now upon the summits of the heights, and now their descent, Tivoli, (the ancient Tibur,) Frascati, (the Tusculum of the Romans,) Rocca, and Marino, and Castello Gandolfo. On the left were seen the Appenines; on the right stretched endless plains; and in the

rear arose the domes of the Eternal City. On reaching the vicinity of Castello Gandolfo, we sent our carriage forward to await us at Albano, and ascended on foot to visit the lake at that place. We found it occupying what had apparently once been the crater of a volcano. Its banks rose steeply on every side to the height of about two hundred feet, and on the east, shelved upward into the lofty eminence of the Alban Mount. On this bank was seated Alba Longa, the origin of which ascends even to the fabulous times, and men whom Virgil has immortalized. It was built by Ascanius, and proved for a long time a powerful rival to the colony of Romulus. The lake is a beautiful expanse of water, about twelve miles in circumference, and very deep. Its banks when I saw them, were rich with the dark foliage of the ilex, the verdure of the shooting grain, and the hues of myriads of flowers. The last particularly, were strewn beneath my feet in the greatest profusion and variety. Purple and yellow, blue, pink, and white, the lily of the valley, the primrose, the daisy, and the violet, and a hundred more proclaimed the reign of spring. Regaled by their fragrance, charmed by the music of the groves, particularly by the sweet peculiar song which the lark bears up to heaven, I wandered slowly along the bank in search of a celebrated outlet for the waters of the lake, cut through the mountain by the early Romans. During the war with Veii, they were assured by the oracle of Delphi, that they should not succeed until after this outlet had been formed. In the course of a single year this infant state, not daunted by the difficulty of the undertaking, pierced the solid rock with a passage two miles long, three and a half feet in breadth, and six in height. It still serves its former purpose, a stupendous monument at once of greatness and of weakness, of enterprise and superstition. Ascending from the borders of the lake, I paused upon the platform of the town, to take a parting view of Rome. In the north arose the ancient

city now melted into the dim outline of the distant horizon ; beneath me lay the storied plains of Latium, alike celebrated by Virgil's muse, and by the voice of history ; and beyond stretched the boundless ocean, prolonging and terminating the prospect.

The walk to Albano (about a mile in length) was through a descending avenue, lined on both sides with the evergreen ilex, and banks of turf and flowers, and opening here and there delightful, though partial, views of the scene which we had left. Near the gate of Albano is a ruined sepulchre in the form of a tall tower, called by the people the tomb of Ascanius, but supposed to be in fact that of Clodius, who was killed in this neighborhood by the servants of Milo. In Albano I saw nothing that was remarkable, except a sign inscribed *Caffè Americano*, with a wild Indian painted above. Had I told its master that I was an American, I should, in all probability, scarcely have gained credit. Without the other gate, is another sepulchre of a singular form. It consists of a basement about eight feet square, and perhaps as many high, surmounted by tall cones in the centre, and on each corner. It is vulgarly called the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii, perhaps from the number of its cones, but is supposed by antiquaries to be that of Pompey, whose Alban villa was not far distant.

About a mile from Albano, and I could say with Horace, "*Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ.*" This village still retains its ancient name with a slight alteration. It is now called La Riccia. About two miles further we arrived at Gensano, and six miles beyond at Velletri, where we rested for the night. As the day drew to a close, we had constantly met large parties of the peasantry returning from labor to their distant villages. They presented groups of the most picturesque appearance, composed of whole families, men, women, and children. Their sunburnt and expressive features, their parti-colored costume, their fantastic

ornaments, their straggling loitering march, their very multitude, lining the road at intervals as far as one could see, were admirably adapted to adorn and animate the landscape. They seemed comfortable and cheerful: such is the consequence of industry. Many of them in fact were provided with donkeys, and enjoyed the luxury of riding. The backs of these patient animals were sometimes loaded with panniers stored with vegetables, tools and children; and sometimes employed to bear the weight of one, or even two lusty men, whose legs hung dangling to the ground. Velletri has always been a considerable town, but is not particularly interesting. On leaving it, you see at some distance on your left, Cora—an ancient city of the Volsci, remarkable for a fine ruin of a temple of Hercules. After about eight miles we came to Cisterna, according to some, the Three Taverns, where St. Paul was met by his fellow christians on his journey to Rome. This conjecture is probably ill grounded, from the apparent disagreement of distances. It appeared to me, however, of little importance to ascertain the precise spot. It was at least certain that the apostle landed at Naples, and must have taken the very road on which I was now travelling. This was a recollection more sacred and more interesting than all the rest united. An emperor, it is true, bears a more sounding title: to Pompey's name is attached the attribute of greatness, and the heroes of the *Æneid* have been immortalized by immortal verse; but what after all is their fame, compared with the well earned honors of the greatest human benefactor of mankind? It is like the glare of the meteor beside the steady lustre of the sun. The one is earth-born, and tends again to earth; the other is shed from heaven, and shines above forever.

Beyond Cisterna are placed upon the heights on the left, affording a picturesque limit to the lower landscape, the villages of Sermoneta, Sessa, and Piperno, the ancient *Privernum*, one of the chief cities of the Volsci. Eight miles

hence you arrive at Torre Tre Ponti, where commence the Pontine marshes, and from whence they extend for a distance of twenty-four miles. They exhibit at present very little appearance of a marsh, but constitute in fact a rich and fertile plain, used for the most part for pasture, yet cultivated in some places, and yielding, it is said, a return of from thirty to forty for one. This improvement is chiefly owing to Pius VI. who, in the last century, constructed at great expense, and under his own personal inspection, a number of canals, which serve as drains for the superfluous water. His predecessors, the popes, and the ancient Romans as far back as the days of Appius Claudius, had occupied themselves from time to time in similar attempts, but had never, perhaps, succeeded to the same extent. Had Cæsar lived to complete the enterprise conceived by his mighty mind, the purpose might have been, however, still more permanently and thoroughly effected. It was his design to divert the Tiber itself from its course; and carrying it through the whole length of the marshes, to pour it into the sea in the neighborhood of Terracina. The air of these marshes is still exceedingly pernicious; and is supposed to be, though so distant, one of the causes which desolate the Roman Campagna. The inhabitants, or properly speaking, the laborers, who retire from them during the night, whenever it is practicable, are indeed miserable specimens of humanity. Lean, sallow, and haggard, scarcely covered with rags, but thoroughly begrimed with filth, they cannot but inspire compassion, though at the same time they excite disgust and dread. At one of the post-houses on the road, a great number of them were assembled to witness the passage of a Russian Grand Duchess, (the neglected wife of the Grand Duke Michael) whose arrival was hourly expected. I never saw an assembly even in a prison, to whom I would not prefer to entrust my money or my life. Their wild fierce eyes roved over our baggage and our persons, as if cal-

culating the value of the booty to be obtained, and estimating the probability of resistance. Their morals are said to be as evil as their fortunes. . Strange that men should almost always abandon themselves, in desperate circumstances, to courses equally desperate ; should riot in the midst of the putrefying carcasses of a plague ; 'should intoxicate themselves in the imminent peril of a shipwreck ; and invite, and welcome, and extend a moral contagion, amidst the pestilential exhalations of these marshes. The more strikingly the fact is presented before them, that in the midst of life we are in death, the more obstinately they appear to close their eyes against its awful though salutary inferences. The road which runs through these marshes is erected on the line of the Appian. It is perfectly straight throughout ; and being lined with trees on both sides, presents a noble, and apparently interminable, avenue. At the half-way posthouse we saw, standing before the door of the inn, two of the pillars which marked the distance on the old Appian way. The one which I more particularly observed contained an inscription by Trajan, who took great pains in the improvement of the marshes, and in the reconstruction of the road.

At the termination of the marshes, and immediately on the coast, is situated the village of Terracina, the last in the Roman territory, between a lofty and steep eminence and the sea. Being detained here by the expected approach of the Grand Duchess already mentioned, who had pre-occupied all the post-horses, to the number of forty, I ascended the neighboring hill to enjoy the prospect. Before me lay the broad ocean, at all times a noble object, dotted here with Ponza and its neighboring group of islands. Northward, stretched far out into the sea, the peninsula of Circe, which had proved so nearly fatal to Ulysses and his followers ; and far in the south, arose the lofty promontory of Gaeta, sacred to the name and memory of the nurse of Æneas. Italy is, indeed, a storied land, where every spot is consecrated by

some interesting association. Here, by a single view, were vividly recalled the wanderings both of the Trojan and the Grecian hero, and the verse at once of Homer and of Virgil. Nor was this all. Just above the modern Terracina, once rose the ancient Anxur, "*late saxis candentibus*," celebrated for the seats of nobles and emperors; and below lay the port formed by the elder Antoninus, but now in a great measure abandoned by the sea. About six miles from Terracina are a gate across the road and an adjoining tower, called Torre del Epitaffio, constituting the boundary between the Roman states and those of Naples. In the town of Fondi, five miles further, the Appian way is in a state of perfect preservation, consisting of large flags very nicely joined together.

Passing through the village of Itri, picturesquely situated among the hills, you arrive sixteen miles from Fondi, at Mola di Gaeta, one of the fairest spots upon which the sun shines in his daily round. Seated itself upon a promontory, it commands a double view. Standing in the garden of his hotel, with orange groves blooming and sending forth their fragrance around him, the traveller looks northward and beholds a beautiful bay, surrounded by varied highlands, terminated by the point and castellated village of Gaeta, next landward crowned with the huge Torre d'Orlando, or sepulchre of Munatius Plancus, the friend of Horace, the counsellor of Augustus, and the founder of Lyons, and lined below with the villages of Borgo and La Spiaggia. Turning southward, he sees floating on the ocean at thirty miles distance the lofty summits of Ischia, the lower heights of Procida, the long promontory of Miseno appearing here like another of the island group, and above and beyond the truncated cone of Vesuvius itself.

Nor are the recollections connected with this favorite spot less interesting than its scenery. It is celebrated alike in fable and in history. A fountain is shown, near the bay-side, as the fountain of Artachia, where Ulysses first met the daugh-

ter of the king of the Læstrygonæ. Dearer however to the heart are its historic associations. Here was the Formian villa of Cicero, and here are still its ruins. Here is the monument of the great Roman orator, erected, according to the legend, on the very spot where he was slain by the myrmidons of Antony. Like a wise man he had fled when he found that not even the utmost exertions of his eloquence could avert the ruin of his country ; but we know that in the last emergency, he behaved with the courage which became a philosopher and a Roman. His monument is a round tower, two stories high, erected on a square basement. It is situated about a mile northward from Mola, near the road side, and not far from another road leading down to the sea. This last is supposed to be the path by which the orator was flying when he was overtaken and assassinated. If any one loves virtue, or admires genius, or reverences learning ; if any one is alive to the charm of the finest language, conveying finer sense ; if any one can sympathize with a patriotism bold, ardent, and disinterested, here let him pause and court the sacred influences of the spot. If he does not feel, and feel deeply here, at the grave of " The Father of his Country," the bland philosopher, the profound scholar, the consummate orator, the greatest man that Rome or, perhaps, the world ever gave to literature, I would not give much either for his understanding or his heart.

From Mola di Gaeta the road lies near the sea, the view of which you lose and recover from time to time, until you arrive at the ruins of Minturnæ and the river Liris, now the Garigliano. It was in the marshes of the Liris that Marius, when driven out of Rome, hid himself from the pursuit of the satellites of Sylla. It was in the dungeons of Minturnæ that this fierce and implacable, but in many respects great and noble, Roman, disarmed the Cimbrian slave commissioned to despatch him, by the stern authority of his voice and the terror of his name. In crossing the Liris. we

passed from Latium into Campania. From hence we traversed the fertile plain of Sessa with Mount Massicus, so celebrated for its wines, full in view, before us, and passing Sessa, beautifully situated at a distance from the road, arrived at St. Agatha. Here we drank of the Falernian wine, which is made in the vicinity. We had before tasted of the Formian at Mola di Gaeta. We found both of these wines, celebrated in the potations of the ancients, so far degenerated as to be inferior, not only to the wines of France, but to many of those of Italy. Between this and Capua, we saw little that was remarkable in a country so remarkable throughout for the beauty of its scenery.

The modern city of Capua is very strongly fortified, but meanly built. It is situated in the midst of a delightful plain, the garden of Italy, at a distance of three miles from the ruins of that ancient and luxurious city, whose relaxing and enervating pleasures proved so fatal to the army of Hannibal, accustomed as it had previously been only to danger and hardship, and the privations of war. The plain of Capua is prolonged to the vicinity of Naples. Its level surface of course affords no great variety of scenery. Still its verdure and fertility, contrasted with the rocky Appenines, frowning in the distance, and even now capped with snow, were a source of satisfaction and even of pleasure. After riding eight miles, we came to Aversa, one of the first possessions of the Normans, in the south of Italy. The settlement of this chivalrous and enterprising people in these regions, is one of those extraordinary events sometimes occurring in real life, which surpass in strangeness the wildest fictions of romance. It was commenced by forty Norman gentlemen in the year ten hundred and sixteen, who being joined by a number of their countrymen returning from the Holy Land the year after, soon succeeded in obtaining an establishment in the Pouille, as the French call Apulia. Taking an active part in the wars which distracted the

country, they built the city of Aversa, as a check at once on Capua and Naples, then independent states. These successes were followed by others under Robert Guiscard and his brethren, until about one hundred years after their first introduction, the adventurous Normans gained entire possession of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, in spite of the opposition of the native princes and the respective emperors of Germany and of the east. In our approach to Naples, the view was gradually obstructed by thickening mists and the approaching shades of night. The noise of its crowded population, wafted to our ears at the distance of two miles, was the only indication of the city distinctly perceptible to our senses.

LETTER XXXI.

NAPLES—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY—THE INHABITANTS—FACCHINI—LAZZARONI—COUNTRY PEOPLE—BEGGARS—THE MUSEUM—ANTIQUE STATUES—ANCIENT BRONZES—PICTURE GALLERY—STATUE GALLERY—GALLERY OF THE FLORA ; OF THE MUSES ; OF THE ATLAS ; OF THE ANTINOUS—THE LIBRARY—PAPYRI—ROOM OF PRECIOUS OBJECTS—COLLECTION OF BRONZE VESSELS AND INSTRUMENTS—ANTIQUE GLASS VESSELS.

NAPLES is situated in the northeastern extremity of the Gulf to which it gives name, which is formed by the promontory of Sorrento and the island of Capri, on the south-east, and towards the northwest by the promontories of Posilippo and Miseno, (between which is included the bay of

Pozzuoli,) and the islands of Procida and Ischia, which lie in a southwestern line from the latter, separated from it and from each other by narrow straits. The city lies upon a double bay, divided by the projecting promontory, which is terminated by the Castel del Ovo, and forms two semicircles, the more westerly lined by the superb suburbs of Margellina and Chiaia, and the other by the multitudinous and crowded habitations of Naples proper. The houses are built on a gently ascending eminence, which, gradually becoming more steep, leaves the city behind, and rises into a lofty cone crowned by the castle of St. Elmo. The shores of the gulf are lined with villages, both on the eastern border and along the promontory of Sorrento. On the eastern shore, about six miles from Naples and two from the sea, Vesuvius lifts his head nearly four thousand feet into the air, surmounted by a wavy crown of fleecy smoke, and supported by the adjoining heights of Monte Somma. It must also be observed that the whole shore, and the islands themselves, are lofty and almost mountainous, and diversified by an endless variety of outline. Such are the elements of beauty and of grandeur which constitute the unrivalled whole, that present themselves from every various point, in as many various attitudes, in all satisfying the eye and delighting the imagination. But in describing the beauties of the bay of Naples, the atmosphere through which they are viewed, must not be forgotten. Neither transparently clear, nor yet opaque with mist, it delicately veils more distant objects, softening their form, enriching their hues, and harmonizing, as if by magic, the whole varied landscape into the one effect of sweet repose, luxurious softness, and entrancing loveliness. At sunset it clothes the mountains in a purple and the heavens in a golden hue, not bright and glaring, but rich and soft and soothing, not to be realized, save upon the spot, even in a painter's dreams.

But the beauty of Naples is entirely external. Its streets

are, for the most part, dark and narrow, its public buildings mean and in bad taste, and its private edifices blackened with age and smoke and filth. The pavements are of lava, and for the most part are laid with care and composed of large flags. The houses are generally from five to six stories in height, covered with stucco, flat roofed, with balconies at their windows, and uniform in their size and appearance. The churches are mean without, and gaudy within. To this general description, however, there is one exception in a beautiful church, not yet finished, opposite to the palace of the king. It is modelled precisely after the Pantheon, except that it is deformed by a colonnade extending from each side, and forming, with the church, a semicircle, intended, I suppose, as an imitation of the circular colonnade of St. Peter's. The royal palace is of brick. The only magnificent quarter of the city is the quai, in the suburbs of Mergellina and Chiaia, lined by a splendid row of large hotels and palaces, and bordered immediately on the water by the Villa Reale, an inclosure about half a mile in length by two hundred yards in breadth, planted with trees and flowers, and adorned with statues and fountains, serving as a most delightful promenade. The city owes this improvement to Murat. To the same enterprising prince it owes the new road along the promontory of Pozzuoli, perhaps the most beautiful public drive of which the world can boast.

The population of Naples, for the space which it occupies, is the most numerous in Europe, being said to amount to four hundred and fifty thousand. A great part of these have no home but in the streets. In rainy weather you may see them pursuing their ordinary occupations, mending shoes, exposing little articles for sale, etc. in the covered passages, the courts of houses, and the porticoes of churches: but when it is clear, they come forth again into the open air. They usually eat their frugal meal by the side of huge caldrons of fish or macaroni, which are to be found along the quai,

or at stands in the streets where various eatables are exposed for sale. Near at hand they may obtain for a trifle a glass of iced water or lemonade, sold from a moveable shop painted with all the colors of the rainbow ; and if any difficulty occurs in making change, the petty broker is at hand, with his table and his bags of copper coin. Another class of the poor are the *facchini*, or porters, who have the monopoly of carrying baggage and running on errands. No servant at an hotel will condescend or dare to touch a trunk, or bear even a billet. A third class are the footmen, who attend on every hack by a species of prescriptive right, engaging occupiers, and waiting upon them with fidelity and diligence. The most hardy and independent class of the *lazzaroni*, (for all the poor seem to be called by this name, derived from a Spanish word signifying ragged) however, are the fishermen, who may be seen drawing their nets every day upon the beach, clad in nothing but white shirts and drawers descending to the knee. They have handsome and cheerful countenances, and their muscular and well proportioned forms are well exhibited by their scanty costume. All these various classes are an industrious and even a high-minded race. While the nobles shrunk, and the sovereign fled, before the French invasion, they offered themselves, *en masse*, to resist the coming foe. More than once they have opposed with success, the oppressive acts of government ; and the name of Massaniello is still cherished among them as a charm. What is still more remarkable, in all their rebellions, they have confined themselves generally within the limits of justice and moderation. This was the case, with the exception of a few acts attributed to the actual insanity of their leader, even when under Massaniello they had taken possession of the city, and no force could be assembled capable of resisting them. They are, it is true, " sudden and quick in quarrel," but their quarrels very seldom terminate fatally, and deliberate murder is unknown among them.

The country people constitute another class of the crowd in the streets of Naples. They may be seen early in the morning, coming down the Via Toledo; the men clad in short cloaks, small clothes, and steeple crowned hats, driving or riding asses, whose panniers are filled with fruit and vegetables; and the women, with their red jackets and green aprons, or some equally picturesque costume, bearing on their heads large flat baskets, laden with a similar burden. Along the streets and in the market-place they take their station for the day, adding their voices to that universal vociferation which distinguishes Naples above all other cities in the world. The flower merchants afford, even to those who do not buy, a constant and delightful treat. Their stands, consisting of half a dozen shelves, are established against the sides of the houses, and loaded with a profusion of fragrant and beautiful flowers, unknown in northern climates. My step has often been arrested to gaze on their rich variety.

Besides these classes of industrious poor, there are at Naples thousands of beggars, some worthless and vicious beyond a doubt, and some whose necessities are only pretended; but many of whom are in a state of daily starvation, and are absolutely unable to obtain employment. I have seen a poor pallid stripling pick the core of an apple out of the sand at Baia, and devour it with all the greediness of famine. I have seen an old man, bending with the weight of years, collect (I could not suffer him to eat,) the rejected parts of a dried herring, the only refreshment I could find at Pozzuoli. I have seen a mother feeding the infant in her arms with the crumbs brushed from the rude table of our hostess on the promontory of Miseno. Sad recollections these to associate with scenes of fertility and beauty, upon which nature seems to have lavished all her treasures. Melancholy illustrations of the ability of man to defeat her beneficent designs, and deprive his fellow of any participation in her gifts.

The great museum of Naples, (here called the Studio) is contained in a large building appropriated to that sole purpose. It contains antiquities, works of art, and a library. Commencing with the remains of Egypt, the apartment devoted to that purpose is rich in idols, scarabæi, hieroglyphic inscriptions, and mummies in an excellent state of preservation. The hall of inscriptions is crowded with ancient monuments, in part belonging to the old Farnese collection, and in part obtained from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The great ornaments, however, of this apartment, are the Hercules, and the Toro, formerly constituting the chief ornaments of the Farnese gallery, and originally found in the baths of Caracalla. The former is supposed to be from its inscription the work of Glycon the Athenian. It is a colossal statue of this representative of strength in an attitude of repose: one arm leaning on his club, the other placed behind his back, and his body and head gently inclined forward. Majestic in expression, massive in form, imposing in position, and exact in the imitation of nature and of life, this is certainly one of the finest of the remains of ancient art. The Toro is a group which takes its name from the prancing bull that occupies the centre, and seems ready to trample under foot Dirce, who has been fastened to his horn, by a rope attached to the hair of her head. Behind the bull stands Antiope, commanding her sons to prevent the sad catastrophe; or, according to the German critics, to bind the victim more firmly. Their attempt to execute her order forms the action of the piece. One has seized upon the rope which is fastened to the horns of the animal, and is drawing him backward with all his strength, while the other, with one hand laid upon the horn, and the other upon the very jaw of the monster, exhibits still greater earnestness of effort. This group may certainly be liable to criticism in some of its details; but such is its energy of action and

expression, the story is so well told, that it must inspire universal interest and admiration.

From hence we proceeded into the hall of ancient bronzes, most of which have been extracted from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Among a number of admirable busts, I particularly admired the beautiful one of Antinous, the expressive one of Seneca, and the combination of both these qualities in that of the sage of the academy. The exact arrangement of the hair and beard, is well calculated to give one a precise idea of the almost dandyism of this most accomplished of philosophers. Among the most interesting statues are two Discobuli, who after having thrown their quoits, appear about to start to ascertain their nearness to the mark ; a drunken Faun lying back upon a wine skin, with his hands up in the air ; a young Faun sleeping, whose merry countenance is still charming, though admirably veiled with the oblivion of sleep ; and above all, a youthful Mercury, who seems to have just returned from a fatiguing errand, and sits with head declined, and hands hanging down, in an attitude the most expressive. The beauty of the form, the relaxation of the muscles, the position of the limbs, the total abandonment of the whole man to the oppression of weariness, and the luxury of rest, are inimitable and indescribable.

Proceeding next to the picture gallery, I wandered through three large apartments, containing a few works by Luca Giordano, Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, and other Neapolitan painters, but none of any special merit or importance. The Florentine school is still worse furnished, and the French, Dutch, and Flemish, go on degenerating. The slaughter of the Innocents by Vaccari, Christ disputing with the doctors by Salvator Rosa, the Madonna del Rosario by Luca Giordano, and a Madonna and child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, and very closely resembling his manner, appeared to me to be the objects most worthy of attention. The

rooms, however, on the left of the grand staircase, are certainly more worthy of attention. A weeping St. Peter of Guercino, a noble portrait by Giorgione, of a Prince of Salerno, Don John of Austria by Titian, and Cardinal Bembo by Paul Veronese, are very fine. A half-length Madonna by Maratta, followed by St. Joseph, and holding the sleeping Jesus in her arms, her eyes turned upwards, is beautifully expressive of maternal love and confidence in heaven. The finest specimens, however, in the Studio, are of course placed in the chamber, styled Capi d' Opera. Here, among others, are contained two Holy Families by Raphael, and his most distinguished scholar, which seem to vie with one another in grace and beauty; a Danae of Titian, depicted with the usual alluring beauties, and magic coloring, of the Venetian master; a Magdalen by Guercino, where penitence the most profound, and beauty the most exquisite, are at once chastely and forcibly combined; a Pietà by Annibal Caracci, in which the dead Christ is left alone with his lamenting mother, who expresses a grief sublime in dignity, and penetrating in tenderness; a picture by Dominichino, representing a soul in the form of a child taking refuge behind the shield of its guardian angel, from the devil, who crouches on one side "seeking to devour," expressing admirably the estate of man in the clasped hands, and beseeching look, of the helpless infant; and a portrait by Raphael, of a Cavaliere Tibaldio, which may challenge competition with any portrait in the world.

From hence I descended to the Statue Gallery, which is principally composed of statues found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and those formerly belonging to the Farnese family. The most interesting statues of the first long hall, are a number of Athletes and Gladiators, placed in spirited postures, and finely sculptured. The best seemed to me the Gladiator which has been restored with an ancient head of Meleager. In the second are two fine equestrian statues of

Marcus Nonius Balbus, and his son of the same name, found with other statues of the same family in the theatre of Herculaneum, of which city the father was Proconsul and Protector. The statue of this last is in its kind a model for art, both in design and execution. The Apollo of the Swan, leaning on a tree and about to play upon his lyre, unites great ease and grace of form and attitude, with the perfection of human beauty in the countenance. It is one of the most celebrated statues of this deity. In the same hall are three interesting groups. The finest is the Venus Victorious, charging her son to prepare the recompense promised to Paris, by wounding the heart of Helen. The story is told with wonderful force, and the statue of the goddess is the very personification of triumphant beauty. This group was found in the Amphitheatre of Capua. Bacchus leaning with one arm on Cupid, and holding up in the other a bunch of grapes, seems pressing on the god of love the pleasures of the vine. It is a most graceful composition, delightfully executed. The Faun, who carries the infant Bacchus on his shoulders, looks up to him with a joyous and affectionate glance, while the sportive child, whose peculiar beauty must attract the admiration of all, seems about to squeeze into his open mouth the bunch of grapes which he holds suspended in his hand. The two last mentioned groups belonged to the Farnese gallery. In the third hall the statue of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, bears the undoubted palm above all the imperial busts and statues. She is seated, leaning backward in her long Roman chair, with her clasped hands laid upon her lap, and her feet crossed just above the ankle. Her attitude is expressive of despondency, and her wasted face is overspread with a thoughtful melancholy. She seems to have received the sentence of death from the lips of her son. Besides the expression and design, the execution of the work is admirable. A bust of Julius Cæsar is the best colossal one that I remember to have

seen. It is not only characteristic and expressive, but preserves that imitation of nature, of the very flesh itself, in which these monstrous productions are so apt to fail. The bust of Caracalla of the common size, though on some accounts less interesting, as a work of art is even more so. It expresses forcibly his fierce and misanthropic character, and seems almost instinct with life.

In the gallery of the Flora, the celebrated Farnese Flora is of course the principal object. The subject of the statue is disputed, whether she be an Hour, an Erato, a Terpsichore, a Hope, or in fact a Flora. The left hand holding a bouquet of flowers is the work of the restorer. From this, therefore, nothing can be inferred. From her right, which lifts up a part of her lower drapery, the conclusion seemed to me to be in favor of the dancing Muse. Her position is wonderfully light and airy, especially when you consider her colossal size; and her whole form is full of grace and movement. Her transparent drapery, in its arrangement, in its folds, in its adhesion to the flesh and adaptation to the limbs, is considered a masterpiece of art. This statue was found in the baths of Caracalla. In the same apartment is the fragment of a half-clad statue, probably a Psyche, of which a part of the head, the whole face, and one naked side, are still remaining. It is so exquisite in form, expression, and execution, that many connoisseurs are eager to attribute it to the chisel of Praxiteles. It is the only fragment that I ever found myself connoisseur enough greatly to admire, not even excepting the famous Torso of the Vatican, or the Torso Farnese, placed not far from this beautiful remnant. The statue of Calliope, in the gallery of the muses, though not particularly celebrated, struck me very forcibly. The form and drapery are beautiful, but the head is something more. I have never seen hair more gracefully disposed around a finer forehead, nor features more refined and imaginative, more adapted to express the glow of inspiration. It was

found in *Herculaneum*. In the gallery of the *Atlas* is the celebrated statue of *Aristides*. The incorruptible Athenian is closely folded in his robe, in which one hand also is enveloped, while the other is thrown carelessly behind his back. The attitude and disposition of the drapery are noble, simple, and true to nature ; but it is the dignified air of the head, and the candid and benevolent expression of the countenance, which more especially strike the observer, and elevate this statue in his mind to its deserved pre-eminence. It was also restored to the arts by the excavations in *Herculaneum*. In the middle of the gallery of the *Antinous* is placed the *Farnese Antinous*, the most perfect statue which exists of this favorite of *Adrian*. His personal beauty is well known, and is here exquisitely represented. The sides of the hall are surrounded with busts, some of them undoubtedly among the finest in the world. The most celebrated is the *Farnese Homer*. The lines of thought which mark the aged and venerable countenance, and the meditative self-centered expression, so natural to blindness, are true at once to nature and to the highest conceptions of the imagination. In the room called the *Cabinet*, is the celebrated *Venus Callipige*, which formerly belonged to the *Farnese* collection. As a work of art it pretends to rival the *Venus de Medicis* itself, and must be acknowledged exquisite by all. Its posture, however, is indecent, and such as no modest woman should ever suffer herself to contemplate, at least in male society.

The *Library*, contained in one immense and lofty hall, and in a number of smaller apartments, consists of one hundred and eighty thousand printed volumes, and one thousand eight hundred manuscripts. The most interesting of the latter, which I saw, was the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, in the handwriting of its author. In the chamber of papyri, I found a number of the manuscripts unrolled and placed under glass, around the sides of the apartment. They are burnt

to the blackness of charcoal, and are illegible, unless by close and patient attention. They are principally Greek ; but have led, as is well known, to no great additions to our stock of classical literature. Fragments, and those of no very superior character, are all that have been found. A large number of rolls, however, still remain, (some hundreds I think) which have not yet been examined ; and from them the results may hereafter be more favorable, should the process be continued with more spirit than at present. The rolls have precisely the appearance of pieces of burnt wood, about six inches long, and from two to three thick. The letters are distinguished by being of a purer and more shining black than the rest of the surface. The process of unravelling them, though tedious, is simple. The end is attached to a rod, which is drawn upwards slowly and equally, after the outside of the roll has been covered, in the manner of scales, with small pieces of goldbeaters' leaf, fastened on with gum arabic. Only one man appeared to be engaged in this operation, and he only from time to time, for the amusement of new companies of visitors.

The room of precious objects contains the most celebrated cameo in the world, found in the Mausoleum of Adrian, and engraven on both sides ; on one with the head of Medusa, and on the other with an emblematic representation of the Nile. It is an onyx, circular in form, and about eight inches in diameter. There are a number of smaller cameos, of a very fine order, and a collection of golden ornaments, rings for the fingers and ears, chains and bracelets, found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Among the precious objects are also placed two loaves of bread, burned to the blackness of coal, but still bearing the impression of the maker's name ; jars of fruit easily distinguishable ; wine originally boiled down to a jelly, and now hardened into a mass ; linen found in a glass dish, compressed as if recently washed and wrung ; false soles of shoes made of straw ; and a multitude of other

objects, introducing one into the private life and manners of the Græco-Romans.

This is, however, more remarkably the case when you are brought into the collection of thirteen thousand bronze vessels and instruments, illustrative of their mechanic skill, as well as their modes of life. Here is a full collection of kitchen furniture, kettles and sauce-pans and basins, &c. resembling our own; cooking stoves on two or three different plans; an urn with a cock on the outside, and a place in the centre for putting red hot iron, precisely resembling our own most convenient tea-urns; scales and steelyards, far more beautifully manufactured than any now in use; lamps of the most tasteful form; long chairs of bronze, without backs; bells composed of a circular plate, suspended on a bar by a hole through its centre, to which bar also was hung by a chain, a piece of metal intended to act as a clapper; metallic looking-glasses; ornamented pins for ladies' hair; rouge for the toilet; arms of various descriptions, helmets admirably furnished with visors, cuirasses adorned with bas-reliefs, cases for the legs of similar construction, spurs without rowels; and an endless variety, too numerous to think of mentioning. We are apt to regard the ancients as deficient in mechanical skill; but the more I see of their remains, the more am I surprised at their proficiency. The chamber containing three thousand glass vessels will also change our ideas considerably on this subject. There is, it is true, but one small phial purely transparent and chrysaline; but this is enough to show the ability to make such glass. The rest are either colored, or of a dull milky or greenish white. The specimens consist in a multitude of fragments of window-glass, half a quarter of an inch thick, in jars, flagons, phials, dishes, &c., rough both in materials and manufacture. The plenty, however, preserved, and the common uses to which it was put, to contain oil, fruit, and wine, demonstrate clearly that glass was not so rare among

the ancients as has sometimes been supposed. The repository of Etruscan, or rather Grecian, vases, is said to be the richest in the world. It contains about two thousand five hundred, found for the most part in ancient tombs in Campania, Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily. Of many the shape is beautiful, and the design spirited. But I cannot perceive, I must confess, (doubtless it is owing to a want of proper sensibility and taste in the fine arts,) all that merit in either which the lavish encomiums of connoisseurs would imply. For my own part, I am inclined to think that it is the antiquity, the "*manibus Evandri tritum*," which gives these vases, in the eyes of many, their peculiar merit. Besides these public apartments, there is one small room, for entrance into which a particular permission is necessary. It contains only a few obscene paintings and sculptures, demonstrating that the ancients were more corrupt and abandoned than the modern advocates of paganism are willing to admit.

END OF VOL. I.

